

Orberry's Edition.

RICH AND POOR.

A COMIC OPERA ;

By M. G. Lewis, Esq.

WITH PREFATORY REMARKS.

THE ONLY EDITION EXISTING WHICH IS FAITHFULLY MARKED
WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, AND STAGE DIRECTIONS,

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatres Royal

BY W. OXBERRY, , Comedian.

London.

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Remarks.

RICH AND POOR.

The very different sensations which every person must experience while reading this opera, and while seeing it performed, furnish one more striking proof of the actor's power to refute the old adage by producing something from nothing, and to impart animation and interest to scenes, in themselves devoid of both. He who sits coolly at home to peruse the piece, and exercise his judgment upon its value, meets with little to remind him that it proceeded from the pen of a richly-gifted individual, one of our finest romance-writers. Perceiving that the characters are but paltry copies of brilliant originals, that the language is weak, the incidents stolen, and the plot destitute of ingenuity, he feels inclined to doubt whether it can ever have contributed to the gratification of an audience; but he who has once been present at its performance, even if the effect of the comic portions has escaped his recollection, cannot possibly have forgotten the vivid impression which the concluding scene of pathos invariably produces. We never witnessed more intense interest or more powerful emotion awakened by any picture of misery in the higher walks of the Drama, than we have seen called forth by this simple picture of domestic distress: yet read it, and how perfectly frigid, common-place a piece of business the whole affair seems to be. The truth is, paradoxical as the assertion may appear, that the players often produce the finest effect when they have the scantiest materials to work with, and erect some of their most masterly structures upon the least solid and substantial foundations. We scarcely need pause to enumerate proofs of this.

"Rich and Poor" was written ere the author had attained his sixteenth year, and the recollection of this circumstance may serve to diminish our surprise at the glaring plagiarisms it displays, which committed by a practised author would be regarded with sterner sen-

sations than when regarded as the work of a raw unpractised lad. Lewis, we suppose, had been so fascinated with "The School for Scandal," that he transferred—half unconsciously, perhaps—some of its most prominent features to his own production; but, to imitate its brilliant wit and satire surpassed his capacity. Hence the sarcasms and raillery of his facetious characters often degenerate into downright abuse. Sheridan's scandalous coterie inflict their wounds with a keen and polished razor: those of Lewis lacerate one another with the coarse teeth of a rusty saw. The language, moreover, is not free from vulgarisms; and frequently when the author stumbles upon a good idea, he totally mars its effect by his clumsy or tawdry mode of expressing it.

If his characters, however, are open to the charge of plagiarism, his incidents are doubly so, for there is not one that can justly be called his own. In his Preface he slightly admits his obligations to the Novels of "Sidney Biddulph" and "Cecilia," but he might have extended the avowal to every incident in the piece. The subject is not of sufficient importance to warrant our swelling this preface with a list of his thefts, but we cannot pass over unnoticed that palpable one in the first act,—the expedient resorted to by *Modish* to rid himself of his importunate creditors. The idea we believe may be traced to one of Moliere's productions, and perhaps occurs in half-a-score dramas beside, but when this piece was first performed, a precisely similar incident had so recently been made use of by O'Keefe in one of his most successful farces, ("The Farmer") that Lewis must absolutely have thought the town destitute of all sense and recollection, if he imagined that his roguery would escape undetected. It must, however, be admitted that when he does pilfer an incident, he steals with some taste: the scene just noticed has a highly comic effect, and the equivoque between *Rivers* and *Miss Chatterall* is delightfully droll. The closing interview of the father and daughter is clumsily brought about, but we are content to overlook all improbabilities, in consideration of the stage-effect it produces. Lewis has been accused of stealing this portion of his plot from Miss Lee's "Chapter of Accidents," but let him not be made answerable for more literary larcenies, than he was really guilty of. There is no foundation whatever for the charge. 'Tis true that, in both plays, seduction forms the groundwork of the story, but the circumstances of the cases, and the consequences resulting from

them, have too little in common to warrant the slightest suspicion that Lewis was in any way indebted to Miss Lee in the construction of his drama.

The piece was originally performed, as a Comedy, under the title of "*The East Indian*," in April 1798, for the benefit of Mrs. Jordan; and being well liked, was re-produced in the following December. The cause of its being soon after laid aside shall be told in the author's own words:—"It was at first received with applause, for which I thank the Public; the succeeding representations did not prove attractive, for which I here make my acknowledgments to Mr. Sheridan, who blocked up my road, mounted on his great tragic war-horse '*Pizarro*,' and trampled my humble pad-nag of a Comedy under foot, without the least compunction. My readers must decide whether my Play merited so transient an existence; it is unnecessary to say that I am quite of the contrary opinion."

Zorayda was then personated by Mrs. Jordan, and *Rivers* by Kemble, who, says the author, "acted the part admirably well, from beginning to end; indeed (he adds) to call his performance *acting* is doing it injustice. it was nature throughout." The Prologue and Epilogue were both from the pen of Lewis, and the latter was spoken by J. Bannister, habited as the Ghost of Queen Elizabeth, entering through a trap door, in a flash of fire—an idea smacking strongly of the extravagance of the author's early notions. Of the former composition, spoken by C. Kemble, we venture to transcribe the whole, because it possesses not only some poetical merit, but a degree of touching interest, from its allusion to her who after long contributing by her fascinations to the enjoyment of thousands, now lies low in a foreign grave, and from its containing the author's portrait of himself, since in depicting the feelings of an ardent aspiring mind, the youthful writer but described his own:

PROLOGUE.

In life's gay spring, while yet the careless hours
Dance light on blooming beds of early flowers,
Ere knowledge of the world has taught the mind
To sorrow for itself and shun mankind,
In sweet vain dreams still Fancy bids the boy
Doat on fair prospects of ideal joy:

Life's choicest fruits then court his eager hand ;
 Each eye is gentle, and each voice is bland ;
 False friendship prompts no sigh, and draws no tear,
 And love seems scarce more beauteous than sincere !

Ere sixteen years had wing'd their wanton flight,
 While yet his head was young, and heart was light,
 Our author plann'd these scenes ; and while he drew,
 How bright each colour seem'd, each line how true.
 Gods ! with what rapture every speech he spoke !
 Gods ! how he chuckled as he penn'd each joke !
 And when at length his ravish'd eyes survey
 That wondrous work complete—a Five Act Play,
 His youthful heart how self-applauses swell !
 —“ It isn't perfect, but 'tis vastly well ! ”——

Since then, with many a pang, our Bard has bought
 More just decision, and less partial thought :
 Kind vanity no longer blinds his sight,
 His fillet falls, and lets in odious light.
 Time bids the darling work its leaves expand,
 Each flower Parnassian withers in his hand ;
 Stern judgment every latent fault detects,
 And all its fancied beauties prove defects.

Yet, for she thinks some scenes possess an art
 To please the fancy, and to melt the heart,
 Thalia bids his play to-night appear,
 Thalia call'd in heaven, but Jordan here.
 So frail his hope, so weak he thinks his cause,
 Our author says he dares not ask applause ;
 He only begs that with indulgence new,
 You'll hear him patiently, and hear him through ;
 Then, if his piece proves worthless, never sham it ;
 But damn it, gentle friends—Oh ! damn it ! damn it !

Under its present form and title, the piece was brought forward at the English Opera House in the summer of 1812, but there occur scarcely any variations between “ Rich and Poor ” and the “ East-Indian,” save one or two transpositions of the scenes, and the omission of a few portions of the dialogue, which have been supplied by songs.

Strong objections, we remember, were urged against the tendency of the Opera; and, questionless, the criminal intercourse of a female with the husband of another does seem to be regarded in a very lenient point of view, but as it luckily comes not within our province to examine closely into these detailed points of morality, we shall wave all discussion of the question here. The author's opinions upon the subject of female frailty, appear to have increased in laxity as he advanced in years, for the play originally terminated with the following "great moral lesson," which in the altered piece is omitted—this, however, might arise from an impression that it was of too serious a character for the close of a Comic Opera, and calculated to cast an unpleasant damp upon the feelings of an audience:

Rivers. "How is this? when every other face wears a smile, why hangs a cloud on the brow of my Zorayda?"

Zorayda. "Ah, my father! 'tis a cloud which must never be removed; for, 'tis the gloom of self-reproach! I have erred, and been forgiven; but am I therefore less culpable?—Your indulgence has been great; but is my fault therefore less enormous? Oh, no, no, no! The calm of innocence has for ever left me, the courage of conscious virtue must be mine no more! Still must the memory of errors past torment me, and embitter every joy:—still must I blush to read scorn in the world's eye, suspicion in my husband's:—and still must feel this painful truth most keenly, that she who deviates from the paths of virtue, though she may obtain the forgiveness of others, never can obtain her own!"

Whatever may be the thought of the errors of *Zorayda* by the reader, no sentiment but pity can ever be felt for her in the theatre, when the character is personated by Miss Kelly. The terrible energy of her appeals to her father's heart, the fearful workings of her half-frenzied spirit, the "fine madness" of her despair, thrill the spectator to the core and set description at defiance. "Long years—long, though not very many,"—have elapsed since we witnessed this inimitable, this faultless display of scenic art, but the feelings it excited in our minds were too vivid ever to be effaced. Many early impressions are blotted out, many recollections destroyed, by intercourse with the world,—

"And from surrounding things, the hues wherewith fancy adorn'd
them

Fade like the hopes of youth, till the beauty of earth has departed,"

but there are some few "bright dreams of the past" beyond the power of time and change to weaken or destroy, and one amongst these, will ever be to us the remembrance of Miss Kelly's *Zorayda*. P P

Time of Representation.

The time this piece takes in representation is nearly three hours.
—The half-price commences at nine o'clock.

Stage Directions.

By R H...	...is meant.....	Right Hand.
L H.....	Left Hand.
S.L.....	Second Entrance.
U.E...	Upper Entrance.
M.D	Middle Door
D.F..	Door in Fl.
R H.D.....	Right Hand Door
L H.D.....	Left Hand Door.

Costume.

LORD LISTLESS.

Light mixed coat, white waistcoat, and trowsers.

MODISH.

Claret coloured coat, white waistcoat, and breeches.

RIVERS.

Suit of brown cloth.

WALSINGHAM.

Crimson ibid.

BEAUCHAMP.

Blue coat, white waistcoat, and breeches.

FRANK.

Mixed coloured coat, waistcoat, and leathern breeches.

SQUEEZ'EM.

Suit of black.

FRIPONEAU.

Striped coat, silk waistcoat, and buff pantaloons.

SPARKLE.

Green jacket, ibid, ibid.

LADY CLARA MODISH.

White satin slip, pink gauze, upper dress, trimmed with white satin and lace.

MRS. ORMOND.

White dress, trimmed with black.

MISS CHATTERALL.

Blue dress, trimmed with white.

ZORAYDA.

White leno dress.

MRS. SECRET.

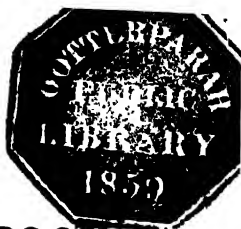
Grey gown and white apron.

MAID.

Coloured gown.

Persons Represented.

	<i>Lyceum, 1812.</i>
<i>Lord Listless</i>	Mr. Oxberry.
<i>Modish</i>	Mr. Pyne.
<i>Rivers</i>	Mr. Fawcett.
<i>Walsingham</i>	Mr. Penson.
<i>Beauchamp</i>	Mr. Horn.
<i>Frank</i>	Mr. Knight.
<i>Squeez'em</i>	Mr. Penley.
<i>Friponeau</i>	Mr. Wewitzer.
<i>Sparkle</i>	Mr. Fisher.
<i>John</i>	Mr. Lee.
<i>Lady Clara Modish</i>	Mrs. Orger.
<i>Mrs. Ormond</i>	Miss Griglietti.
<i>Miss Chatterall</i>	Mrs. Harlowe.
<i>Zorayda</i>	Miss Kelly.
<i>Mrs. Secret</i>	Mrs. Bind.
<i>Maid</i>	Miss Jones.



RICH AND POOR.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room.—Table covered with green baize—two chairs.*

BEAUCHAMP (L.H.) and WALSINGHAM (R.H.) discovered, Seated.

Wals. Come, come, Beauchamp; no evasions:—that gloomy brow assures me, that during my absence from England something must have gone wrong with you, and I insist on a frank confession.

Beau. Shall I confess that I am in debt.

Wals. Yes, if you'll also confess to whom, and for how much.

Beau. Briefly, then, for several thousands more than I can pay; and my creditor is Lord Listless.

Wals. What, your uncle?

Beau. Oh, no! his son: a jewel of the first water, I assure you; one who passes his life in being weary of everybody, and making every body weary of him: in short, sir,—a *fine man*.

Wals. And how could such an animal become your creditor?—for he never could have been your friend, I'll answer for you.

Beau. 'Tis a tedious story;—(*Both rise and come forward.*)—but the short of it is, that when I married, my generous uncle discharged my debts; unluckily, he neglected to destroy my acknowledgement,

which falling into his son's hands, the present earl wisely keeps it, and calls himself my sole creditor.

Wals. Well, well; and even if he should call for payment, we shall find means to satisfy him, I warrant; so away with that gloomy face, dear Ned.—However, I'm glad nothing worse caused it than a pecuniary difficulty.

Beau. Would to heaven that were all, indeed!

Wals. Hey? why, what other cause—

Beau. Ah, Mr. Walsingham, how shall I tell you—

Wals. Out with it.

Beau. That I have been—that I still am—a villain!

Wals. I don't believe one word of it: he who dares own that he has been a villain, must needs already have ceased to be one.

Beau. Hear me, then, and judge for yourself. You knew well the character of the woman to whose fate, while I was still a stripling, accident, not affection, united mine?

Wals. Yes, and a miserable life she led you.

Beau. During three years, she rendered my home a hell. My patience was at length exhausted: I made over to my wife the remnants of an estate which her extravagance had ruined; bade this domestic fiend an eternal farewell, and sailed under the assumed name of Dorimant, to India.

Wals. Well, I see no harm as yet. Lived with her three years!—I wouldn't have lived with her three days,—no, not to have buried her on the fourth.

Beau. Soon after my arrival in India, it was my chance to save the life of the famous Fortimer; who—

Wals. The nabob, whose immense wealth—

Beau. The same. This procured me admission to his house, where I saw his daughter, Zorayda.—She was lovely, and grateful; and, in an unguarded moment—yet heaven can witness to my intentions—in an unguarded moment, I—I was a villain!

Wals. (Shaking his head.) Little better, I must say.

Beau. Marry her I could not : her father's wrath was dreadful ; Zorayda sought a refuge from it in my arms, and fled with me from India.

Wals. From India, and from her father, and with a married man ?—Edward, Edward !—And what have you done with this poor girl ?

Beau. She resides at present with my cousin, Lady Clara Medish.

Wals. Lady Clara ! and how the devil came *she* to receive her ?

Beau. The devil made her ; the great devil of all ; money, man ; darling money !—Her ladyship had been extravagant, and so I paid a gaming debt or two for her : besides this, the appearance of protecting a friendless orphan, flatters that ostentatious sensibility, which it is her passion to display on every occasion.

Wals. But does she know the history of her *protegee* ?

Beau. I was compelled to trust her with it, under a promise of profound secrecy.

Wals. And how has she kept her promise ?

Beau. Why, really, extremely well, considering she's a woman of fashion. She only confided it to her most intimate friends, who told it again to their very particular acquaintance, who repeated it to every creature they knew, and now the whole town is informed of the whole transaction.

Wals. I guessed as much !—But come, Ned ; by this time Lady Clara must be visible, and I long to see your goddess.

Beau. And when you do see her—

Wals. Oh for heaven's sake, no raptures !

Beau. Nay, but hear me.

SONG.—BEAUCHAMP.

“ *Gin living worth.* ”—SCOTCH AIR.

*To paint her form, how heavenly fair,
I will not use my art ;*

*I will not tell what virtues rare
 Possess her faultless heart :
 Most fair, most virtuous still is she,
 All praise, save this, above ;
 Her form was made belov'd to be,
 Her heart was made to love.*

*When first Zorayda met my eyes,
 I felt my freedom o'er ;
 With every day that o'er me flies,
 I feel I love her more :
 Nor, though you've known me wild and free,
 Think now my heart can rove ;
 For she was made belov'd to be,
 And I her charms to love.*

Wals. Aye, to be sure ! and as much has been said and sung by every lover, since Adam first threw a sheep's-eye at our grandmother. Now, then, for Lady Clara. *(Crosses to L.H.)*

Beau. With all my heart : but first be it known to you, that you must be prepared to find a plentiful stock of fools ; for that is an article with which her ladyship's house is seldom unprovided.

Wals. And with what can it be provided better ? Why, boy, being of an adust and cynical disposition, infinite laughter is necessary to my health. My physician has prescribed me a course of fools, and truly I have reaped great benefit from his advice already.

Beau. Indeed ? then why did you leave Great Britain ? Heaven knows, a scarcity of fools is not one of our wants.

Wals. No, truly ; and after all my peregrinations abroad in quest of folly, I must give the preference in that article to little England ; where absurdities spring as kindly as mushrooms on the dunghills, and you can scarcely turn a corner without starting a fool.

[Exit, L.H.]

SCENE II.—*A Room in Modish's House, backed Drawing-room Chamber.—Handsom sofa,*

N.H.U.E. Four chairs; table covered with red baize; books, newspaper, pens, ink, paper, and hand-bell, on table.

Enter ZORAYDA and MRS. SECRET, R.II.

HUO.—ZORAYDA AND SECRET.

“ Time has not thinn’d.”

*Now bright July to pleasure calls,
But townsmen hear the call in vain;
Why shines the sun on murky walls,
Where vice, and pride, and folly reign?*

*Use rather, sun, thy genial power
To bid the harvest’s hope be crown’d;
Mature the fruit, unfold the flower,
And spread delight and plenty round.*

Sec. Now do, my dear young lady, cheer up a little. It is a sad thing, sure enough, to be shut up in this sultry town in the month of July; but I’ve news for you that shall make you dance for joy, in spite of the dog-days.

Zor. News for me!—of my father?—Oh, speak!

Sec. Oh, better Miss; a great deal better:—they say, that Colonel Beauchamp’s odious wife, who went to some outlandish place two years ago, is dead for certain: if so, you know—

Zor. Ah, Secret, and should, then, the death of one who never injured me,—alas! of one whom I have deeply injured, be to me the source of joy? Wretched Zorayda, how art thou fallen!

Sec. You are the strangest lady!—I’m sure, if I were in love with Colonel Beauchamp, as *you* are, and could only marry him by—

Zor. Hush, hush, for heaven’s sake!—Should you be overheard—

Sec. La, Miss, don't be so timbersome! I hope I've not been my lady's own waiting-woman these six years, not to know when to speak and when to hold my tongue.—But, dear me, it makes me quite sad myself to see you look so *mollycolly* whenever we're alone; for in public, indeed, your manner—

Zor. Is gay, is forced, is agonizing! From Beauchamp spring my sufferings, and therefore I would not have the world see that I suffer; but, believe me, the smiles which play on my cheek in public, are to my heart as moonbeams falling on some rock of ice; they shine, but warm not.

Sec. Nay, Miss, you needn't tell me that; for you look and talk for all the world like the miller's daughter in our village, when her lover proved false-hearted; and surely that was a worse case than yours, Miss.

SONG.—MRS. SECRET.

*On the banks of Allan water,
When the sweet Spring-time did fall,
Was the Miller's lovely daughter
Fairest of them all.
For his bride a soldier sought her,
And a winning tongue had he:
On the banks of Allan water
None was gay as she*

*On the banks of Allan water
When brown Autumn shed its store,
There I saw the Miller's daughter,
But she smiled no more.
For the summer grief had brought her in,
And the soldier false was he!
On the banks of Allan water
None was sad as she.*

*On the banks of Allan water
When the Winter-snow fell fast,*

Still was found the Miller's daughter :

Chilling blew the blast !

But the Miller's lovely daughter

Both from cold and care was free ;

On the banks of Allan water,

There a corse lay she.

[*Exit, R.H.*]

Zor. Yes, 'tis resolved! Edward we must part, and for ever! what!—his mistress? the mistress of a married man! break, fond heart, break! but support such shame no longer:—some one comes!—perhaps 'tis he!

Enter JOHN, L.H.

John. Lord Listless.

[*Exit, L.H.*]

Zor. Psha! with a mind thus ill at ease, how tormenting is it to assume the appearance of gaiety, and be compelled to mingle with the happy and unthinking.

Enter LORD LISTLESS, L.H.

Lord L. Quite alone, Miss Mandeville! Where's Clara?

Zor. She slept ill, and left her bed late this morning.

Lord L. She was quite in the right: for my part I wonder why people leave their beds at all; for they only contrive to bore themselves and their acquaintance. Now I've some thoughts of going to bed one of these nights, and never getting up again.

Zor. Oh, pray, my lord, put that scheme into execution: in the benefit of your friends as well as yourself.

Lord L. Yes, 'twould certainly take, for people imitate every thing I do so ridiculously, that 'pon my soul I'm bored to death with them; but, to say the truth, I'm bored with every thing and every body.

Zor. I should be sorry to increase your ennui, and so wish you good morning. (*Crosses to L.H.*)

Lord L. No, no; stay, pray stay; for there's nothing I like so much as the company of a fine woman.

Zor. (*Drawing away her hand.*) I'm sorry that I can't return the compliment; but there's nothing I like so little as the company of a fine man.

Lord L. (*Aside.*) Umph! Pert enough, 'pon my soul!
(*Retires to the sofa.*)

Enter LADY CLARA, R.H.

Lord L. Morning, Clara! You look frightful to-day.

Lady C. Do I? I dare say I do: for my nerves are in such a state!—Oh! and then I had such a dream! Only conceive: methought my favourite little pug, Fidelio, had fallen into the Serpentine; I saw him struggling, heard him barking, and woke in an agony of tears.

Zor. Exquisite sensibility!

Lady C. Ha! Beauchamp?

(*Lord Listless throws himself on the sofa.*)

Enter BEAUCHAMP and WALSINGHAM, L.H.

Beau. Let me present a friend to you, Lady Clara, whose absence from England you've heard me frequently lament.—Mr. Walsingham.

Lady C. Your friends are always welcome here for your sake; but Mr. Walsingham will be welcome for his own.

Wals. Your ladyship does me honour. (*Aside to Beauchamp.*)—Is she a fool too?

Beau. None of the wisest, I promise you. Miss Mandeville, Mr. Walsingham. (*Zorayda curtsies.*)

Wals. Mandeville? I've known several of that name. Who—

Beau. (*Aside to Walsingham.*) Husband: Mandeville's an assumed name.

Wal. Oh! the devil! Why didn't you tell me so before?

Beau. But, Lady Clara, I've another friend to introduce.

Lady C. I shall be very—(*Turning round ;—then with indifference*)—Oh, you wretch! my husband!

Zor. (*Aside to Beauchamp.*) You couldn't have introduced a greater stranger.

Enter MODISH, R.H.

Mod. Mr. Walsingham, I rejoice to see you.—Just returned, I suppose?—You rested well, I hope, Lady Clara? (*Carelessly.*)

Lady C. Perfectly ; never passed a quieter night in my life.

Enter JOHN, L.H. crosses behind characters, delivers a letter to Modish, and goes off, L.H.

Mod. (*Opens the letter, and then throws it on the table.*) Rivers.

Wals. I beg I mayn't prevent—

Mod. Oh ! it's from a poor relation ; 'twill keep. Beauchamp, were you at Lady Rackett's last night?

Beau. Yes ; and found it very fashionable, and very dull.

Lady C. Oh ! the terms are now synonymous.

Mod. Quite ; for since every thing that's fashionable is insipid, in mere justice every thing that's insipid must be fashionable.

Wals. Indeed ! Is this really so, my lord ?

Lord L. Matter of fact, sir, 'pon my soul!—Insipidity is now the very criterion of fashion. A man of ~~son~~ should never dance but when he's not wanted, or sing but when nobody wishes to hear him. He shou'~~d~~awn at a comedy, laugh at a tragedy, cry 'damn'd bore' at both, tread upon his neighbour's toes, ha'~~n~~t with a tooth-pick in his mouth, see women up'~~le down stairs, without trying to stop them, and,~~

in order to be perfectly fashionable, should make himself completely disagreeable !

Zor. Bless me ! how admirably your lordship's practice exemplifies your theory.

Lord L. Oh ! you flatter me.

Zor. No, really ; I do you but justice when I protest, that I never saw any thing half so fashionable or insipid as your lordship.

Wals. Nor I, upon my honour.

Lord L. 'Pon my soul, you're too obliging ! Too obliging, 'pon my soul ! *(Knocking, L.H.)*

Lady C. Hark ! A knock !

Zor. *(Looking towards, L.H.)* Now heaven preserve my hearing ! 'tis Miss Chatterall.

Lady C. I'm glad of it ; she always talks scandal, and scandal is the best thing in the world for the nerves.

Lord L. And she talks incessantly, which saves one the trouble of an answer.

Zor. But she is so malicious !

Lady C. She cheats horribly at play !

Mod. She's disagreeable and affected.

Beau. She's deceitful.

Lady C. She's abominable.

Lord L. She's a bore !

Wals. She's here.

Enter MISS CHATTERALL, L.H.—Crosses to Lady Clara.

Lady C. My dear creature, I'm so alarmed to see you ! We've not met this age !

Miss Chat. Oh, Lady Clara ! such a dreadful thing has happened to me ! I've been so shocked, so quizzed, and all that !

Lady C. You alarm me !

Miss Chat. You must know, as I came along, another carriage got entangled with mine. A man soon collected round us, and out of pure good-nature and

condescension, I thought I'd entertain them with a little graceful terror.

Mod. How kind!

Miss Chat. Wasn't it? So, on this, I screamed in the most delightful way imaginable, practised my new Angiolini attitudes, and threw myself into my very best convulsions.

Wals. And, I warrant, the spectators burst into tears?

Miss Chat. No, truly, they burst out a laughing!

All. Oh, shameful!

Lord L. What a bore! *(From sofa.)*

Miss Chat. Wasn't it? I declare I was just like Orphy, the old fidler, playing to the stocks and stones. The more I squalled, the more they laughed; and, at last, they made me so angry, that I vowed never to go into fits again, except in the very best company.

Wals. And a mighty proper resolution too.

Miss Chat. Wasn't it? But, lord! I can't stop, or Lady Cogwell will be out, and I wouldn't miss seeing her for the world.

Mod. Lady Cogwell! I thought she was your aversion?

Miss Chat. Oh dear so she is; but last night Mrs. Punt, playing with her at whist, found the ace of diamonds hid in her muff; so I'm going to comfort, and console, and vex, and tease her, and all that, you know. You'll go with me, Miss Mandeville? I came on purpose for you.

Zor. No; I'm not in a vexing, teasing, and all that humour this morning. But, are you sure of the truth of this story?

Miss Chat. Sure of it? Why Mrs. Blab-all told it me, and I believe all the scandal she talks to be gospel; for the more scandalous it is, the more true it always turns out to be. Come, Modish, lead me to my carriage.

Dad. C. Are you going, Mr. Walsingham? We dine at home; if you can put up with a family din-

Lord L. Walsy—don't come, for a family dinner is a damn'd bore.

Wals. O, my lord, you are pleased to be facetious.

(*Lord L. rises from sofa, and comes forward;*
L.H.)

Lady C. You'll be with me in the evening, Miss Chatterall?

Miss Chat. Oh! without fail; and I hope by that time to have collected authentic information concerning two clopements, four young men ruined at play, nine ladies of quality taken tripping, and one who died of a cold which she caught in going to church. How comical! Wasn't it? Come, Modish.

[*Exit with Modish, L.H.*]

Lord L. Pray, Clara—What was I going to—Oh! Where does Mrs. Ormond live?

Lady C. I protest I've forgotten, but the porter can tell you: may I ask why you enquire?

Lord L. I've no sort of objection to your asking the question, provided you've none to my not answering it. Good morning; we shall meet at dinner; or, perhaps, not till to-morrow; or, perhaps, not this month; it doesn't signify, you know, if we never meet at all.

Lady C. Oh! not in the least—Good morning.

[*Exit Lord L. L.H.*]

Zor. I see Mr. Modish returning; shall I stay, or leave you to your usual discussions?

Lady C. Oh, child, don't mind me: these little matrimonial rubs are excellent for the vapours, and Modish is never so entertaining, when I've put him out of temper.

Zor. I'm sure then he's entertaining very often, but I cannot admire your mode of making him so; and, for my own part, I verily think that were I to live a thousand years, I could never succeed in extracting amusement from my husband's uneasiness, or find pleasure in being the torment of a man, whom I had sworn before the altar to love and to obey.

[*Exit, R.*]

Enter MODISH, L.H.

Lady C. (Goes to the table; opens Modish's letter thoughtlessly.) Lud! what am I doing! Beg your pardon, Modish.

Mod. Oh! no matter. This letter comes from a relation who after dissipating his fortune here went to India some eighteen years ago.—Let me see what he says—(*Reads.*)—"My dear cousin will be doubtless surprised to learn, that soon after my arrival in India, my union with a rich widow at once cleared me of debt, and placed me in a state of opulence."

Lady C. Opulence? This grows interesting.

Mod. "On my wife's death I realized my fortune, determined to share it with you, my dear George."

Lady C. The worthy man! Who waits?—(*Rings hand bell on table.*)—Send Secret to me. I'll have a chamber prepared this instant.

Mod. "But alas! the vessel in which I had embarked my wealth was shipwrecked, and I regained the English shore, poor as I left it."

Lady C. Then the money's lost.

Enter SECRET, R.H.

Sec. Did your la'ship—

Lady C. It doesn't signify, Secret.

[*Exit Secret, R.H.*]

Mod. "To you then, my dear George, I must apply for assistance—and, soon after receiving this, you may expect a visit from your affectionate cousin and friend,
William Rivers."

Lady C. How unlucky! This money would have been so seasonable—

Mod. Seasonable, madam? Say, necessary; absolutely necessary. Your dissipation, your extravagance, your—

Lady C. Oh, mercy! dear Modish, mercy! moderate your tone, I beg; consider my nerves.

Mod. My manner, madam, may be moderate, but the matter must be harsh.

Lady C. Oh, sir! let your voice be gentle, and as to the matter of what you say, I shan't mind it a straw.

Mod. What I say, madam, you never do mind.

Lady C. True, sir; I never do. (*Crosses to R.H.*)

Mod. Madam, madam, I must say, and I will say—

Lady C. Say, sir? Lord, couldn't you sing?—
'Twould be much more agreeable.

Mod. Zounds, madam, I'm serious, and well I may be so. For but one way remains of preventing immediate ruin. You must give up your diamonds, I'll procure you paste instead; and as you're known to possess real jewels, nobody will suspect those you wear to be false.

Lady C. Well, sir, I'll only mention one circumstance, and then if you still wish it, the diamonds are at your disposal.

Mod. (*Aside.*) So readily? I'm amazed!—well, my dear Lady Clara, and this circumstance is—

Lady C. Simply this. About three months ago I sold the real jewels, and those now in my possession are the paste.

Mod. (*Violently.*) Confusion! Fire, and Furies!

Lady C. Don't swear, sir.

Mor. Zounds! madam, I must and will swear; and I must and will tell you once for all—

Enter JOHN, L.H.

John. Mr. Rivers.

[*Exit, L.H.*]

Mod. He has nicked the time: I never felt so charitably disposed in my life.

(*Throws himself into a chair, R.H., his back turned to Lady Clara, who sits in an indolent posture, humming to herself; both seated near R.H.*)

Enter RIVERS, L.H.

Riv. It is with diffidence, sir, that I venture—

Lady C. Oh! heavens! A black scratch! Drops, drops, or I shall faint! (*Modish rings hand bell.*)

Riv. I fear, madam, I have by some means occasioned an alarm, which—

Enter SECRET, with drops, R.H. gives them to Lady Clara.

Lady C. Quick! quick! or I expire.—(*After taking a smelling-bottle.*)—Secret, tell the man I beg his pardon, but I've always had a particular aversion to black scratches.

Sec. (Crosses to Rivers.) Sir, my lady hopes you'll pardon her, but a black scratch always was her particular diversion. (*Goes again to Lady Clara.*)

Riv. I'm sorry to have offended, but 'tis the lot of misfortune to offend in every thing!

Mod. (Rises) I—I think, Mr. Rivers, I've heard my father speak of you; but as to what he said, I really don't remember a syllable.

Riv. I fear if you did, it could not prejudice you in my favour; yet as my conduct was only imprudent, never dishonourable, your father's friendship was mine to the last.

Mod. Very possibly; I don't dispute it.

Riv. Were he alive, I should not want a friend! Let me, however, rejoice in his son's affluence. Your numerous retinue, your splendid mansion prove, that you've the ability to serve me, and your inclination I cannot doubt.

Mod. Why, really—Hem!—Appearances are frequently deceitful and—and to say the truth—However, sir, I'll look about me, and if any thing occurs will let you know. Good morning.

Riv. In the mean time may I without offence mention to you my distressed situation? The gripping

hand of poverty presses hard upon me; I have no other support, have no one to look to but yourself. Oh! George, George, you once loved me! Often have I carried you in my arms, often has my hand supplied you with money when a boy, and in all your little distresses it was from my partiality that you sought assistance? Let these recollections, let the recollection of your excellent father plead for me, when I mention—that—that a trifling pecuniary aid will be of most essential service.

Mod. (Who remains seated R.H. with emotion, aside to Lady Clara.) I'll—I'll give him a ten pound note, and send him away.

Riv. (Aside.) Ha!—then perhaps his heart may still—

Lady C. Ten pounds? Heavens, Modish! don't be so extravagant.

Mod. Your ladyship is always economical, when charity is in the case!—(*Resuming his cold manner.*)—I'm very sorry, Mr. Rivers, it's out of my power to assist you at present, but if I hear of anything to suit you, I'll let you know. Good morning.

Riv. But sir—

Mod. I'll move heaven and earth to serve you.—Good morning.

Riv. But sir, if you do not know where I live, how can you inform me of your success?

Mod. Oh! true! where shall I send?

Riv. (Hesitating.) I'm ashamed to name such a miserable—I—I—lodge at the Three Blue Posts, in Little Britain.

Lady C. Oh! shocking! Is it possible that any body can live at the Three Blue Posts?

Sec. Oh! dear no, my lady; it an't possible.

Riv. Before I go, sir, let me ask you whether your sister Emily is still living.

Lady C. Oh! yes, but she can't assist you, so it's useless applying to her. However, my porter can give you her direction.

Riv. Is she then in distress? I'll hasten to her,

though she may not give me relief for my wants, whether I may at least find sympathy for my woes, a sentiment which I have vainly sought for in the palaces of the great.—(*With stifled anger.*)—Good morning, sir.

Mod. Your servant.

Ric. (*Aside.*) So fades my hope! On how sandy a foundation do they build, who place their reliance on the friendship of affluence! [*Exit, L.H.*]

Lady C. So, he's gone at last. Secret, order the carriage to the door. (*Crosses to R.H.*)

[*Exit Secret, L.H.*]

Mod. Before you go, madam, I must say—

Lady C. My dear Mr. Modish, say not another word on the subject, since on one point I am decided: that whenever we are of different opinions, you must be wrong, and I must be right. Good morning.

[*Exit, L.H.*]

Mod. I've gained much by this conference! Bachelors; bachelors! Tye yourselves up in the noose of hemp, rather than the noose of matrimony. The pain of the former is never felt after a few minutes; but the knot of the latter grows tighter every hour during years, and is at last only loosened by death or infamy.

SONG.—MODISH.

*When doom'd to quit his native land,
Young Henry bade farewell,
As Susan fondly wrung his hand,
Her tears in torrents fell.
And soft she sigh'd, (her trembling heart
While love with fears beset)
"Oh, would we were not now to part,
Or that we ne'er had met."*

*Same Fortune smiled on Henry's pains,
And blessed his growing store;
Now gone three years, his honest gains
To Susan's feet he bore.*

*"Nor think," he cried, "that Henry's heart,
Can e'er its vows forget;
Dismiss your fears, no more we'll part.
Once more since we have met."*

*But ah! before twelve months were flown,
They cursed the married life;
A very husband Hal was grown,
And Sue a very wife.
She said that he was false at heart,
He called her light coquette:
And both exclaimed—"next week we part,
I wish we ne'er had met."* [Exit, L.H.]

SCENE III.—*Another Apartment in Modish's House.*

Enter BEAUCHAMP and ZORAYDA, R.H.

Beau. Nay, deny it not, Zorayda; you had been in tears.

Zor. (*Assuming gaiety.*) Heed them not!—A mere trifle—my grief is already forgotten:

Beau. Indeed! Had your grief then so slight a cause?

Zor. Ah! while remorse and shame dwell here, can my cause for grief ever be slight?

Beau. Dearest Zorayda!—

Zor. Edward! Edward! Oh! where is my father? Perhaps now stretched on the bed of sickness, calling on Zorayda for those offices which a daughter alone can perform; and, woe is me! calling in vain! Perhaps—perhaps ere this, cold in a foreign grave, where his heart has forgot at my name to burn with anger or to glow with love. Yet if he still should live—too surely, wretched Zorayda, he lives no longer for thee! (*Crosses to L.H.*)

Beau. Zorayda, would you drive me mad?

Zor. And still no letters from India? Still no word from my father, or kind, or cruel? Oh that I could

but know he still exists ! that I could but once more see the characters of his hand ! that I could but for one moment hear his voice, though in the next I again heard it curse me ! (*Crosses back to R.H.*)

Beau. Nay, be comforted ! A person just arrived from India, I trust, can give me some tidings of Mr. Mortimer ; and, having discharged my errand here, I hasten to him. You mentioned some trinkets which you wished to purchase ; these notes will answer their price. And now, my love farewell for the present.

Zor. Yet say ! to whom go you ?

Beau. To a poor relation of Modish's, who applied to him for relief.

Zor. And he departed ?

Beau. Unrelieved.

Zor. Alas ! Yet perhaps he was undeserving.

Beau. That I know not ; but trust me, Zorayda, I love not those who weigh too nicely the transgressions of a sufferer ; to punish human errors is the province of heaven ; to relieve human wants is the duty of man !

Zor. And whither is he now gone ?

Beau. To Mrs. Ormond's, whose noble heart would willingly relieve him, but whose means—

Zor. And if she cannot—what must he do ?

Beau. Starve, Zorayda !

Zor. He shall not !—no, no, he shall not ! Follow him ! These notes—take them, take them all ! Nay, oppose me not, dear Edward ; in this I must not be opposed.

Beau. Oppose you, Zorayda ? Oh ! be my own heart hardened, when I defeat the generosity of yours !

DUO.—ZORAYDA AND BEAUCHAMP.

*Heave one sigh when virtue fails,
Breathe one hope that Heaven may spare ;
Far more sweet than Indian gales
Is the breath that forms the prayer.*

*Drop one tear when sorrows light
On some blameless mourner's head ;
Joy ne'er makes the eye so bright
As a tear for others shed.*

[Exeunt Beauchamp, L.H. Zorajda, R.H.]

SCENE IV.—*Modish's Library.—Table and four
Chairs.*

*Enter MODISH, R.H. and MRS. SECRET, L.H.
meeting.*

Mod. Now, Secret ! what's the matter ?

Sec. Oh ! dear sir, I'm so frustrated ! never may your honour give me a new gown again, if the porter hasn't let in the old usurer !

Mod. Who ? the usurer ? what Squeez'em ?

Sec. Yes, sir ! I believe that's the monster's name.

Mod. The devil ! Yet I dare not refuse to see him, and here he comes,—away Secret, away !

[Exit Secret, R.H.]

JOHN introduces SQUEEZ'EM, L.H.(1)

Mod. Good Heaven ! is it you, my dear Mr. Squeez'em ? Why, you look charmingly ! charmingly, I protest !

Squeez. You're mighty good, sir ! I made bold to call—

Mod. I'm very glad you did ; I was just wondering why I hadn't seen you so long : and why don't you call oftener ? I'm always happy to see my best friend, Mr. Squeez'em !

Squeez. I am much flattered by your kindness, sir. —There is a—

Mod. I beg you'll be seated : who waits ? a chair for Mr. Squeez'em.

(1) This scene was suggested by Monsieur Dimanche in *La Fes-
tin de Pierre.*

Squeez. It's quite unnecessary ; for I only—

Mod. I must insist upon it. My good friend, sit yourself down.—(*They sit.*)—And now tell me, how are your children? All well, I hope? No meazles? no whooping-cough? no—

Squeez. None, sir, none, I thank you ; but there is a little—

Mod. A little one coming, is there? I beg I may stand god-father.

Squeez. Lord ! sir, you mistake ; I'd only—

Mod. Why, isn't dear Mrs. Squeez'em likely to—

Squeez. Dear Mrs. Squeez'em has nothing at all to do with what I'm come about. To be plain with you, Mr. Modish, there is a little affair, which—

Mod. A little affair? Oh ! you sly rogue. What, which must be a secret between you and me? Well, well, I promise you, Mrs. Squeez'em shan't hear a word of it. And so the little girl is pretty, is she?

Squeez. Lord, sir, I can't get you to hear me out ; and I've walked here all the way from St. Mary Axe on purpose to—

Mod. Walked here ! What, all that way? Then pray take some refreshment, for I'm sure you must be fatigued.—(*Rises.*)—Here, John, tea, coffee—or perhaps you'd prefer a glass of wine? Only say what you like, and—

Squeez. Dear sir, there's nothing I should like so much at present ; as to have you listen to what I want to say.

Mod. Sure'y, surely ;—(*Sits again.*)—you won't take any refreshment ~~now?~~

Squeez. None, I thank you, sir ; I'm in a hurry to return home, and only wish to ask—

Mod. In a hurry to return home?—(*Rises.*)—Then, for heaven's sake, don't let me detain you. Here, John, light Mr. Squeez'em down stairs.

Squeez. Sir, I only want to— (*Rises.*)

Mod. To get home ; I know it,—good night.

Squeez. I should be glad to—

Mod. To go ; pray suit your own convenience, but

I'm greatly obliged to you for this call. Chatting away an hour with a friend like you, is so amusing! Open the door, John.

Squeez. If you'd only be so good as to pay—

Mod. My respects to Mrs. Squeez'em ; I shall take the first opportunity, and bring Lady Clara with me ; till when, adieu, my dear Mr. Squeez'em : consider me as your fast friend, and be assured, that I shall always be delighted to serve you to the very utmost extent of my ability. [*Exit Squeez'em, L.H.*]

Mod. So, he's gone at last ; and now—

Re-enter SQUEEZ'EM, L.H.

Squeez. But sir, before I go—

Mod. Oh ! the devil !

Squeez. In short, sir, I came here to settle my account with you, and settle my account with you I will, before I leave this house, or know the reason why !

Mod. Your account ? Oh ! very well ; in a few days—

Squeez. A few days won't do ; I'm in immediate want ; and—

Mod. Indeed ? that alters the case ; and luckily I expect my attorney every moment, to pay me a large legacy : so leave your address, and I'll send your money home directly—good morning.

(*Crosses to L.H.*)

Squeez. Send the money ? I can't think of troubling you so much ; and if you expect the attorney immediately, I'll sit down, and wait till he comes.

(*Sits down R.H.*)

Mod. (*Aside.*) Is there no getting rid of him !

Squeez. Charming weather !

Mod. (*Aside.*) Could I leave the house unperceived.

(*Going off L.H.*)

Enter SPARKLE bowing, L.H.

Death and furies ! another creditor !

Spark. Sir, I made bold—

Mod. (Aside.) I have it.—Oh! is it you?—
you came in the very nick of time: wait one moment,
and—(*Whispering Squeez'em.*)—Do you know that
person?

Squeez. Hav'n't the honor.

Mod. That's Mr. Latitat, my attorney: he brings
me a large legacy, and will discharge your account
immediately.

Squeez. Oh! dear sir!—(*Aside.*)—so I shall get
my money at last! (*Rises.*)

Mod. (Aside to Sparkle.) Do you know that
person?

Spark. Never saw him in all my life!

Mod. That's Mr. Lattitat, my attorney: he brings
me a large legacy, and will discharge your bill imme-
diately.

Spark. Oh! Lord sir! it wasn't for that I—(*Aside.*)
—So, at last I shall get rid of this bad debt!

Mod. Gentlemen, let me have the honor of intro-
ducing you to each other.—(*Bowing equally to both.*)
—This, sir, is Mr. Latitat: He'll discharge all your
demands, and I now wish you good morning.

[*Crosses to L.H. and Exit.*]

Squeez & Spark. Sir, your most obliged, and
obedient humble servant.

Spark. Won't you sit, sir?

Squeez. Sir, here's a chair much at your service,
—(*They sit with much ceremony: a silence of some
moments, each expecting the other to speak.*)—Very
worthy gentleman, Mr. Modish.

Spark. None better!

Squeez. No man's word to be more depended on!
—(*Another silence.*)—suppose, sir, we proceed to
business?

Spark. Whenever you're ready, sir. I've a little
bill here—

Squeez. (Aside.) A little bill! May I ask the
amount?

Spark. Not more than 6000*l.* sir.

Squeez. (*Aside.*) A bank bill of 6000*l.*? never before heard of a bill to so large an amount.

Spark. Oh! Lord sir! I dare say Mr. Modish has many larger,—but if you doubt my honour—

Squeez. Oh! dear, no, sir!

Spark. If my bill doesn't satisfy you—

Squeez. Oh! sir, it will more than satisfy me.

Spark. Then permit me to—

(*They exchange their Bills.*)

Squeez. (*Reading.*) “To Samuel Sparkle—?”

Spark. (*Reading.*) “Account between Solomon Squeez'em, and”—Pray, sir, what am I to do with this?

Squeez. Discharge it, if you please.

Spark. Zounds! sir, I expect you to do that for mine.

Squeez. Come, come! Mr. Latitat—

Spark. Latitat? why, you're Mr. Latitat?

Squeez. No, you're Mr. Latitat?

Spark. Then who the devil are you?

Squeez. Why, Solomon Squeez'em the money-broker!

Spark. A bite, by this light! Look'ee sir, I'm Mr. Modish's creditor, and I fancy you are the same.

Squeez. What, you too a creditor?—A cheat! an impostor!

Spark. A swindling—cringing—

Squeez. Fawning—flattering—

(*Ring the bell violently, R.H.*)

Spark. That's right, Mr. Squeez'em, ring away, and I'll help you!—

(*Ring the bell, L.H.*)

QUARTETTO.—SPARK. SQUEEZ. JOHN, and SEC.

Squeez. & } *Ting-a-tingle! Ting-a-tingle!*

Spar. } *Make the bells more loudly jingle.*

Tingle! Jingle! Ting-a-ting!

Ring away, sir! ring! ring! ring!

Enter JOHN, L.H. MRS. SECRET, R.H.

John & } *Mercy on us, what a riot !*
 Sec. } *Sure, he means to break the bell :
 Give your arms a little quiet !
 What you want, sir, please to tell.*

Squeez. *Where's your master ?*
 John. *He's gone out.*
 Spark. *Where's your mistress ?*
 Sec. *She's gone out.*

Squeez. & } *Both gone out ?*
 Spark. }
 John & } *All gone out.*
 Sec. } *What is all this noise about ?*
 Squeez. *When return they ?*
 Spark. *Hussey, speak ?*
 John. *Not to-night, sir :*
 Sec. *Not this week !*

Squeez. & } *Not this week ? Oh ! fire and fury !*
 Spark. }
 John & } *How he swears !—he's mad, it's plain !*
 Sec. }
 Squeez. & } *You shall think so, I'll assure ye,*
 Spark. } *When I come this way again !*
 John & } *Both are out, sirs, I'll assure ye,*
 Sec. } *Pray, be pleas'd to call again.*

[*Exeunt John and Mrs. Secret, R.H., Sparkle
 and Squeez'em, L.H.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A room at Mrs. Ormond's.—Table and
 two chairs.*

Enter MRS. ORMOND and ANNE, R.H.

Mrs. O. Nay, Anne, it must be so ; I must part
 with him.

Anne. Part with Frank, madam? why you'll never persuade him to go, that's certain; Oh! here he comes!

Mrs. O. Leave us.

[*Exit Anne, L.H.*]

Enter FRANK, L.H.

Frank. Anne said, madam, that you had orders for—

Mrs. O. I have, Frank; and I give you orders for the last time.

Frank. (*Starting.*) Ma—madam!

Mrs. O. It grieves me to say it, my good fellow, but we must part.

Frank. Part, madam!—Part?

Mrs. O. Even so; there is unfortunately no remedy. What is due to you?—

(*Taking out her purse.*)

Frank. And you really turn me away?

Mrs. O. Turn you away? No; but I'm constrained to dismiss you.

Frank. Dismiss me?—very well!—do it!—but I won't go!

Mrs. O. Nay, but, Frank—

Frank. And you can be cruel enough to turn me away? In Mr. Ormond's family have I lived forty years, man and boy, and now all of a sudden you turn me away.

Mrs. O. But hear me, my good fellow! I am unable longer either to maintain or pay you—

Frank. I don't want to be paid! I don't want to be maintained! I ask but to see you every morning, and be assured you are in health; I ask but to see my young master grow up the image of his father; carry him in my arms while he's a child, and when he's a man to die in his service! I ask but this, and you refuse me! Yet you cannot surely be so cruel; you could never really mean to drive me away.—(*Kneeling.*)—Dear good lady, comfort me! say you did this

but to try me, say you never really meant to part with your poor and faithful Frank !

Mrs. O. (Affected.) Rise, rise, my good fellow ! Yes, you shall remain with me ! Rather will I endure any inconvenience, than pain a heart so feeling !

Frank. Inconvenience ? Lord bless you, madam, I shall rather relieve you than occasion any. I am yet strong and hearty ; I can labour, can work my fingers to the bones in your service ; and rather than you or yours should want wherewithal to eat, heaven forgive me if I wouldn't consent to your eating me !

[*Exit, L.H.*

Mrs. O. Noble heart !

Re-enter FRANK, followed by RIVERS, L.H.

Frank. This way, sir !—A gentleman to wait on you, madam. [*Exit, L.H.*

Riv. When I left England, madam, you were so young that probably no trace remains in my cousin Emily's remembrance—

Mrs. O. Is it possible ? Surely, sir, I now speak to Mr. Rivers.

Riv. Even so ; but if you recollect my story as well as my features, I fear you are not prejudiced in my favour : my juvenile follies—

Mrs. O. (Eagerly.) Sir, my father loved you ; his friends can never be judged harshly by me.

Riv. (Aside.) What a contrast !

Mrs. O. But pray inform me, I fear your expedition to the East—

Riv. The East, my dear lady, was sufficiently kind ; but on my return, a tempest swept in one moment away the gains of eighteen painful years.

Mrs. O. I feel for your disappointment most sincerely.

Riv. And now were it not presumptuous—

Mrs. O. Presumptuous ? Oh ! my good sir !

Riv. Then at once ; how comes it, that your situation differs from your brother's so strangely ?

Mrs. O. Alas! Mr. Rivers, my husband's nature, generous and benevolent to excess, ultimately proved our ruin. He was compelled to part with his estate, and we retired to an humble retreat, where my beloved Ormond expired. This avowal must excuse my not offering you that assistance, which I should afford you most willing, and which I much fear, you greatly want. But doubtless, on applying to my brother—

Riv. I have applied.

Mrs. O. And the result was—

Riv. Coldness and scorn.

Mrs. O. Indeed!—Oh, George!—Well, well; we will not despond: in my poverty, I have still some friends, I trust, both able and willing to oblige me: to these will I recommend you; and, as you may already have contracted some little debts, pray make use of this trifle to discharge them:—if not sufficient, only say it, and the sum shall be increased.

(Offers him money.)

Riv. Madam—cousin—Emily!—Nay, now my heart must burst!

Mrs. O. Let not such a trifle—

Riv. Forgive me, dearest Emily, forgive me!—Here! take it, take it, and heaven make you as happy with it as you deserve to be.

(Giving her a pocket-book, which she opens.)

Mrs. O. How?—notes! and to a large amount?—What can this mean?

Riv. It means that I deserve to be hanged, drawn, and quartered, for giving one moment's uneasiness to such a heart. I am rich, Emily, rich!—Yet, I lie; for all that was mine is now yours.

Mrs. O. Amazement!—Can this be real?

Riv. A few hours shall convince you of its truth; nor can you feel better pleased to be heiress of my riches, than I feel at finding an heiress who deserves them.

Mrs. O. Your heiress?—I heard that you were married,—that you had a daughter—

Riv. I had—I had! and that daughter,—Oh, Emily, she was the image of her mother; was the delight of my eyes, was the solitary blessing of my existence; and while that one blessing was mine, I thought that I possessed every other. This daughter,—this very idolized daughter,—abandoned me for a villain—and her father became childless! (*Crosses to R.H.*)

Mrs. O. Is she, then, dead?

Riv. To me, for ever; she fled from India, doubtless, with the perfidious Dorimant; and what has since become of her I know not,—I care not. Pr'ythee, Emily, mention her no more.—But now to begin my preparations; for, by six o'clock, you must be lodged in your own house, attended by your own servants, and ready to welcome me at your own table.

Mrs. O. But, dear sir, this great haste—

Riv. Oh, hang delay; what I do, I do at once, and so, farewell for the present. (*Crosses to L.H.*)

Mrs. O. But at least take back these notes; their value—

Riv. Is trifling, when compared with that of your present!—(*Kissing it.*)—But never,—no, while I have life,—never will I part with this! I'll wear it next my heart as a talisman; for you gave it when you could full ill afford it; and gave it, too, from the noblest of motives,—compassion for the distressed, and respect for the memory of a father. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Mrs. O. This event, so unexpected, so sudden!—Oh, from what a weight is my bosom relieved!—William, my dear William! thy prospects are bright again!—Hark! 'twas his infant voice, his infant cry!—Ah, my poor child; in vain may fortune give thee riches; the most precious of all treasures is lost to thee for ever,—a fond and virtuous father!

SONG.—MRS. ORMOND.

“*Ah hy de nos.*”

*Nought avails thy plaintive crying,
Hush, dearest, hush!*

be candid with you. Could I so easily forget Mr. Ormond's loss, I must frankly own, that your lordship is by no means the man whom I think likely to make me happy in a second marriage.

Lord L. Marriage! my dear creature, who said a word on the subject? Nothing could be farther from my thoughts, for *I* think marriage a great bore: don't you?—Now, what I meant, was that sort of amicable arrangement, which, when we grow tired of each other (as I doubt not we soon shall) may leave both at liberty to pursue our separate inclinations. Thus stands the case: you are poor, I am rich; you are handsome, so am I: despise, then, the opinions of prudes and cynics, and sharing a splendid establishment with love and me,—
(*Yawning.*)

Mrs. O. Beyond a doubt, must be perfectly enchanting!—(*Aside.*)—Insolent coxcomb! Yet, he's so absurd, that anger here would be ridiculous.

Lord L. Yes, I thought you'd like the proposal. Nay, I should have flown to you with it upon the wings of love a month ago, if something or other hadn't continually driven it out of my head: and if my valet hadn't put me in mind of it this morning, 'pon my soul, I believe I shouldn't have remembered it at all.

Mrs. O. It were better, my lord, that you never had; for I cannot hold your insolent offers in greater contempt than I do their proposer. (*Going, R.H.*)

Lord L. Nonsense!—Come, come, don't be silly, child!—My carriage is at the door, and I must positively take you away with me.

Mrs. O. My lord!—I beg—I entreat you—

Lord L. Now, why the devil give me all this trouble?—Nay, come you must, 'pon my soul!

Mrs. O. Nay, then,—Frank!—Frank, I say!—Help! help!

Enter BRAUCHAMP, L.H.,

Beau. (*Seizing Lord Listless, turns him to L.H.*

and disengages Mrs. Ormond, who sinks into a chair, L.H.) Rascal! how dare you—Hey, the devil! Lord Listless!—And what brings your lordship here?

Lord L. Poh, Beauchamp! 'tis a mere joke. Mrs. Ormond was alarmed without reason, and thought proper—

Beau. Without reason?—I doubt it not; I believe no one has much to fear from your lordship.

Lord L. I don't understand that sneer; but the immediate enforcement of your bond shall convince you, that you, sir, at least, have something to fear from me. This will be merely a proper mode of punishing your present conduct; and, 'pon my soul, I should be in a confounded rage, if being angry were not too great an exertion for a man of fashion.

[*Exit, L.H.*

Beau. Mean coxcomb!—Mrs. Ormond, I fear your agitation—

Mrs. O. Oh, my tears have relieved me:—but how can I sufficiently thank you for your interference?

Beau. By accepting without scruple this from Zorayda. (*Giving a packet.*)

Mrs. O. And its contents are—(*Opening it.*)—Noble,—noble girl! And while such is *her* conduct, how, Colonel Beauchamp, how can you justify your own, either to her or to yourself?

Beau. What should I do?

Mrs. O. Can you ask me? Restore Zorayda to virtue and her father.

Beau. On one condition you shall be obeyed. A report has reached me, that many months are past since my wife expired at Turin. For that place I mean instantly to set out, anxious to ascertain the fact; which, if true, leaves me at liberty to repair my injuries to Zorayda; and, if false—

Mrs. O. You will then be guided by me?

Beau. There is my hand:—on my honour, I will. Yet, how to tell Zorayda that I must leave her.

Mrs. O. Be that my care.

Beau. Dear Mrs. Ormond, would you but undertake that painful task—

Mrs. O. It shall be done, though not exactly by me: situated as I am with Lady Clara, I cannot go myself to her house uninvited; but I think Mr. Rivers may, without impropriety, under the pretence of returning to Zorayda this now unnecessary present.

Beau. Unnecessary?

Mrs. O. Rivers is in truth wealthy; and, therefore, Zorayda's gift being now superfluous, I will persuade him to return it to her himself; then, while expressing his gratitude, he may take an opportunity of convincing her that your absence is necessary, and may press her, till the result of your enquiries shall have determined her future conduct, to accept of an asylum in my house.

Beau. And will you, Mrs. Ormond,—will you hazard your reputation, and—

Mrs. O. Hush, hush! no more of this. You accept then my proposal!

Beau. With transport!—But by heaven you are an angel!—Oh, Mrs. Ormond! did all your sex think like you—would chastity stretch forth her hand to assist the penitent, not raise it to plunge her deeper—many a poor victim of imprudence now struggling with the billows, might easily regain the shore!—But when some unhappy girl has made the first false step, branded with shame, courted by vice, and shunned by virtue, no wonder that she flies from remorse to the arms of luxury, and purchases a momentary oblivion to her sorrows by a repetition of the fault which caused them.

DUO.—BEAUCHAMP AND MRS. ORMOND.

“Why tarries my love.”

*Oh, shed for the lily, which tempests have spoil'd,
One tear for sweet charity's sake:
Its cup is o'erfull, and its leaves are all soil'd,
And it droops, as just ready to break.*

Well-a-day.

*From the earth which defiles it but raise its head up,
And shake from its bosom the rain ;
And the lily no longer shall bend down its cup,
But shall live, and be spotless again,—*

Many a day !

[*Exeunt, Beauchamp* L.H. *and Mrs. Ormond* R.H.]

SCENE II.—*A Room at Lady Clara's.—Another is seen through folding Doors.—(Same as in Act I. Scene II.)*

Enter LORD LISTLESS *and* MODISH, R.H.

Lord L. A peer and a man of fashion lend money ? Mad, positively mad, dear Modish, or such an idea could never have entered your head !

Mod. Is it so strange, then, to expect assistance from a brother ?

Lord L. No ; but uncommonly strange to expect money from a man of fashion.

Mod. Absurd, when the largeness of your income—

Lord L. Is absolutely necessary for the largeness of my expenditure. 'Pon my soul, my dear fellow, I could almost imagine, that you have quite forgotten how absolutely necessary it is for a man in my situation to keep up a certain style ; to have horses he never rides, houses he never inhabits, and mistresses he scarcely knows by sight. In short, these unnecessary necessities are so innumerable, that I am myself much straitened in my circumstances, and mean to insist immediately upon the payment of Beauchamp's bond.

Mod. How, Lord Listless ! that bond which—but this is foreign to the subject :—will you oblige me with the sum I mentioned ?

Lord L. I can't, 'pon my soul !

Mod. Say rather, you *won't* ; I shall be better pleased.

Lord L. Shall you ? Then, I *won't*, 'pon my soul !

Mod. I've done. If you can justify to yourself this

conduct towards so near a relation as Lady Clara, and a man whom you call your friend,—

Lord L. Friends! relations!—ridiculous! My dear Modish, you surely forget that I'm a citizen of the world, an universal philanthropist: and as to my natural friends and relations, I don't care that—(*Snap-ping his fingers*)—for them all put together, 'pon my soul!

[*Exit, L. II.*

• *Mod.* Contemptible!—Yet, how dare I arraign his conduct, when I remember how little did compassion sway my own this morning to poor Rivers. But now what resource is left me? By this light, I know of none, except my leaving England for ever.—And why should that thought cost me one sigh of regret? or who at my departure will shed one tear of real sorrow?

SONG.—MODISH.

From the Poem of “Childe Harold.”

*Ah! who would heed the seeming sighs
Of wife or paramour?
New loves will dry those bright blue eyes,
We now see streaming o'er.
For pleasures past I do not grieve,
Nor perils hovering near;
My deepest sorrow is, to leave
No thing that claims a tear.*

*With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go
Athwart the foaming brine;
Nor heed what land you bear me to,
So not again to mine.
Welcome, welcome, ye dark-blue waves;
And when you fail my sight,
Welcome, ye deserts and ye caves,
My native land, good-night.* [*Exit, R. II.*

Enter JOHN and MISS CHATTERALL, R.H.

Miss Chat. Let Lady Clara know that I am here.

[*Exit John, R.H.*

Enter WALSINGHAM, R.H.S.E.

Miss Chat. Oh, lord, Mr. Walsingham!

Wals. Oh, lord, Miss Chatterall!

Miss Chat. I've got such a story to tell you!

Wals. "A story to tell?"—I dare say you have.

Miss Chat. Do you know Miss Bloomly?

Wals. Only by character.

Miss Chat. Then you know the worst of her, for her character's monstrous shocking, that's the truth on't. But, would you believe it?—She's crooked!—How comical, an't it?

Wals. Crooked! Impossible.

Miss Chat. Oh, but her most intimate friend told me so just now with her own mouth.

Wals. Her friend!—A pretty sort of a friend, by my honour!

Miss Chat. Nay, but Mr. Walsingham, there was no harm in telling it to *me*, for she knew very well it would go no further.

Wals. Did she? Then I pronounce her a most learned lady, for she knows what no other person in London does, man, woman, or child.

(Crosses to L.H.)

Miss Chat. Well but, now, don't repeat this story, I beg; for nobody else knows it; and I only mean to tell it to Lady Clara, and a few particular friends, under a profound promise of secrecy.

Wals. There you are quite right: whenever you wish a malicious report to circulate, you should always relate it as an inviolable secret: tell a fine lady a scandalous anecdote, under a promise of secrecy, and I'll be bound that it's known all over London within four-and-twenty hours after.

[Exit, L.H.]

Miss Chat. I declare, now, he doesn't believe a word of it, and that's monstrous provoking! However, I hope it will still serve to break off Miss Bloomly's marriage with young Flash. Well, I protest, I can't conceive how it is that every body contrives to get

married except myself! I'm sure, I do all in my power; grudge no expense in fans, feathers, cold cream, pearl-powder, and bloom of oriental lilies; and it was but last week, that I paid the lord knows what for a new pair of the very best arched eye-brows! Yet, all won't do; and I'm sure it's—it's *cursed* provoking, so it is!

Enter ZORAYDA, L.H.

Oh, Miss Mandeville, do you know—

Zor. Alas! Yes, Miss Chatterall; I know it but too well!

Miss Chat. Do you? Oh, gemini!—Who could have told you?

Zor. The town talks of nothing else: at first, indeed, I wouldn't believe the story; but the redness of your eyes proves it to be but too well-founded.

Miss Chat. The redness of my eyes!—Dear, what can you mean?

Zor. I'm sure, I pity you sincerely; but how *could* you be so imprudent? How could you think of going in your own carriage to the place where your little boys are nursed?

Miss Chat. My little boys!

Zor. Nay, it's too late to pretend ignorance; I know the story but too well.

Miss Chat. Do you? Then pray let me know it too; for let me die if this isn't the first word I ever heard of it.

Zor. Nay, this is carrying the jest too far; since every body knows you were married in St. Martin's church to a serjeant of the guards, of the name of Brazen, on the 17th of last June, at five-and-thirty minutes past eleven, odd seconds; and that you have at this moment two fine little boys at nurse with Mrs. Mum, No. 9, Paradise Row, three doors from the red lamps and green railing. Why, dear me, every body knows it as well as I do!

Miss Chat. Oh, mercy!—What! I marry a ser-

jeant in the guards ! *I have fine little boys ! I visit a vulgar Mrs. Mum ! Oh, horrid ! Oh, monstrous !*

(Crosses to L.H.)

Zor. Really, Mrs. Brazen—

Miss Chat. Don't call me Mrs. Brazen !—I won't be called Mrs. Brazen ! *(Crosses to R.H.)*

Zor. Nay, 'tis a disagrecable situation, I own, and I declare I pity you extremely.

Miss Chat. Don't pity me, Miss !—*(Crosses to L.H.)*—I won't bear to be pitied ! There's not a syllable of truth in the story, and I'm surprised you could believe such a thing.

Zor. Oh, but I had it from your friend, Mrs. Blab-all ; and you " believe all the scandal she talks to be gospel."

Miss Chat. Mrs. Blab-all ! A malicious creature ! But I always thought her a very bad woman ! I'll go this moment, and tell her—But even if this story *were* true, I don't understand, Miss, why you should talk to me about it, of all people in the world !

Zor. Dear ! I thought talking over the subject would console you ! Did not you go this morning to Lady Cogwell, on purpose to talk over the story of her cheating ?

Miss Chat. Yes, but I did *that* merely to teaze her.

Zor. Did you ? Then I vow and protest that's the very reason why I did *this* !

Miss Chat. Indeed ! 'Then, let me tell you, Miss—

Zor. Come, Miss Chatterall, even make yourself easy. After all, this story of the serjeant is simply an experiment of mine, to ascertain how you would bear being the heroine of such an anecdote, as I have frequently heard you relate of others ; and I trust it will convince you, that murdering characters is not an amusement quite so harmless as you and your acquaintance seem to think it. (1)

(1) I am told that there is a speech very like the one above, in the "School for Scandal," but I do not recollect it myself.

Miss Chat. Very well, Miss! Very well! But since you think proper to take such liberties with—

Zor. Nay, nay, either be calm, or excuse my leaving you; since, if the storm must rage, I prefer, infinitely, hearing it at a distance.

BALLAD.—ZORAYDA.

“Cease, rude Boreas.”

Still this tempest, wildly raging,

List, fair lady, list to me:

Let my prayers, your wrath assuaging,

Calm your bosom's stormy sea.

Anger now would sure be silly,

Nothing should your peace destroy,—

While you think on little Billy,

Serjeant Brazen's own sweet boy.

[*Exit, R.H.*

Miss Chat. A saucy chit! I protest, she has so flurried me, that I dare say, just now, I look as hideous as herself!—And here's somebody coming, too!—I'll step into the next room, and settle myself before the glass.
(*Retires through M.D.*)

Enter JOHN, L.H. followed by RIVERS.

Riv. Say to Miss Mandeville, that a gentleman has a message from Mrs. Ormond.—[*Exit John, through M.D.*]
—I feel not a little embarrassed at entering upon a business so delicate. How the deuce shall I open the conversation?—Nay, there's no time for reflection, for here comes the lady.

Miss Chat. (*Advancing from M.D. and looking at him through her eye-glass.*) Um! a stranger!—And really, a personable man.—I'll accost him.—If you wish, sir, to see Lady Clara,— (*Comes down R.H.*)

Riv. No, madam; my business is with you. My name is Rivers, and I come here authorized by Colonel

Beauchamp, to converse with you on a very delicate subject.—(*Aside.*)—Well, hang me, If I can see an atom of the youth and beauty which Mrs. Ormond praised so highly!

Miss Chat. By Beauchamp, did you say, sir? By Colonel Beauchamp?

Riv. You seem surprised, madam; but suffer me to say, that Beauchamp's attachment to you—

Miss Chat. Attachment to me!—I'm sure, if he ever had any, he kept it a profound secret.

Riv. Ah, madam, you flatter yourself! In spite of his precautions, that secret is now so well known, that things can no longer remain as they are, and some change in your situation ought to take place as soon as possible. I trust, madam, you are of my opinion.

Miss Chat. Why, really, sir—to say the truth—I can't deny that I *am* rather of your way of thinking. But, as Colonel Beauchamp has a wife—

Riv. That wife, he has great reason to believe, exists no longer.

Miss Chat. (*Looking pleased.*) Indeed! Dear, sir, but that quite alters the case, you know.

Riv. It does: and should this event be ascertained, his hand will immediately be offered, where his heart has long been given.—(*Aside.*)—Well, there certainly is no accounting for tastes!

Miss Chat. Lord, sir!—Dear, sir!—(*Aside.*)—Thank heaven, then, I *shall* be married, after all!

Riv. But should Mrs. Beauchamp still be living—

Miss Chat. (*Sighing.*) 'Then, sir, there's an end of the whole business!

Riv. True, madam, and I rejoice that you feel the necessity: it emboldens me to say, without further ceremony, that in case of your not marrying Beauchamp, all your friends think it right that you should set off immediately for India.

Miss Chat. For India!—Lord, sir, what should I do there? Why must I needs be packed off to India, because I can't marry Colonel Beauchamp?

Riv. My dear madam, 'tis absolutely necessary,—

and as Mrs. Ormond is confident that Colonel Beauchamp is the only person who has ever been particular to you—

Miss Chat. (*Tossing her head.*) Indeed, sir? Upon my word then she's very much mistaken. A great many people have been quite as particular as Colonel Beauchamp, I can assure her.

Riv. How! a great many?

Miss Chat. Yes, sir: fifty at least.

Riv. Zounds, madam! fifty?

Miss Chat. Bless me, sir; what is there so strange in that? Why, if I don't marry for a year, I dare say there'll be fifty more.

Riv. The devil there will!—Then, madam, your going to India—

Miss Chat. I'd as soon go to the moon, sir!—What, leave London, dear London, and the gay world, the dear gay world! The very thought on't is quite odious and execrable, and all that, sir, an't it?

Riv. But, madam, madam, should your marriage not take place, can you think it proper that Beauchamp's attachment to you should last?

Miss Chat. No, to be sure I don't. The man is certainly well enough for a man; but if he breaks with me, I don't despair of finding as good to supply his place.

Riv. By heaven, this is too much!—Hear me, thou lost unhappy creature!

Miss Chat. Oh! Lord bless me, what's the matter?

Riv. Are you then indeed so dead to shame—But I abandon you to those sorrows which cannot fail to arise from principles so depraved!

Miss Chat. How? What?—Sir, how do you dare—

Riv. Yet I thank you for not preserving the mask before me. I can now open Mrs. Ormond's eyes, and shall insist upon her taking no further notice of a woman, who has not only broken down the pale of virtue, but who glories in the breach! Oh! fie upon you!

Miss Chat. I?—I?—Oh! monstrous!—(*Ringing the bell violently.*)—Who waits there?—Lady Clara!

Mr. Modish ! where are you, Mr. Modish ?—Oh, I shall burst with rage !

(Throwing herself into a chair, R.H.)

Enter LADY CLARA, R.H.

Lady C. For heaven's sake, why is all this noise ?

Miss Chat. (Rises) Oh ! Lady Clara, I've been so shocked and insulted by that odious man in the black scratch.

Lady C. Mr. Rivers here again !

Riv. Even he ; but I shall intrude upon your ladyship no longer, than while I return this packet to Miss Mandeville, and with it my thanks.

(Rivers goes to table, and puts letter down : afterwards gets L.H.)

Miss Chat. Miss Mandeville ? so then it's for her sake that I've suffered all these insults ! but I'll be revenged, Lady Clara, depend on't, I know her whole story, and to-morrow's newspaper shall serve it up at every fashionable breakfast table in town ; where " Philanthropus " shall cry out shame upon her ! " an indignant observer " pull her to pieces without mercy, and while one paper torments her with " Gentle Hints " another shall pester her to death with " Friendly Remonstrances. "—*(Crosses to Rivers.)*—Your servant, Lady Clara.—Stand out of my way—fellow.

(Passes Rivers and exit L.H.)

Lady C. I'm amazed at you, Mr. Rivers, what you can mean by this conduct ?—

Riv. A time may come when your ladyship may not be perfectly satisfied with your own ; but however great may then be your contrition, remember that I now bid you an eternal farewell.—*(Going, he meets Beauchamp, L.H. and starts back.)*—Dorimant, by heaven.

Beau. Ha ! Mortimer here !

Riv. (Seizing him.) Where is my child ? What ~~place~~ conceals her ? Answer, or I spurn you at my ~~feet~~

Lady C. Bless me, Beauchamp, what means—

Riv. Beauchamp?—Ha! then my poor girl is already abandoned, abandoned for yon coquette! But this is no place for—*(Crosses to L.H.)*—You shall hear from me soon, sir;—and till he does hear from me, sit thou heavy on his soul, curse of a distracted father. *[Exit, L.H.]*

Lady C. Why, what can the fellow—

Beau. Oh! Lady Clara, I shall go mad! 'Tis Mortimer! 'tis the rich East-Indian, who—

Lady C. Lord, no! That is Rivers, our poor relation, who—

Beau. Oh! no, no, no! I know him but too well! But why do I linger here? I'll follow him, and either perish by his hand, or obtain from him Zorayda's pardon! *[Exit, L.H.]*

Lady C. Mortimer? I protest I'm frightened out of my senses!

Enter MODISH, R.H.

Mod. Ha! Lady Clara, you seem agitated?

Lady C. Something has happened which—But I'll know the truth of it this moment.

Enter SECRET, L.H.

Lady C. Secret, let one of Mrs. Ormond's servants be sent for instantly.

Sec. Frank is below, my lady; but begging your pardon, I think he's a little intozlicated with liquor.

Lady C. No matter, send him hither.

[Exit Secret, L.H.]

Mod. But what can possibly—

Lady C. You shall know all presently.—Oh, here he comes.

Enter MRS. SECRET with FRANK, L.H. who appears half drunk.

Frank. Huzza! the East Indian for ever! huzza!

Sec. Hush, hush, Frank ! Don't you see—

Lady C. Come nearer, Frank.—(*Frank crosses to Lady Clara.*)—Pray does your lady know Mr. Rivers ?

Frank. Know him ! Aye, that she does, heaven bless him !—By your asking, I suppose by this time your ladyship knows him too ! Nay, he did take you in finely, that's the truth on't.

Lady C. The fellow's tipsy !

Frank. No, ma'am, Mrs. Secret's not tipsy ; that's not it. But upon my soul, ma'am, I can't tell you the story properly, if you keep turning round and round in that comical manner.

Mod. Took her in, say you ? (*Crosses to Frank.*)

Frank. Yes, and your honour too, saving your presence. Why he's the great rich monstracious nabob, Mortimer ! He's the East Indian ! Huzza ! the East Indian for—

Sec. (*Putting her hand before his mouth.*) Hush ! hush, fellow !

Mod. How ! Mortimer ?

Lady C. And—and is he so very rich ?

Frank. Oh ! not so very rich. His servant, indeed, Mr. Yambo-Zing, assured me he had brought over whole bushels of godas, and pecks of blue peas ! But, for all his boasting, I don't believe he's worth above two or three millions at most.

Lady C. Millions ? oh mercy !

Mod. Confusion !

Frank. But “honest Frank,” says he, “all I have is your lady's.” “Oh ! that made me mortal happy !—And then, says he, “honest Frank, Lady Clara shan't have a farthing on't.” Oh ! that made me a mortal deal happier !—Huzza ! huzza ! The East Indian for ever ! Huzza !

Sec. Hush ! Hush !

Mod. See, madam, see what your insensibility has thrown away.

Lady C. My insensibility, sir ! oh, monstrous ! I, whose nerves are so delicate, that— (*Crosses to L.H.*)

Mod. Madam, madam, you have committed the fault—you must repair it. Go this moment to my sister's, entreat her to intercede for us with Mr. Rivers, and either bring home his pardon, or never hope for mine. [Exit, R.H.]

Lady C. Well, very well! Secret, my shawl!—[Exit Secret, L.H.]—I could cry for vexation! to be so imposed upon! Now I warrant while the fellow was asking for half a crown, his pockets were stuffed with pearls and diamonds, and his odious black scratch had been papillotted with bank-notes! Oh! it's enough to drive one mad. [Exit L.H.]

Frank. What? gone? and left me alone in their own house? My eyes, what low breeding!

Enter MRS. SECRET, who crosses the stage from L.H. to R.H.

Sec. John! John, I say!

Frank. Mrs. Secret! sweet Mrs. Secret, stay, and hear what I've got to say to you!

Sec. Psha! I don't mind what you say.

Frank. No? then stay and hear what I've got to sing to you.

Sec. Oh! I've no time to hear you sing, fellow! John, John! I say! [Exit, R.H.]

Frank. Haven't you! Well, then, I've time to hear myself sing,—and as a man who's drunk sees a dozen candles, where a man who's sober sees but one, so where a man who's sober would sing but one song, I being drunk will sing a dozen—aye, and all at once too:—there's for you!—I wonder whether e'er a man in this house could do as much? Not one, I warrant; so hold up your head, little Frank, and here goes—huzza! The East Indian for ever! Huzza! Huzza! Huzza!

MEDLEY.—FRANK.

*With an air
Debonair,*

*I instruct the ladies ;
 Susan, Jane, and Kitty,
 Lovely, fair, and witty,
 I contrive to hit ye,—
 Come away, come away to the wedding ;
 There will be tilting there,
 For Jane's to be married to-morrow
 To a regiment of Irish dragoons,
 And they were quartered in Derby, O !
 The captain fell in love
 With a long-tailed pig, or a short-tailed pig,
 Or a pig with a curly tail ;
 A sow-pig ?
 No : 'twas a boar-pig,
 Who kissed and who prattled with fifty fair maids,
 And who changed them as oft do you see :
 But of all the fair damsels who dance on the green,
 The maid of the mill for me ;
 The maid of the mill, the maid of the mill,
 She cut her petticoats all above her knees, fal, la,
 la, &c.
 She began to freeze, and she began to cry,
 " Oh," says the little woman, " Sure it can't be I ;
 But if I be I, as I suppose I be,
 I've a little dog at home who shew'd me a flattering
 tail,
 That joy would soon return ;
 But, ah ! no tears prevail,
 For Love was made an apothecary :
 But no matter for that,
 It all comes us pat,
 It all comes as pat as it can ;
 But for shaving and tooth-drawing,
 Bleeding, cabbaging, and sawing,
 Dicky Gossip, Dicky Gossip is the man !
 Dicky Gossip is the man, Dicky Gossip is the man
 To love a lass,
 As the cedar tall and slender ;
 Sweet cowslips grace
 Her nominative case,—*

And, if you please, I'll end here.

[Exit L.H. staggering.]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*At Lady Clara's.—A chamber, with practicable door in centre.*

Enter SECRET and MISS CHATTERALL, L.H.

Miss Chat. Your lady out?—How provoking!—But I'll not go without seeing her, I'm resolved; for poor thing, this shocking accident must have agitated her nerves terribly.

Sec. Accident? Oh! Gemini, Miss! what accident?

Miss Chat. Nay, it's no mystery, child! It's known all over the town, that Colonel Beauchamp and Lord Listless quarrelled this morning at Mrs. Ormond's; jealousy of the lady's favours, it seems, was the cause; and things went so far, that at length Beauchamp snatched up a blunderbuss, which happened to be lying on Mrs. Ormond's breakfast table, and—

Sec. Oh! the goodness!—But la! how unlucky, that Mrs. Ormond should happen to have a blunderbuss lying on her breakfast-table!

Miss Chat. Very unlucky indeed, child; but as I was saying, he instantly shot Lord Listless through the body, and the poor dead man lies at this moment at the point of death!

Sec. Why, then, ma'am, I verily believe that the poor dead man lies at this moment on the sofa in the blue drawing-room, and as the door is open, you may see him from hence yourself.

Miss Chat. Hey?—I protest, and so he does!—

Well, I'm vastly glad there's no truth in the story, and I'll—(*Crosses to R.H.*)—go and congratulate Miss Mandeville on the occasion—for her attachment to Beauchamp, as you know very well, Mrs. Secret—

Sec. I know indeed? Oh! the fathers! I'd have you to know, Miss, that I knows what I knows, and never says nothing to nobody: so there's no use in pumping *me*, I'll assure you, Miss.

SONG.—MRS. SECRET:

*My mother did one rule bequeath,
Which still has been my creed:
'Twas,—Keep your tongue within your teeth,
And, girl, you must succeed.—
My master and my lady fight
Like dog and cat, I've heard;
But, false or true, or wrong or right,
I never said one word;
For I'm mum! Miss, mum!*

*It's now a twelvemonth past and gone,
(I know the time full well)
Since first I heard our butler, John,
His tender passion tell.
His vows of truth, his love-sick rhymes,
In silence still I heard;
And, though he kissed me twenty times,
I never said one word:
For I'm mum! Miss, mum!*
[*Exeunt, Secret L.II. and Miss Chatterall R.II.*

Enter LORD LISTLESS and FRIPONEAU, M.D.

Lord L. The writ was executed, you say?

Frip. Oui, my lor.

Lord L. Good! but unluckily Beauchamp has friends, who won't leave him in prison long.—Now could I find some lasting means of revenging myself on the puppy.—What say you, Monsieur?

Frip. Mais voyons, my lor, voyons! Suppose—suppose you carry off Mademoiselle Mandeville?

Lord L. I carry her off?—Why should I take so much trouble?

Frip. You not see?—Beauchamp love Mademoiselle à la folie; but ven all of von sudden she disappear, he vil swear, vil cry, vil go distract; and ven Mademoiselle Mandeville been two tree day wid your lordship, serviteur à la reputation de Mademoiselle Mandeville.

Lord L. Um! the idea would be tolerable if it were not that afterwards Beauchamp might take it into his head to cut my throat.—Now that I shouldn't like, because you know it would dirty my neckcloth: that would be a bore.—But then how to get hold of her, monsieur?

Frip. Oh c'est bien facile! your sedan is dere in de hall, and as mademoiselle go out, or as she come in, I vip her into de sedan, de chairmen vip her up, your lorship vip her away; et voilà qu'elle est prise, pardi!

Lord L. Um! could this be done quietly, and in a proper way—for a bustle always bores me, 'pon my soul!

Enter WALSINGHAM, L.H.

Wals. How, in close consulation, my lord? Perhaps I intrude?

Lord L. Oh! by no means; I've a little business indeed, which—

Wals. A secret?

Lord L. Um! you might serve me in it, if it were not—

Wals. (*Crosses to Lord L.*) My dear lord, too happy if—

Lord L. And you'll be silent?

Wals. As a concealed author, whose play has just been damned. I give you my word! and now—

Lord L. You must know, then, I'm on the point of eloping with a certain young lady—

Wals. You ? And have you a chaise-and-four ready ?

Lord L. No, but I've a sedan chair at the door.

Wals. A sedan ? Faith, that's new ?—Well, you'll order your chair to Gretna Green, I hope ?

Lord L. Oh ! you mistake the business : the lady in question is in love with a fellow, who bores me intolerably ; and I carry off his mistress, merely for the sake of plaguing him.

Wals. Merely for the sake of plaguing him !

Lord L. Nothing else, 'pon my soul ! The idea's good, an't it ?

Wals. Good ? it's excellent !

Lord L. Now the only difficulty is, how to entice her to the spot where my servants will be waiting for her ; and if any friend—

Wals. Entice her !—then she's not apprised of the honour intended her by your lordship ?

Lord L. Hasn't the most distant idea of it ; and, in fact, hates me like the devil.

Wals. Zounds ! my lord, but that makes the joke a great deal better !—And could you possibly doubt my assisting so honourable a design ?

Lord L. Why, to tell the truth, the lady is no other than Miss Mandeville ; and as you are Beauchamp's friend—

Wals. Pshaw ! what does that signify ?—Isn't he a commonee, an't you a peer ? Isn't he poor, an't you rich ? Isn't he an old friend, an't you a new acquaintance ? And can you doubt which of the two I should prefer serving ?—My dear lord, pray judge a little more of me by yourself !

Lord L. (*Aside.*) A sensible fellow, 'pon my soul !

Wals. Therefore only let your chair and servants be ready—

Lord L. Oh ! monsieur shall take care of that.—Friponeau, attend this gentleman, conduct Miss Mandeville to my house, and when she arrives, wake me.—*[Exit Friponneau, L.H.]*—Good evening, Walsingham, 'pon my soul—a—a—a—extremely obliged to you—am indeed—a—a—'pon my soul ! *[Exit, M.D.]*

Wals. Go thy ways, thou prince of puppies ! But now to mar his scheme upon Zorayda, and if possible get him into a scrape, of which he little dreams.—Ha ! By all my hopes, youder's the very woman !—Hist ! Hist ! Miss Chatterall !

Enter MISS CHATTERALL, R.H.

Miss Chat. Mr. Walsingham, didn't you—

Wals. Hush ! speak softly ! My dear lady, I've just discovered the most atrocious plot !

Miss Chat. Eh ! what ? against me !

Wals. Against you !

Miss Chat. Oh ! goodness defend me !

Wals. And am come to caution you not to venture home without sufficient protection.

Miss Chat. Dear me ? and why ?

Wals. The infamous agents of a certain nobleman are waiting near the great door for the express purpose of carrying you off.

Miss Chat. Lord bless me !

Wals. And though I well know your virtue to be proof against either force or artifice—

Miss Chat. Undoubtedly—

Wals. Yet, as this affair would make such a disturbance—

Miss Chat. Terrible !

Wals. And render you the subject of general animadversion—

Miss Chat. Execrable !

Wals. The consequences would be, that either your friends must fight a duel on your account—

Miss Chat. Tremendous !

Wals. Or you quiet the business by a marriage with his lordship.

Miss Chat. Charming—Monstrous I mean !

Wals. The best thing you can do, therefore, is to send for a guard—

Miss Chat. I'll do it instantly—

Wals. Return home under its protection—

Miss Chat. With the utmost diligence—

Wals. And above all, take care not to approach the great entrance.

Miss Chat. I approach it?—Oh! Mr. Walsingham, I'd rather die than advance a single step towards it! Good evening, and a thousand thanks.

[*Exeunt Miss Chatterall, R.H. Walsingham, M.D.*
(*A pause, after which Miss C. puts in her head, looks round cautiously, then hurries across the stage from R.H. and exit L.H.*)

Re-enter WALSHINGHAM, laughing, from M.D.

Wals. Bravo, charming, excellent—so my plot has taken effect. Now if her friends can but persuade Lord Listless to repair her injuries by marriage, (and I know he has no great fondness for fighting) the breed will be excellent, and I shall immediately put in my claim for a puppy! But as to fighting—what a bore!
[*Mimicking.—Exit, L.H.*

SCENE II.—*Mrs. Ormond's.*

Enter MODISH, MRS. ORMOND, and LADY CLARA, L.H.

Mrs. O. Nay, dear George, these excuses are superfluous. Whatever cause of complaint I may have had, believe me, my brother's interest can never cease to be dear to me; and if my influence with Mr. Rivers can obtain your pardon—

Lady C. You will use it? Let me die now, but that's vastly kind.—But indeed I always said, that you were the best-natured creature in the world.

Mrs. O. Will use it, Lady Clara? I have used it, and I hope not without effect. Besides, George, it was not lost upon your cousin, that at one moment your heart melted towards him; when, unluckily, Lady Clara—

Lady C. Oh! but really it will be very unjust in

him to be angry with *me* on *that* account ! every body, you know, is liable to be mistaken ; I'm sure I made the best guess I could, and heaven can witness I'd have given the poor dear man any thing in the world, if I had but known that he was in want of nothing.

Mrs. O. Upon my word I believe you, Lady Clara.

Mod. But while *you* thus kindly plead for me to Mr. Rivers, who, my dear Emily, shall plead for me to yourself ? my long neglect of yourself, of your infant—

Mrs. O. Is forgotten in this embrace, and for ever ! Dear George, we have all our failings, and how can I hope from an indifferent world indulgence for mine, if I cannot myself forgive the errors of a brother.

Mod. My kind, my generous sister !

Lady C. And now, dear Mrs. Ormond, do tell me—when can we see this dear beggar ?

Mrs. O. He is writing just now ; but perhaps in a few minutes—
(*Loud knocking, L.H.*)

Mod. Hey-day ! what's all this ?

Miss Chat. (*Without.*) I must and will see her, I tell you !

Mod. Miss Chatterall ! and why in such haste ?

Enter MISS CHATTERALL, L.H.

Miss Chat. Oh ! Lady Clara !—(*Crosses to Mrs. Ormond.*)—Oh, Mrs. Ormond !—I shall faint, Lady Clara, I shall certainly faint.

Lady C. Faint ! Why, what has alarmed you ?

Mod. Aye, aye !—all things in order ; tell your story first, and faint afterwards.

Miss Chat. Oh ! your brother, Lady Clara ! your vile brother !—I can't speak for passion !

Lady C. What has he done ?

Miss Chat. What indeed ? Why he has—he has—(*Bursting into tears.*)—he has carried me off, and all that, in a sedan chair !—So he has !—How monstrous ! wasn't it ?

Lady C. Carried you off!—Mercy, why should he do that?

Mod. Aye, why indeed!—Oh, I don't believe a word on't.

Miss Chat. Not believe it?—Oh, gemini!—But it's very true, though;—(*Crosses to Modish.*)—and what's more, sir,—what's more, I'm almost morally certain you're one of his accomplices!

Mod. I!—Oh, fie, Miss Chatterall, fie!

All. Oh, fie, fie, fie!

Miss Chat. Fie, indeed! fie!—Oh, that ever I should live to be fied!—(*Crosses to Lady Clara.*)—Lady Clara, as I hope to be married, I was carried by force to your brother's house this evening; and when he first handed me out of the sedan, to give the devil his due, I must say, he was civil enough; but as soon as he saw that I was I, and nobody but myself, he yawned in my face, said I was a great bore, put me into the chair, bade the men box me up tight, and without saying another syllable, sent me back again! How disagreeable, wasn't it?—(*Crying bitterly.*)—Never,—no, surely never before, was such an insult offered to virtue, delicacy, and the first cousin of an Irish peer!—(*Crosses to L.H.*)—But, I'll be revenged! I'll to my lawyer's, and have an action for burglary brought against him without delay; and if the law won't do me right, I warrant my Irish uncle, Sir Blarney O' Blunderbuss will!—Oh, he'll come to my assistance, good soul, at the first word; will insist on his lordship's repairing by marriage the injury done my reputation; and when I once find myself his wife, Oh, what a miserable wretch I'll make him!

[*Exit, L.H.*]

Mod. (*Laughing.*) Poor Miss Chatterall!

Lady C. Well, now, I declare, I pity her vastly!

Mod. Pity her! for what?

Lady C. Why, for her never-ending disappointment.

Mod. Rather envy her for her never-dying hope. Once married, she would have attained her object, and have lost all pleasure of pursuit. (*Crosses to Lady C.*)

SONG.—MODISH.

*In yonder bower lies Pleasure sleeping,
And near him mourns a blooming maid ;
He will not wake, and she sits weeping,
When lo ! a stranger proffers aid :
His hurried steps, his glance of fire,
The god of wishes wild declare ;
“ Fond Pleasure wake ! ” exclaim’d Desire,
And Pleasure woke to bless the fair.*

*But soon the nymph, in luckless hour,
Desire asleep was doom’d to view :
“ Try, Pleasure, try,” she cried, “ your power,
And wake Desire as he woke you.”
Fond girl, thy prayer exceeds all measure ;
Distinct his province each must keep :
Desire must still awaken Pleasure,
And Pleasure hush Desire to sleep.*

Mrs. O. Now, then, Lady Clara ; I see Mr. Rivers coming this way.

Mod. I tremble to meet him.—I feel how ungratefully I have treated him ; and my only consolation is, that I felt it before I knew how much my ingratitude had cost me.

Enter RIVERS, R. II.

Mrs. O. (*To Rivers, aside.*) Remember your promise :—gentleness.

Riv. Oh, never fear.

Lady C. (*Turning with affected surprise.*) Ha !—Mr. Rivers, I protest !—(*Crosses to Rivers.*)—My dear sir, I can scarcely tell you how I rejoice to see you again, for laughing at the ridiculous affair of this morning.

Riv. Um—Aye !—It was ridiculous enough, to be sure !

Lady C. Oh, immensely!—Well, I never was so quizzed in my life: but you must certainly have a world of humour; and, indeed, I only called at your house this evening, to tell you—

Riv. My house!—Mrs. Ormond's you mean!—Your ladyship forgets: I live at the Three Blue Posts.

Lady C. Ha, ha, ha!—Very true!—And Modish must pay his respects to you at the Three Blue Posts, I suppose?

Riv. May I expect so much condescension from Mr. Modish?

Mod. Mr. Rivers, I will not aggravate my fault by attempting to excuse it. I am heartily ashamed of my behaviour this morning, and see it myself in such offensive colours, that I cannot hope by any present submission to obtain your pardon.

Riv. (*Crosses to Modish.*) Give me your hand, sir. The best thing, certainly, is not to *commit* a fault; but the next best thing is to be sorry for it when committed.

Mrs. O. True, my dear sir; and therefore suffer me to say a few words for my brother.—I am persuaded—

Mod. Emily, you must plead in vain: Lady Clara's imprudence has been too gross, my ingratitude too culpable to—

Riv. May be so, George: but you may as well confine your reproaches to your own breast, since your sister has already carried the point for you, and I have promised to discharge your debts.

Mod. and Lady C. Dear sir, in what manner—

(*Cross to Rivers.*)

Enter ANNE, L.H.—She crosses behind, delivers a letter to Mrs. Ormond, and exits, L.H.

Riv. Nay, no thanks; or, if you needs must pay them, offer them to Emily; for, I can tell you, George—

Mrs. O. (*After reading her letter.*) Good heavens!

Riv. Emily, what has alarmed you?—(*Crosses to Mrs. Ormond.*)—You change colour!

Mrs. O. Something has happened which—Might I request a few moments' private conversation with you?

Lady C. Oh, my dear, we'll leave you.—(*To Modish.*)—Will you come, love?

Mod. Come, my life!—To be sure I will.

[*Exeunt Modish and Lady Clara, arm in arm, R.H.*]

Riv. (*Looking after them, and crossing to R.H.*) Fudge!—And now, Emily, what dismal tale have you to relate?

Mrs. O. One, my dear sir, which interests me nearly. This morning, I owed my rescue from the grossest impertinence to an officer, who unluckily was indebted for a large sum to the coxcomb by whom I was insulted. This note informs me, that in consequence of having afforded me his protection, he has been arrested, and is now confined at the suit of Lord Listless.

Riv. Confined! he shall not be so long. Set your heart at rest, Emily; the debt shall be discharged.

Mrs. O. My dear sir!—

Riv. Psha! dear nonsense!—And his name—

Mrs. O. You will be surprised to hear, that my friend is no other than Colonel Beauchamp.

Riv. (*Starting.*) Beauchamp!

Mrs. O. Even he: and his conduct to me this morning must convince you, that if he has faults, he is not without virtues:—but I hasten with these good tidings to Miss Mandeville.—(*Crosses to R.H.*)—Oh, Mr. Rivers, believe me, I feel well how trifling a gift is the wealth which you heap upon me, compared to the advantages which my son will reap from your acquaintance: much from your precepts, but more from your example. [*Exit, R.H.*]

Riv. My embarrassments increase every hour.—Why, why must Beauchamp have faults to none but me?—What course shall I pursue?—Suppose—yes! I'll discharge his debts under a feigned name; and, when he's at liberty, challenge him in my own: the

first to reward his merits, the second to avenge *my* wrongs!—It shall be so; and, if I fall to-morrow,—then may my poor Zorayda find heaven more merciful than she found her father!—May heaven forgive her, but I never can! [Exit, L.H.]

SCENE III.—*Same as in Act I. Scene II. with the addition of lighted candles.*

Enter MRS. ORMOND, ZORAYDA, and MODISH, R.H.

Mod. Nay, Zorayda, why this despair?—Probably ere this, the cause of your distress has ceased, and Beauchamp is at liberty.

Mrs. O. Calm your spirits, dearest girl! when every thing bids you hope—

Zor. Hope!—mine is fled for ever! My father, madam, my father!—I planted his path with thorns; I should have strewed it with roses:—he warmed me in his bosom; the snake stung him to the heart!—Oh, well may innocence lift her head amidst the storm; but when with sufferings comes the consciousness of their being deserved—oh, then, indeed, they are insupportable!

AIR.—ZORAYDA.

“*Auld Robin Gray.*”

*If winter frowns, ere long, again
Shall lovely spring appear;
The sun may set, but soon again
His glorious head shall rear:
Night veils the skies, but soon shall day
Once more illumine the plain;
But never can a guilty heart
Be sooth'd to peace again.*

*Oh, sad is my soul,
All my nights are pass'd in tears!*

*I think upon my father's house,
And all that home endears :
Think how that father lov'd me well,
But all his love was vain ;
I broke his heart, and never shall
Mine own know peace again.*

Mrs. O. Poor girl! would to heaven Rivers were returned!

Mod. Hark! a carriage stops:—it must be Mr. Rivers.

Zor. (*Starting from the sofa.*) Oh, I fear!—I fear—

Mrs. O. You grow pale: retire, my love, and compose yourself.

Zor. But Beauchamp—

Mrs. O. As soon as I have learnt the result of Rivers's absence, I will hasten to let you know it.

Zor. And delay not, pray delay not!—Oh, father, father! could you know what I feel at this moment, you would own that, great as my faults have been, they are equalled by my sufferings! [*Exit, M.D.*]

Mrs. O. Poor Zorayda! Perhaps Mr. Rivers's intercession may induce her father—

Shrieking, re-enter ZORAYDA hastily through the folding-doors.

Zor. Save me, madam!—Oh save me! save me!

Mrs. O. What alarms you?—Save you from whom?

Zor. My father! Oh, my father! I saw him from the window by the flambeau's light!—Even now he entered the house.

Mod. and Mrs. O. How? Your father!

Riv. (*Without.*) Very well—I'll go up stairs. (*L.H.*)

Zor. Hark! hark! hark! 'Tis his voice, 'tis his voice!—Oh! where shall I hide me, whither fly to avoid his resentment?

Mrs. O. I know not what—Yet surely—Fear

nothing, my love ; all shall yet be well—retire, and wait till I rejoin you—Brother—— !

Mod. I will take care of her—Come, dear Zorayda !

Zor. I obey ; but, oh, how cruel it is to shudder at *his* approach, whose sight is dearer to me than my own, and banish myself from *his* presence, whose embrace I would die to obtain !

[*Exit with Modish, m.d.*]

Mrs. O. Yes, I must try it ; Rivers must have his daughter again.

Enter RIVERS, L.H.

Riv. There, Emily, set your heart at rest ; your champion is free.—But hey ! the deuce !—I hope you've not met with more impertinent peers and generous protectors !

Mrs. O. Not exactly ; the cause of my present emotion rather concerns my former protector.

Riv. What ! Beauchamp again ?

Mrs. O. No, the business now regards Beauchamp's mistress ; but I find you've made a terrible mistake. The lady you saw here this evening was a woman of the very strictest virtue.

Riv. Zounds ! what a blunder ! Why, the poor creature must have thought me mad, for I proposed packing her off to India without ceremony. But where, then, is the real Miss Mandeville ? Does she not reside with Lady Clara ?

Mrs. O. She does, and you may now, my dear sir, execute the plan which——

Riv. Nay, I've blundered in the outset of it so confoundedly, that I wish some other person——

Mrs. O. No one can undertake this business so properly as yourself.—I've persuaded her that your intercession with her father——

Riv. Mine ? Why, I don't know him even by sight !

Mrs. O. True—but your consequence—your In-

dian connexions—in short—see her; talk to her; advise her: but be gentle with her, I entreat you, and beware not to heap fresh anguish on a heart, whose wounds are already deep—whose sufferings are already exquisite! [*Exit, M.D.*]

Riv. Poor Emily! She little thinks that the man, from whose friendship she hopes so much, in a few hours will either be expiring himself, or a fugitive from England, stained with the blood of Beauchamp! My will, however, secures her in affluence, and after that——

Enter MRS. ORMOND and ZORAYDA, veiled, through the folding-doors.

Riv. But see, she comes with her protégée—Ha! veiled, I see!

Mrs. O. (Aside to Zorayda.) Nay, dearest girl, why thus terrified? Doubt it not, all will turn out well.

Zor. (Aside to Mrs. Ormond.) Yes, yes! 'tis he!—How I tremble at his presence!

Mrs. O. In vain have I endeavoured, my dear sir, to convince Miss Mandeville that she dreads, without reason, the severity of your strictures. I assure her that you will speak to her——

Riv. Most soothingly! most kindly! Even as a father would speak to his daughter.

Mrs. O. (Eagerly.) Right! exactly right! Remember your promise—Speak to her as an indulgent father would to his daughter, his beloved and repentant daughter. I leave you with her. My dear girl——

Zor. (Embracing her.) Oh, Madam!

(*Gets down on R.H.*)

Mrs. O. (Aside.) Would it were over! Yet what should I dread? I know well the excellence of his nature; and ~~and~~ hard indeed must that heart be, which

can listen unmoved to the pleading of such a penitent!

[*Exit, M.D.*]

Riv. (*After a pause.*) I—I—presume, Miss Mandeville, you are aware how delicate a task Mrs. Ormond has imposed on me.—(*Zorayda bows.*)—So delicate, in truth, that no sentiment could induce my undertaking it less strong than gratitude for your generous intentions towards myself, and the interest which Emily's account of you at first inspired me with, and which your own appearance could not fail to increase.

Zor. (*Aside.*) Oh, that dear voice! Yet how terrible it sounds!

Riv. I will not dwell upon the worth of public opinion, the blessings of self satisfaction, the torments of present shame and of future remorse; I know full well how light these considerations weigh against love, when a young hand holds the balance. Miss Mandeville, I will speak of your father—will explain how heavy is a father's curse—will paint how dreadful is a father's anguish!—Well can I describe that anguish! I have felt it, feel it still! I once had a daughter—!

Zor. (*Aside.*) His voice falters!

Riv. This daughter—Oh! how I loved her, words cannot say, thought cannot measure!—This daughter sacrificed me for a villain, fled from my paternal roof, and—her flight has broken my heart—her ingratitude has dug my grave!

Zor. (*Aside.*) How I suffer! Oh, my heart!

Riv. (*Recovering himself.*) Young lady, my daughter's seducer was Beauchamp! He has deserted her; so, doubt it not, will he desert you. My execration is upon her! Oh! let not your father's fall upon you as heavy. Haste to him ere it be too late! Wait not till his resentment becomes rooted—till his resolve becomes immutable—till he sheds such burning tears as I now shed—till he suffers such bitter pangs as I now suffer—till he curses as I now

Zor. (*Throwing aside her veil, and sinking on her knees.*) Spare me! spare me!

Riv. Zorayda!—(*After a pause.*)—Away!

Zor. Pardon! pardon!

Riv. Leave me, girl! (*Crosses to R.H.*)

Zor. While I have life, never again! Never; no, not even though you still frown on me! Nay, struggle not!—Father, I am a poor desperate distracted creature! Still shall my lips, till sealed by death, cry to you for mercy—still will I thus clasp my father's hand, till he cuts off mine, or else forgives me!

Riv. Zorayda! Girl!—Hence, foolish tears!

Zor. I hope not for kindness, I sue but for pardon—I ask not to live happy in your love, I plead but to die soothed by your forgiveness.—Still loath my fault, frown on me still, dash me on the earth, trample me in the dust, kill me—but forgive me!

Riv. Her voice—her tears—I can support them no longer.

(*Breaks from her, crosses to L.H. and hastens to the wing.*)

Zor. (*Wringing her hands in despair.*) He goes! he leaves me! cruel! cruel!—Oh! were my mother but alive!

Riv. (*Starting.*) Her mother!

Zor. Ah! he stops. She lives then! lives still in his heart!—Oh! plead thou for me, sainted spirit! plead thou too, in former sorrows my greatest comfort, in present sufferings my only hope!—(*Taking a picture from her bosom.*)—Look on it, my father! 'tis the portrait of your wife, of your adored Zorayda!—'Tis she who thus sinks at your feet—'tis she who now cries to you. Pardon your erring, your repentant child!—Father, I stand on the brink of ruin: already the ground gives way beneath my feet!—Save me! Father, save me! If not for my sake, if not for your own, oh father, father! save me for my mother's sake!

Riv. (*Looking alternately at the portrait and her.*) Zorayda—Zorayda!—My child! my child!
(*Sinks upon her bosom.*)

*Enter MODISH, LADY CLARA, and MRS. ORMOND,
M.D.*

Mod. He yields, and we triumph.

Riv. (*Recovering himself.*) Yet mark me, Zorayda—Beauchamp—

Zor. Alas!

Riv. Never must you meet again; to-morrow either sees him stained with my blood, or this hand must—
(*All the ladies go up the stage.*)

Enter BEAUCHAMP and WALSINGHAM, L.H.

Mod. How! Beauchamp?

Riv. Astonishment!—(*To Zorayda sternly.*)—Follow me!

Beau. Stay, Mr. Rivers; hear me for one moment.

Riv. Hear you? Amazing confidence!—What? hear you extenuate your crime? hear you say that—

Beau. That I am guilty, that great have been my faults, great Zorayda's injuries—yet, if suffered to repair them—

Riv. Repair them! and your wife—

Beau. Her death has been long reported; and this letter, just received, ascertains the fact. Then reflect one moment; my punishment would be Zorayda's—Zorayda's fate is interwoven with mine. Be this my plea, when thus I kneel before you, oh let me expiate my faults to your daughter and yourself, by affection for her as my wife, and unremitting attention to you as her father.

Riv. (*Hesitating.*) I know not—I ought not—

Mrs. O. Dear sir, if my entreaties—

Wals. If my advice—

Zor. (*Embracing him.*) Dear, dear father!

All. Pardon! pardon!

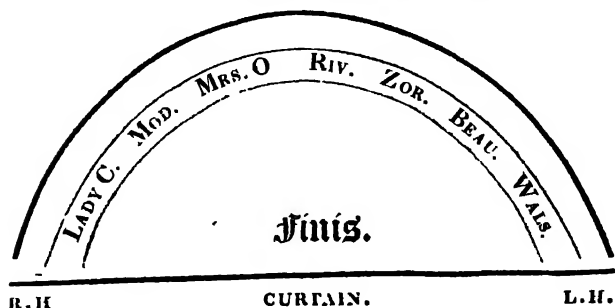
Riv. I am vanquished! Rise, rise, my son, and receive from me Zorayda.

Beau. My father !

Zor. My dear father !

Riv. My darling, my delight ! sweet, oh ! sweet are a father's tears shed on the bosom of a repentant child ! Hear this, ye flinty hearted ; hear it, and pardon !

Disposition of the Characters when the Curtain falls





MR. SHODONS
AS QUEEN CATHERINE.

Drawn & Engraved by J. R. W.

FROM AN ORIGINAL PAINTING

Orberry's Edition.

KING HENRY VIII.

A PLAY,

By *W. Shakspeare.*

WITH PREFATORY REMARKS

THE ONLY EDITION EXISTING WHICH IS FAITHFULLY MARKED
WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, AND STAGE DIRECTIONS.

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatres Royal.

BY *W. ORBERRY, Comedian.*

London.

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Remarks.

KING HENRY VIII.

THIS has always been a favourite acting-play, though we know not whether its popularity is attributable more to its striking beauties of language and character, or to its gorgeous pageantry and processions, which have doubtless contributed in some measure to uphold it in public estimation; leaving these, however, out of the question, the many fine passages it contains will always command for it the admiration of the tasteful reader, while its animated historical paintings must ever ensure its favourable reception in the theatre. Its principal defects appear to be, that the action sometimes flags a little, and that the plot ends with the fourth act, the fifth being a mere excrescence. The scenes relating to *Gardiner*, *Craumer*, and the rest, possess it is true, a certain degree of interest, but it is an interest arising more from associations caused by the names of those celebrated men, than from any apparent or actual connection which their transactions have with the preceding portions of the story; they belong to the play, but not to the plot, and their introduction is clearly objectionable. The hero and heroine die, or disappear, in the fourth act, and with their dissolution the play should have terminated also.

To dramatise events so recent, and to bring a deceased monarch upon the stage during the reign of his somewhat-arbitrary daughter, was a hazardous undertaking, but Shakspeare has handled the subject with consummate address, and has contrived to preserve the identity of *Henry*, without bringing the odious features of his character too strongly forward. With infinite skill he has thrown his defects into the shade, and placed in a striking point of view all the good qualities he really possessed; the cruel voluptuary, who never spared man in his anger, nor woman in his lust, is endowed

with so much patriotism, frankness, discrimination, kind-heartedness, and generosity, that he would command our perfect esteem were it not for those traits of a self-willed, imperious, boisterous disposition, which occasionally peep out, and betray the tyrant. How admirably discriminated are the numerous portraits of our kings which Shakspeare has drawn ! their language is as peculiar to themselves as are their characters and actions, nor could a speech delivered by one of them in any instance be transferred with propriety to the mouth of another. This is no where more strongly exemplified than by the part of *Henry* in this play, who “ has no brother—is like no brother—but is himself alone.”

Wolsey, however, is certainly the hero of the piece, and the personage whose fate, after that of *Katharine*, excites the greatest anxiety ; his is the master-spirit which animates the whole transaction, and when that has ceased to operate, our solicitude in a great measure ceases also. In portraying the character of this crafty priest, Shakspeare has discovered as much judgment as in that of *Henry* : proud, malicious, arrogant, and overbearing in prosperity, he becomes the object of our liveliest antipathy ; but, overtaken by adversity, he acquires our sympathy ; by the fortitude with which he endures the reproachful taunts of his enemies, he commands our respect ; and at length, by his pious resignation, so completely effaces the recollection of his previous misdeeds, that, like *Katharine*, we honour and regard in death, the man whom living we despised and abhorred. The scene in which he endures the insults of the courtiers, and the succeeding colloquy with *Cromwell*, must be allowed to rank with Shakspeare's happiest efforts. The imperturbable indifference with which he rebuts the malice of his adversaries, is inimitably fine, and upon the stage produces a wonderful effect, though perhaps its full force can be comprehended by those alone who have witnessed Kemble's performance of the character, and recollect how he infused into it the very essence of calm contempt, especially in that stinging passage

“ How much, methinks, I could despise this man,
“ But that I'm bound in charity against it.”

The following soliloquy reads a most impressive lesson to ambition

as does the whole of *Wolsey's* eventful history: "to point a moral, or adorn a tale," few narratives present features more strikingly adapted.

Katharine is "every inch a queen," though we cannot suffer such disparagement to the other characters as to admit the truth of Johnson's assertion, that the genius of Shakspeare comes in and goes out with her. Her benevolent intercession for the oppressed people, in the first act, is very happily calculated to excite a feeling of esteem towards her at the outset, and on contemplating her subsequent magnanimity under her persecutions, our love is mingled with admiration and pity. Like the rest of *Henry's* victims in this play, she dies invoking blessings upon her destroyer, and evinces to the last a devoted fondness for her husband, which his behaviour towards her seems little to deserve:

" Attachment, never to be wean'd or chang'd
 " By any change of treatment; proof alike
 " Against unkindness, absence, and neglect."

There is something in her meek sorrow inexpressibly touching, and the pathos of the scene in which she last appears, has rarely been equalled, though in representation it is somewhat apt to fatigue the attention of an audience, when the time occupied by her slumber and "the sad and solemn music" is too long protracted. Historical truth is adhered to in *Katharine's* fall, but poetical justice is lost sight of, for she suffers without a fault, and her tyrannical husband triumphs. Shakspere, however, has rendered her a far more amiable character than she appears in reality to have been, if we may credit the historians, and particularly Fuller, who sums up her qualifications in the following pithy and plain-speaking style: "Queen Katharine's age was above her husband's, her gravity above her age; more pious at her beads than pleasant in her bed; a better woman than a wife, and a fitter wife for any prince than Henry."

There can be little doubt that Shakspeare's prime object in composing this play was to gratify Queen Elizabeth, by complimenting her personally, and by placing in an amiable point of view her mother's character, and this he has performed in a manner which reflects as much credit on his heart as on his head. *Anne* is described

as humane, generous, modest, and beautiful, and made as conspicuous an object in the scene as could be ventured upon without allowing her to divide our interest with the heroine; but it is observable, and let those who prate about Shakspeare's slavish sycophancy take note of it—that in no one instance has he cast the slightest slur or disparagement upon her unfortunate predecessor. All is done for *Anne* that circumstances permitted, while no unfairness is manifested towards *Katharine*. Shakspeare's generous nature disdained to insult the fallen, or pay court to the living by libelling the dead.

Buckingham's catastrophe adds greatly to the interest of the early scenes, and there are few dramatic contrasts more thrillingly impressive than the change from the splendours of *Wolsey's* entertainment, the glare of lights, the blaze of beauty, and all the charms of dance, and song, and minstrelsy, to the solemn passage of the *Duke's* passage to death, amid a gloomy silence, broken upon at intervals by the sullen tones of the bell. The valedictory address of the hapless nobleman to the by-standers, is powerfully affecting; the “words of the dying man inforce attention like deep harmony,” and he is followed to his end by the prayers and pity of all his hearers. How striking an instance of fortune's mutability is afforded by the story of this once potent family, the descendants of kings, whose wealth was boundless, whose princely domains extended over several counties, and whose ambition aspired to the possession of the throne itself. Five of the name successively met with untimely deaths in the field or on the scaffold, and the last male descendant of their house was a *cobbler*, at Newport, in the reign of Charles the First.

The remaining characters are comparatively unimportant, though perfectly true to nature, from those of the impetuous *Surrey* and the faithful *Cromwell*, down to the little part of *Lord Sands*,

———“who drinks abundantly, and then,
 “Talks you as wantonly as Ovid did,]
 “To stir the intellectuals of the ladies.”

The belief that Shakspeare made choice of this subject for the purpose of complimenting Queen Elizabeth, has already been mentioned, and indeed there can be little doubt that the play was both written and represented before her death, for the natural dislike of

James the First to the deceased Queen was well understood, and Shakspeare was doubtless too politic an author to offend his patron by writing a piece filled with panegyrics upon the murderer of his mother. He endeavoured, however, (somewhat clumsily 'tis true) to make it acceptable to the reigning monarch, without recanting any of the praises which he had bestowed upon Elizabeth, by foisting into *Cranmer's* prophetic oration over the royal infant, a eulogy upon the character of her successor. Such, at least, is the very probable conjecture of the commentators, and it seems to be the only way in which the abrupt and awkward introduction of James can plausibly be accounted for. The passage was assuredly not inserted before the death of Elizabeth, whose apprehensive jealousy upon the subject of a successor would never have endured such a liberty. As the play is now performed, the allusion in question is, very properly, omitted, but we here subjoin the passage uncurtailed, premising that the lines within brackets are those which are believed to have been added:

“ In *her* days, every man shall eat in safety,
Under his own vine, what he plants, and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours.
God shall be truly known; and those about *her*
From *her* shall read the perfect ways of honour,
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.

[Nor shall this peace sleep with *her*; but, as when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,
Her ashes new create another heir,
As great in admiration as herself,
So shall she leave her blessedness to one,
When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness,
Who from the sacred ashes of her honour,
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fix'd. Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be *his*, and like a vine grow to *him*.
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honour, and the greatness of *his* name,

Shall be, and make new nations.* *He* shall flourish,
 And like a mountain-cedar reach *his* branches
 To all the plains about *him*. Our children's children
 Shall see this, and bless heaven.

King Henry. Thou speakest wonders.]

Cranmer *She* shall be, to the happiness of England,
 An aged *princess*; many days shall see *her*,
 And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
 Would I had known no more :—but *she* must die, &c.

The awkwardness of the transition from Elizabeth to James, and back again to Elizabeth, must strike every reader, and completely justifies the belief that the passage was an afterthought: "If it be left out, (says Johnson) the speech of *Cranmer* proceeds in a regular tenour of prediction, and continuity of sentiments; but, by the interposition of the new lines, he first celebrates Elizabeth's successor, and then wishes he did not know that she was to die: first rejoices at the consequence, and then laments the cause. Our author was at once politic and idle; he resolved to flatter James, but neglected to reduce the whole speech to propriety; or perhaps intended that the lines inserted should be spoken in the action, and omitted in the publication, if any publication was ever in his thoughts."

It was the performance of this piece which caused the conflagration of the Globe Theatre, Bankside, 29th of June, 1613. On the entrance of the *King* to the masquerade at *Wolsey's*, some small cannon were discharged, the wadding of which set fire to the thatched roof, and the building was totally consumed, the audience escaping with much difficulty. In the "*Reliq. Wotton*," p. 425, edit. 1685, there is a letter from Sir Henry Wotton, dated 2d July, 1613, which gives the following account of the affair: "The King's Players were representing some principal scenes of the reign of Henry the Eighth, which were set forth with extraordinary circumstances of pomp and majesty, even to the matting of the stage, the knights of the order with their Georges and garters, the guards with their embroidered

* An allusion to the colonies established in Virginia, &c. about the year 1606.

coats and the like; sufficient in truth, within a while, to make greatness very familiar, if not ridiculous. Now, *King Henry* making a masque at the *Cardinal Wolsey's* house, and certain cannons being shot off at his entry, some of the paper or other stuff, wherewith one of them was stopped, did light on the thatch, where being thought at first but an idle smock, and their eyes more attentive to the show, it kindled inwardly, and ran round like a train, consuming, within less than an hour, the whole house to the very ground. This was the fatal period of that virtuous fabric, wherein, yet, nothing did perish but wood and straw, and a few forsaken cloaks."*

After the restoration, "Henry the Eighth" was one of the few of Shakspeare's dramas performed by the new companies; Downes, the prompter, speaks in the following rapturous terms of the manner in which the principal characters were then sustained:—"This play, by order of Sir William Davenant, was all new clothed in proper habits: the King's was new, and all the Lords', the Cardinals', the Bishops', the Doctors', Proctors', Lawyers', and Tipstaves'—with new scenes. The part of the *King* was so right and justly done by Mr. Betterton, he being instructed in it by Sir William, who had it from old Mr. Lowen, [one of the earliest representatives of the character] that had his instructions from Mr. Shakspear himself, that I dare and will aver, none can, or ever will, come near him in this age, in the performance of this part. Mr. Harris's performance of *Cardinal Wolsey* was little inferior to that, he doing it with such just state, port, and mien, that, I dare affirm, none hitherto has equalled." This was about 1665. Langbaine, in his "Account of the English Dramatic Poets," published five-and-twenty years later, says, "The play of Henry the Eighth frequently appears on the present stage, the part of *Henry* being extremely well acted by Mr. Betterton." In 1727, when George the Second ascended the throne, the play was brought forward at Drury Lane, with a display of the Coronation, and became so attractive, that it was repeated seventy-five times in the course of the season, a circumstance at that time unprecedented.

* A letter from Mr. John Chamberlaine to Sir Ralph Winwood, printed in Winwood's "Memorials," Vol. 3, says, "It was a great marvaile, and fair grace of God, that the people had so little harm, having but two narrow doors to get out at."

(See Chetwood's "General History of the Stage," 1749, 268.) On the Coronation of George the Third taking place, in September, 1761, Garrick brought forward the piece once more, with the usual show, but even his partial biographer, Davies, is constrained to admit that the affair was miserably executed. His account of it is curious, and deserves to be quoted. "The Coronation of their Majesties (he says) was followed by a stage-representation of it at both the play-houses, which had been a usual practice on such occasions, from the days of James the First to the present time. Mr. Garrick knew very well that Rich would spare no expense in the representation of this show; he knew, too, that he had a taste in the ordering, dressing, and setting out these pompous processions, superior to his own; he therefore was contented with reviving the coronation, with the old dresses which had been often occasionally used from 1727 to 1761. This show he repeated for forty nights successively, sometimes at the end of a play, and at other times after a farce. The exhibition was the meanest and the most unworthy of a theatre, I ever saw. The stage indeed was opened into Drury Lane, and a new and unexpected sight surprised the audience, of a real bonfire, with the populace huzzing and drinking *porter*, [a trifling anachronism] to the health of Queen Anne Bullen. The stage in the mean time, amidst the parading of dukes, duchesses, archbishops, peeresses, heralds, &c. was covered with a thick fog from the smoke of the fire, which served to hide the tawdry dresses of the processionalists. During this idle piece of mockery, the actors, being exposed to the suffocations of smoke, and the raw air from the open street, were seized with colds, rheumatisms, and swelled faces. At length the indignation of the audience delivered the comedians from this wretched badge of nightly slavery, which gained nothing to the managers but disgrace and empty benches. Tired with the repeated insult of a show which had nothing so support it but gilt copper, and old rags, they fairly drove the exhibitors of it from the stage, by hooting and hissing, to the great joy of the whole theatre. It is difficult to guess the reason which induced a man of Mr. Garrick's understanding to pursue a losing game so long. Though he knew that nothing could withstand the grand sight that Rich was preparing, I suppose he thought that the people, by seeing one coronation often, would not have a very keen stomach for another."

In his "Dramatic Miscellanies," Davies offers some amusing remarks upon the mode of performing this play, and the various actors who were distinguished representatives of the principal characters in the last century; of these we transcribe the most striking, without offering any apology for their length, since they cannot fail to be acceptable to all who take an interest in the affairs of the drama. Quoting the stage-direction which occurs on the first appearance of *Wolsey* (p. 3) he says:—"The instruction which Shakspeare has here given to the actors, is not so generally observed as it ought to be. The aspect of *Wolsey* to *Buckingham* should be at once steady and deliberate, scornful and reproaching; *Buckingham's* look, in return, should be fierce, indignant, and impatient. The Cardinal in passing by the Duke, should still keep his eye fixed upon him, as if demanding some salutation or mark of respect, but on the Duke's persisting in silence, he turns to his Secretaries, and enquires of them concerning the examination of the Duke's Surveyor, in a tone not quite loud enough to be heard by the Duke.

"Colley Cibber has been much praised for his assuming port, pride, and dignity, in *Wolsey*; but his manner was not correspondent to the grandeur of the character. The man who was familiar in the greatest courts of Europe, and took the lead in the counsels and designs of mighty monarchs, must have acquired an easy dignity of action and deportment, such as Cibber never understood or practised. His pride and passion, in *Wolsey*, were impotent and almost farcical; his grief, resignation, and tenderness, were deficient in those powers of expression, which melting tones of voice, and a corresponding propriety of gesture can alone bestow.

"If speaking with feeling and energy were all the requisites for the Cardinal, Mossop would have excelled greatly; but, in spite of his robe, which was of some advantage to him, his action, step, and whole conduct of his person were extremely awkward, and unsuitable to the accomplished statesman, the companion of princes. Mossop was a powerful and energetic speaker of sentiment, and sometimes happy in the utterance of passion, but his stateliness in *Wolsey* was without dignity, and his tenderness without pathos. Mr. Digges, if he had not sometimes been extravagant in gesture and quaint in elocution, would have been nearer the resemblance of the great minister

than any actor I have seen represent it; he assumed uncompar-
grandeur of deportment, which sometimes, however, degenerated
into bombastical strutting. To the resigned portion of the character
the grave tones of his voice were not ill-suited, and had he kept
within those modest bounds prescribed by Shakspeare, he would have
drawn an excellent outline of the imperious *Wolsey*.

“Booth succeeded Betterton in *Henry the Eighth*. To support
the dignity of the prince, and yet retain that vein of humour which
pervades the character, requires much caution in the actor; without
great care, *Harry* will be metamorphosed into a royal bully, or
ridiculous buffoon, but Booth was particularly happy in preserving
the true spirit of the part through the whole play. Mr. Macklin,
who had the good fortune to see him several times in *Harry*, has de-
clared that he shone in the character with particular lustre. Quin,
who had the good sense to admire and imitate Booth, and the honesty
to own it, kept as near as possible to his great exemplar's portrait;
but Quin was deficient in flexibility as well as strength of voice; he
could not utter impetuous and vehement anger with vigour, nor
dart tremendous looks; all which were suited to the happier organs
and countenance of Booth. He was, besides, a stranger to grace in
action or deportment, while Booth walked with the ease of a gen-
tleman and the dignity of a monarch. The grandeur and magnifi-
cence of *Henry* were in Booth sustained to the height.

“How the managers took it into their heads to give this part to
Harper, during Booth's last illness, I cannot conceive, unless his
being a fat man was the great recommendation. I could never sepa-
rate honest *Jubson*, the cobbler, from the prince; he put me in mind
of the old ballad of ‘King Harry and the Cobbler.’ I should not
forget that, when Betterton and Harris acted the King and the
Cardinal, the little character of *Lord Sands* was played by Price,
frequently mentioned by Downes as a most admirable low comedian.
Why Nokes personated so serious a part as the *Duke of Norfolk*, I
cannot conceive; perhaps it was not the great comic actor, but that
Nokes who was famous for playing women's characters.

“In the Council-chamber scene, Act 1, the deportment of the
actors, when the play was revived in 1727, was much approved.
Booth did not command attention more by attraction of figure and
just elocution, than by the propriety of his action and the stateliness

of his step. The business of *Wolsey*, in this scene, being confined to address, action, and management, was not unsuitably represented by Colley Cibber, but the dignity and grace of the Queen were never, perhaps, more happily set off than by Mrs. Porter; there was an elevated consequence in the manner of that actress, which, since her time, I have in vain sought for in her successors. Her first speech to the king, after kneeling to him, was uttered with such intelligence and sensibility, that she commanded the applause as well as attention of the audience. The words are simple, and seemingly unimportant, but she understood her author well, and in delivering them, conveyed the prime duties of the kingly office with energy; her conduct, indeed, in the whole scene was a mixture of graceful elocution and dignified behaviour.

“Mrs. Pritchard, in this scene, was easy in her address and natural in her expression, but unaccompanied by that grace and dignity which her predecessor, Mrs. Porter, knew so well to assume; she, however, was much approved, especially in the scene of the trial, where she certainly was in behaviour easy, and in speaking natural and familiar, but the situation of the character required more force of utterance, and more dignity of action. Mrs. Porter’s manner was elevated to the rank of the great person she represented; her kneeling to the king was the effect of majesty in distress, and humbled royalty: it was indeed highly affecting. The suppression of her tears when she reproached the Cardinal, bespoke the tumultuous conflict of her mind, before she gave vent to a burst of indignation at being compelled to answer so unworthy an interrogator. Mr. Macklin, our theatrical Nestor, tells us, that on her quitting the court, Booth pronounced the four short words; ‘*Go thy ways, Kate,*’ with such happy emphasis, conveying at once characteristic humour and liberal acknowledgment of *Katharine’s* virtuous excellence, that the audience not only applauded, but admired the speaker. Quin borrowed something of Booth’s manner in uttering this valediction, but I am afraid he mixed in it a little of *Falstaff’s* style.

“When the play was revived in 1727, as above related, the incomparable Wilks thought the part of *Buckingham* worthy his attention. In the first scene, at the opening of the play, his resentment and indignation against *Wolsey* broke out with an impetuosity

resembling hasty sparks of fire; his action was vehement, and his motions quick and disturbed. His demeanour, when condemned, was gentle, graceful, and pathetic; his grief was manly, resigned, and temperate, such as became the nobleman and the Christian."

Of the absurdities and buffooneries which formerly were tolerated upon the stage, and suffered to mar the effect of the gravest scenes, Davies gives some curious instances. In act 3, *Wolsey* says,

"This candle burns not clear; 'tis I must snuff it;

"Then out it goes."

Upon which Davies observes, "The action of Colley Cibber, in speaking this passage, I have heard much commended: *he imitated with his fore-finger and thumb, the extinguishing of a candle with a pair of snuffers.* But, surely the reader will laugh at such mimicry, which, if practised, would make a player's action as ridiculous as a monkey's

"In act 5, when the King obliges *Gardiner* to embrace *Cranmer* twice, the coldness of the former, who cannot conceal his hatred, at the first embrace, causes a smothered laugh in the spectators; but when, at the King's command, he is obliged to be more in earnest, his assumed alacrity raises a general burst of laughter and much loud clapping. The chaste manner of the actor, Ben Jonson, would admit of no farce or buffoonery in personating the splenetic *Gardiner* he preserved all the decorum proper to the character of a bishop and privy-councillor. Hippisley went a step farther, and added some strokes of humour which approached to grimace, and caused a mirth unsuitable to the character of the persons; but Taswell's *Gardiner* sunk into absolute buffoonery, for when he followed *Cranmer*, at the close of the scene, *he held his crutch over his head, to make the upper-gallery sport.*"

When this play was acted before George the First, at Hampton-Court, about the year 1717, *Wolsey's* filching from his royal master, the honour of extending pardon to those who had resisted payment of the "exactions," appeared so gross and impudent a contrivance, that the courtiers laughed loudly at the specimen of ministerial craft. His majesty, who was imperfectly acquainted with the English language, asked the Lord Chamberlain the meaning of this mirth, and upon being informed of it, joined in a hearty laugh of approbation.

Shakspeare has carefully retained the interjectional exclamations of *Ha!* and *Ho!* by which *Henry* is said to have expressed his displea-

sure. Fuller tells a story of a weak effeminate fellow, who personating the character once, cried *Ho!* in so feeble a tone, that one of his brother performers told him he acted more like a mouse than a man; and that, if he spoke *Ho!* with no better spirit, his parliament would not grant him a penny.

We have already alluded to the danger which occurs in the representation of this piece, that an ill-judged protraction of the Queen's slumber in act 4, may occasion a feeling of tedium in the audience, and indeed we have more than once been present when all their reverence for the name of Shakspeare, and respect for the genius of Mrs. Siddons, seemed scarcely sufficient to restrain their impatience. When the play was acted by Davenant's company (and doubtless also when first performed) this inconvenience was obviated by rendering the "Vision" visible to the audience, as well as to the mind's-eye of *Katharine*, as may be gathered from *Bayes's* exclamation to the *Soldiers* :—"Udzoopers, you dance worse than the angels in 'Harry the Eighth,' or the fat spirits in the 'Tempest,' egad!" We would not, however, be understood to recommend the resumption of such an expedient, but merely to hint to managers the policy of making the pause in the action as brief as possible.

The most celebrated representatives of *Wolsey* and *Katharine* within the recollection of the present race of play-goers, have been Kemble and Mrs. Siddons, whose inimitable personation of those characters made us, in the words of the Prologue,

———"think we saw
 "The very persons of the noble story,
 "As they were living."

Katharine seems, throughout her dramatic career, to have been Mrs. Siddons's favourite performance, and the public voice attested the correctness of her judgment, by pronouncing it perfect :

"With winning graces and majestic mien,
 "She mov'd a goddess, and she look'd a queen."

Since her retirement from the stage, she has sustained it two or three times, on her occasional re-appearances before the town, with

undiminished power and effect. A portion of Boswell's description of her well-known interview with Dr. Johnson, may appropriately be introduced here :—" Having placed himself by her, he entered, with great good humour, upon a consideration of the English Drama, and, among other enquiries, particularly asked her which of Shakspeare's characters she was most pleased with. Upon her answering that she thought that of *Queen Katharine* the most natural, ' I think so too, Madam, (said he) and whenever you perform it, I will once more hobble out to the theatre myself. Mrs. Siddons promised she would do herself the honour of acting his favourite part for him; but many circumstances happened to prevent the representation of ' *Henry the Eighth*,' during the Doctor's life."

Future generations can scarcely have the good fortune to see this play sustained by a combination of talent so precisely adapted to its effective performance as when this wonderful woman, and her no less admirable brother emulated each other in the mightiness of their efforts; many of the other characters too were finely represented, and the whole presented a glorious triumph of scenic art. But, why need we attempt to describe what the pencil and the graver have perpetuated, for the admiration of succeeding ages? The skill of Harlowe has snatched one grand feature of the spectacle from oblivion, and bestowed upon the "poor players" all the immortality which their efforts were capable of receiving.

P. P.

Time of Representation.

The time this piece takes in representation is three hours.—The half-price commences at nine o'clock.

Stage Directions.

By R.H..... is meant..... Right Hand.

L.H..... Left Hand.

S.E..... Second Entrance.

U.E.... Upper Entrance.

M.D .. Middle Door.

D.F.. Door in Flat.

R.H.D..... Right Hand Door.

L.H.D..... Left Hand Door.

Costume.

KING HENRY VIII.

Crimson velvet robe, and purple vest and trunks.

CARDINAL.

Scarlet cardinal's dress.

CRANMER.

Bishop's ibid.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Fawn coloured doublet, trunks and cloak.

DUKE OF NORFOLK.

Green, ibid, ibid, ibid.

DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

Black, ibid, ibid, ibid.'

EARL OF SURREY.

Brown, ibid, ibid, ibid.

LORD SANDS.

Crimson, ibid, ibid, ibid.

SIR THOMAS LOVEL.

Puce coloured ibid.

SIR HENRY GUILDFORD.

Blue, ibid.

BISHOP GARDINER.

Bishop's dress.

QUEEN KATHARINE.

First Dress.—Black velvet, trimmed with gold, and point lace veil
-Second dress.—White muslin, trimmed with point lace.

ANNE BULLEN.

White satin dress, trimmed with point lace, and beads.

LADY DENNY.

White silk brocade dress, trimmed with gold.

PATIENCE.

Grey and silver brocade dress.

AGATHA.

White dress, trimmed with crimson.

CICELY.

Brown dress, trimmed with buff.

Persons Represented.

Covent Garden, 1805.

<i>King Henry the Eighth</i>	Mr. Cooke.
<i>Cardinal Wolsey</i>	Mr. Kemble.
<i>Cardinal Campeius</i>	Mr. Hull.
<i>Capucius</i>	Mr. Davenport.
<i>Archbishop Cranmer</i>	Mr. Murray.
<i>Duke of Buckingham</i>	Mr. Brunton.
<i>Duke of Norfolk</i>	Mr. Creswell.
<i>Duke of Suffolk</i>	Mr. Waddy.
<i>Earl of Surrey</i>	Mr. H. Siddons.
<i>Lord Chamberlain</i>	Mr. Farley.
<i>Lord Sands</i>	Mr. Simmons.
<i>Sir Thomas Lovel</i>	Mr. Chapman.
<i>Sir Henry Guildford</i>	Mr. Claremont.
<i>Gardiner</i>	Mr. Munden.
<i>Cromwell</i>	Mr. C. Kemble.
<i>Brandon</i>	Mr. Field.
<i>Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham</i>	Mr. Klanert.
<i>Clerk of the Court</i>	Mr. Curties.
<i>Keeper of the Council-chamber</i>	Mr. Atkins.
<i>Queen Katharine</i>	Mrs. Siddons.
<i>Lady Denny</i>	Mrs. Davenport.
<i>Anne Bullen</i>	Miss Brunton.
<i>Patience</i>	Mrs. Atkins.
<i>Agatha</i>	Miss Frederick.
<i>Cicely</i>	Mrs. Watts.

Drury Lane, 1822.

Covent Garden.

<i>King Henry the Eighth</i>	Mr. Cooper.	Mr. Egerton.
<i>Cardinal Wolsey</i>	Mr. Kean.	Mr. Young.
<i>Cardinal Campeius</i>	Mr. Powell.	Mr. Chapman.
<i>Capucius</i>	Mr. Hughes.	Mr. Austin.
<i>Archbishop Cranmer</i>	Mr. Foote.	Mr. Bartley.
<i>Duke of Buckingham</i>	Mr. Thompson.	Mr. Abbott.
<i>Duke of Norfolk</i>	Mr. Bromley.	Mr. Evans.
<i>Duke of Suffolk</i>	Mr. Meredith.	Mr. Claremont.
<i>Earl of Surrey</i>	Mr. Vining.	Mr. Baker.
<i>Lord Chamberlain</i>	Mr. Barnard.	Mr. Horrihow.
<i>Lord Sands</i>	Mr. Loveday.	Mr. Keeley.
<i>Sir Thomas Lovel</i>	Mr. Aowell.	Mr. Mason.
<i>Sir Henry Guildford</i>	Mr. Webster.	Mr. Parsloe.
<i>Gardiner</i>	Mr. Gattie.	
<i>Cromwell</i>	Mr. Penley.	Mr. C. Kemble.
<i>Brandon</i>	Mr. Read.	Mr. Comer.
<i>Surveyor to the Duke of Buck-</i>	Mr. Wilmott.	Mr. Mears.
<i>ingham</i>		
<i>Clerk of the Court</i>	Mr. Randall.	Mr. Norris.
<i>Keeper of the Council-chamber</i>	Mr. Turnour.	Mr. Atkins.
<i>Queen Katharine</i>	Mrs. W. West.	Mrs. Ogilvie.
<i>Lady Denny</i>	Mrs. Harlowe.	Mrs. Davenport.
<i>Anne Bullen</i>	Miss Smithson.	Miss Love.
<i>Patience</i>	Miss Povey.	
<i>Agatha</i>	Mrs. Barnard.	
<i>Cicely</i>	Miss Phillips.	Miss Barnett.

KING HENRY VIII.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Anti-chamber in the Palace.*

Enter the DUKE of NORFOLK and the DUKE of BUCKINGHAM, L.H.

Buck. Good morrow, and well met. How have you done,
Since last we saw in France?

Nor. I thank your grace,
Healthful; and ever since a fresh admirer⁽¹⁾
Of what I saw there.

Buck. An untimely ague
Stay'd me a pris'ner in my chamber, when
Those suns⁽²⁾ of glory, those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Arde.

Nor. Then you lost
The view of earthly glory. Men might say,

(1) An admirer untired: an admirer still feeling the impression as if it were hourly renewed.

(2) That is, those glorious sons. The editor of the third folio plausibly enough reads—Those *sons* of glory; and indeed, as in old English books the two words are used indiscriminately, the luminary being often spelt *son*, it is sometimes difficult to determine which is meant; *sun* or *son*. However, the subsequent part of the line, and the recurrence of the same expression afterwards, are in favour of the reading of the original copy.

Till this time pomp was single ; but now married
 To one above itself.(1) Each following day
 Became the next day's master, till the last
 Made former wonders it's.(2) To-day, the French,
 All clinquant,(3) all in gold, like heathen gods,
 Shone down the English ; and, to-morrow, they
 Made Britain India : every man that stood,
 Show'd like a mine.

The two kings,
 Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
 As presence did present them. When these suns
 (For so they phrase them) by their heralds challeng'd
 The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
 Beyond thought's compass ; that former fabulous story,
 Being now seen possible enough, got credit.

Buck. Who did guide,
 I mean, who set the body and the limbs
 Of this great sport together, as you guess ?

Nor. One, certes, that promises no element
 In such a business.

Buck. I pray you, who, my lord ?

Nor. All this was order'd by the good discretion
 Of the right reverend cardinal of York.

Buck. The devil speed him ! no man's pie is freed
 From his ambitious finger.(4) What had he
 To do in these fierce(5) vanities ?
 Why took he upon him,

* (1) Meaning that *pomp* was increased on this occasion to more than twice as much as it had ever been before. Pomp is no more married to the English than to the French King, for to neither is any preference given by the speaker. Pomp is only married to pomp, but the new pomp is greater than the old. Before this time, all pompous shows were exhibited by one prince only. On this occasion, the Kings of England and France vied with each other. To this circumstance Norfolk alludes.

(2) *Dies diem docet.* Every day learned something from the preceding, till the concluding day collected all the splendor of all the former shows.

(3) All 'glittering, all shining.
 To have a finger in the pie, is a proverbial phrase.
 Ferce is here, I think, used like the French *fer*, for *prou*,
 last I suppose an allusion to the mimical ferocity of the combatants
 in the

Without the privity o' the king, to appoint
Who should attend on him? He makes up the file(1)
Of all the gentry; for the most part such,
Too, whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon.

Nor. The state takes notice of the private difference

Betwixt you and the cardinal.

You know his nature,
That he's revengeful; and, I know, his sword
Hath a sharp edge: it's long, and, 't may be said,
It reaches far; and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,
You'll find it wholesome.—Lo, where comes that
rock,
That I advise your shunning.

Enter two FOOTMEN, with silver-headed staves; two GENTLEMEN, hats, but bare headed; HERALD, silver mace; two GENTLEMEN, broad seal and cardinal's hat, on cushions; two GENTLEMEN, silver pillars; two PRIESTS, silver crosses; two GENTLEMEN-USHERS, bare-headed, hats and wands; CARDINAL WOLSEY, with letters; two PAGES, bearing the Cardinal's train; CROMWELL, with examination and papers; two SECRETARIES, scarlet bags of papers; two CHAPLAINS, crozièrs; two GENTLEMEN, hats, but bare-headed; two FOOTMEN, staves with silver heads,—L.H. Trumpets, R.H. Wolsey, in his passage, fixes his eye on Buckingham, and Buckingham on him, both full of disdain.

Wol. The duke of Buckingham's surveyor? ha?
Where's his examination?

Crom. Here, so please you.

Wol. Is he in person ready?

Crom. Ay, please your grace.

KING HENRY VIII.

Wol. Well, we shall then know more ;—(*Crosses to R.H.*)—and Buckingham shall lessen this big look.

[*Exeunt Wolsey and his train, R.H.*]

Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I have not the power to muzzle him.—
read in his looks

latter against me ; and his eye revil'd
le, as his abject object : at this instant
le bores me with some trick.(1) He's gone to the
king ;

'll follow, and out-stare him.

Nor. Stay, my lord,
nd let your reason with your choler question
What 'tis you go about.

least not a furnace for your foe so hot
hat it do singe yourself :—nay, be advis'd.

Buck. Sir,
am thankful to you : and I go along
by your prescription :—but this top-proud fellow,
Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
rom sincere motions,(2) by intelligence,
nd proofs as clear as founts in July, when
Ve see each grain of gravel, I do know
o be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor. Say not, treasonous.

Buck. To the king I'll say't ; and make my vouch
as strong

s shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,
r wolf, or both, (for he is equal(3) ravenous,
s he is subtle ; and as prone to mischief,
s able to perform it ;)
nly to shew his pomp as well in France
s here at home, suggests(4) the king our master

(1) He stabs or wounds me by some artifice or fiction.

(2) Honest indignation, warmth of integrity. Perhaps *name not*,
ould be *blame not*.

Whom from the flow of gall I blame not.

(3) *Equal for equally.* Shakspeare frequently uses adjectives ad-
dially.

(4) *Suggests, for excites.*

To this last costly treaty, the interview
That swallow'd so much treasure, and, like a glass,
Did break i' the rincing.

Nor. 'Faith, and so it did.

Buck. 'Pray, give me favour, sir. This cunning
cardinal

The articles o' the combination drew,
As himself pleas'd; and they were ratified,
As he cried,—Thus let it be; to as much end,
As give a crutch to the dead: but our count(1) car-
dinal

Has done this, and 'tis well; for worthy Wolsey,
Who cannot err, he did it. Now, this follows,—
(Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To the old dam, treason) Charles the emperor,
Under pretence to see the queen his aunt,
(For 'twas, indeed, his colour; but he came
To whisper Wolsey) here makes visitation:
His fears were, that an interview betwixt
England and France might, through their amity,
Breed him some prejudice: he privily
Deals with our cardinal; and, as I trow,—
Which I do well; for, I am sure, the emperor
Paid ere he promis'd: whereby his suit was granted,
Ere it was ask'd—but when the way was made,
And pay'd with gold, the emperor thus desir'd;—
That he would please to alter the king's course,
And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know
(As soon he shall by me) that thus the cardinal
Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,
And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry

To hear this of him; and could wish he were
Something mistaken in't.(2)

Buck. No, not a syllable;

(1.) Wolsey is afterwards called *king* cardinal. Pope and the subsequent editors read—*court* cardinal.

(2) That is, that he were something different from what he is *taken* or supposed by you to be.

I do pronounce him in that very shape,
He shall appear in proof.

Enter SERGEANT *at Arms*, BRANDON, *and* GUARDS,

R.H.

Bran. (*Crosses to Buckingham.*) Sir,
My lord the Duke of Buckingham, and Earl
Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
Of our most sovereign king.

Buck. Lo you, my lord,
The net has fallen upon me; I shall perish
Under device and practice.(1)

Bran. I am sorry
To see you ta'en from liberty;
'Tis his highness' pleasure,
You shall to the Tower.

Buck. It will help me nothing
To plead mine innocence; for that dye is on me,
Which makes my whitest part black. The will of hea-
ven

Be done in this and all things!—I obey.

(*Gives his sword to the Serjeant at Arms, who is
on his L.H.*)

Bran. Here is a warrant from
The king, to attach Lord Montacute; and the bodies
Of the duke's chaplain, nam'd John de la Court,
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,—

Buck. So, so;
These are the limbs of the plot: no more, I hope.

Bran. A monk o' the Chartreux.

Buck. O, Nicholas Hopkins?

Bran. He.

Bran. My surveyor is false; the o'er-great card-
nal
Hath show'd him gold: my life is spann'd(2) already a

(1) i. e. unfair stratagem.

(2) Man's life, in scripture, is said to be but a *span* long. Pro-
bably, therefore, it means, when 'tis *spann'd* 'tis ended.

I am the shadow of poor Buckingham ;
 Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
 By dark'ning my clear sun.—My lord, farewell.

[*Exeunt Norfolk, R.H. Buckingham, Brandon,
 and Guards, L.H.*]

SCENE II.—*The Council-chamber.*

*Enter, R.H.S.E. the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, who goes
 L.H. KING HENRY, leaning on WOLSKY'S shoulder,
 advances to centre; the DUKES of NORFOLK and
 SUFFOLK to R.H. SIR THOMAS LOVEL, to L.H. and
 CROMWELL, R.H.—The Cardinal places himself at
 the King's feet, on his right side.*

King. My life itself, and the best heart(1) of it,
 Thanks you for this great care: I stood i' the level
 Of a full-charg'd confederacy ;(2) and give thanks
 To you that chok'd it. (*The King and Wolsey sit.*)
 Let be call'd before us
 That gentleman of Buckingham's : in person
 I'll hear him his confessions justify;
 And, point by point, the treasons of his master
 He shall again relate.

(*Sir Henry Guilford speaks without.*)

Guil. Room for the queen.

*Enter the QUEEN, L.H.D. ushered by GUILFORD, who
 places a cushion, on which she kneels.*

King. Rise.

Queen. Nay, we must longer kneel ; I am a suitor.

King. Arise, and take your place by us.

(1) *Heart* is not here taken for the organ of circulation and life, but, in a common and popular sense, for the most valuable or precious part. Our author, in *Hamlet*, mentions the *heart of heart*. Exhausted and effete ground is said by the farmer to be *out of heart*. The hard and inner part of the oak is called *heart of oak*.

(2) To stand in the *level* of a gun, is to stand in a line with its mouth so as to be hit by the shot.

(The King rises, takes her up, and places her at his L.H.—Sir H. Guilford takes the cushion, and retires, L.H.)

State Chairs.

King. Queen.

Stool.

Wolsey.

Cromwell.

Suffolk.

Norfolk.

R.H.

Sir H. Guilford.

Sir T. Lovel.

Chamberlain.

L.H

Half your suit

Never name to us : you have half our power :

The other moiety, ere you ask, 'tis given :

Repeat your will, and take it.

Queen. Thank your majesty.

That you would love yourself; and, in that love,

Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor

The dignity of your office, is the point

Of my petition.

King. Lady mine, proceed.

Queen. I am solicited, not by a few,

And those of true condition, that your subjects

Are in great grievance : there have been commissions

Sent down among them, which hath flaw'd the heart

Of all their loyalties : wherein, although,

My good Lord Cardinal, they vent reproaches

Most bitterly on you, as putter-on

Of these exactions,(1) yet the king our master,

(Whose honour heaven shield from soil!) even he escapes not

Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks

The sides of loyalty, and almost appears

In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appears,

(1) The *instigator* of these exactions; the person who suggested to the king the taxes complained of, and *incited* him to exact them from his subjects.

It doth appear : for, upon these taxations,
 The clothiers all, not able to maintain
 The many(1) to them 'longing,
 Compell'd by hunger,
 And lack of other means, are all in uproar,
 And danger(2) serves among them.

King. Taxation !

Wherein ? and what taxation ?—My Lord Cardinal,
 You that are blam'd for it alike with us,
 Know you of this taxation ?

Wol. Please you, sir,
 I know but of a single part, in aught
 Pertains to the state ; and front but in that file
 Where others tell steps with me.

Queen. No, my lord,
 You know no more than others : but you frame
 Things, that are known alike ;(3) which are not
 wholesome

To those which would not know them, and yet must
 Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions,
 Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are
 Most pestilent to the hearing ; and, to bear them,
 The back is sacrifice to the load. They say,
 They are devis'd by you ; or else you suffer
 Too hard an exclamation.

King. Still exaction !
 The nature of it ? In what kind, let's know,
 Is this exaction ?

Queen. I am much too vent'rous
 In tempting of your patience ; but am bolden'd

(1) *The many* is the *meiny*, the train, the people. Dryden is, perhaps, the last that used this word :

“The kings before their *many*.”

(2) Could one easily believe that a writer, who had, but immediately before, sunk so low in his expression, should here rise again to a height so truly sublime ? where, by the noblest stretch of fancy, *Danger* is personalized as serving in the rebel army, and shaking the established government.

(3) That is, you know no more than other counsellors, but you are the person who frame those things which are afterwards proposed, and known equally by all.

Under your promis'd pardon. The subjects' grief
Comes through commissions, which compel from
each

The sixth part of his substance, to be levied
Without delay ; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your wars in France : this makes bold
mouths :

Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them ; their curses now,
Live where their prayers did.

I would, your highness
Would give it quick consideration.

King. By my life,
'This is against our pleasure.

Wol. And for me,
I have no further gone in this, than by
A single voice ; and that not past me, but
By learned approbation of the judges. If I am
'Traduc'd by ignorant tongues,—which neither know
My faculties nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing,—let me say,
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through.
If we shall stand still,
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We should take root here where we sit, or sit
State statues only.

King. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear ;
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be feared. Have you a precedent
Of this commission ? I believe, not any.
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each ?
A trembling contribution ! Why, we take
From every tree, lop, (1) bark, and part o'the timber ;
And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,
The air will drink the sap. To every county,

(1) *Lop* is a substantive, and signifies the *branches*.

Where this is question'd, send our letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has denied
The force of this commission : 'pray, look to't ;
I put it to your care.

Wol. A word with you.

(To Cromwell, who comes forward R.H. of Cardinal.)

Let there be letters writ to every shire,
Of the king's grace and pardon.—The griev'd commons

Hardly conceive of me ; let it be nois'd,
'That through our intercession this revokement
And pardon comes : I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding. [*Exit Cromwell, R.H.*]

Queen. I am sorry, that the duke of Buckingham
Is run in your displeasure.

King. It grieves many :
The gentleman is learn'd, a most rare speaker,
To nature none more bound : but he, my lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if besmear'd in hell.

Enter SURVEYOR, L.H.

Sit by us ; you shall hear
(This was his gentleman in trust) of him
Things to strike honour sad.—Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices ; whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth ; and with bold spirit relate what
• you,

Most like a careful subject, have collected
Out of the Duke of Buckingham.

King. Speak freely.

Suro. First, it was usual with him, every day
It would infect his speech, That, if the king
Should without issue die, he'd carry it so
To make the sceptre his : these very words
I have heard him utter to his son-in-law,

Lord Abergavenny; to whom by oath he menac'd
Revenge upon the cardinal.

Wol. Please your highness, note
This dangerous conception in this point.
Not friended by his wish, to your high person
His will is most malignant; and it stretches
Beyond you, to your friends.

Queen. My learn'd lord cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.

King. Speak on:
How grounded he his title to the crown,
Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard him
At any time speak aught?

Surv. He was brought to this,
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins,
His confessor; who fed him every minute
With words of sovereignty.

King. How know'st thou this?

Surv. *There is, says he, a Chartreux friar, that oft
Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Court, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment:
Whom after, under the confession's seal,
He solemnly had sworn, that what he spoke
My chaplain to no creature living, but
To me, should utter, with demure confidence,
This pausingly ensu'd,—Neither the king, nor his
heirs,*

*(Tell you the duke) shall prosper: bid him strive
To the love of the commonalty; the duke
Shall govern England.—*

Queen. If I know you well,
You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office
On the complaint o' the tenants: take good heed,
You charge not in your spleen a noble person,
And spoil your nobler soul; I say, take heed,

King. Go forward.

Surv. On my soul, I'll speak but truth.
I told my lord the duke, by the devil's illusions
That monk might be deceiv'd; and that 'twas
dang'rous for him

To ruminate on this:—he answer'd, *Tush!*
It can do me no damage : adding further,
 That had the king in his last sickness fail'd,
 The cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovel's heads
 Should have gonè off.

King. Ha! what, so rank!⁽¹⁾ Ah, ha!
 There's mischief in this man.—Canst thou say further?

Surv. I can, my liege.

King. Proceed.

Surv. Being at Greenwich,
 After your highness had reprov'd the duke
 About Sir William Blomer,—

King. I remember
 Of such a time:—being my sworn servant,⁽²⁾
 The duke retain'd him his.—But on: what hence?

Surv. If, quoth he, *I for this had been committed,*
As, to the Tower, I thought, I would have play'd
The part my father meant to act upon
The usurper Richard: who being at Salisbury,
Made suit to come in his presence; which if granted,
As he made semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him.

King. A giant traitor!

Wol. Now, madam, may his highness live in freedom,
 And this man out of prison?

Queen. Heaven mend all!

King. There's something more would out of thee;
 What say'st?

Surv. After—the duke his father,—with—the knife,
 He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his dagger,
 Another spread on his breast, mounting his eyes,
 He did discharge a horrible oath; whose tenour
 Was,—Were he evil us'd, he would out-go

(1) *Rank* weeds, are weeds grown up to great height and strength.
What, says the King, was he advanced to this pitch?

(2) Sir William Blomer, (Hollinshed calls him *Belmer*) was reprimanded by the King in the star-chamber, for that, being his sworn servant, he had left the King's service for the Duke of Buckingham's.

His father, by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose.

King. (Rises.) There's his period,
To sheath his knife in us. He is attach'd ;
Call him to present trial ; if he may
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his ; if none,
Let him not seek't of us ; by day and night,(1)
He's traitor to the height !

[*Flourish of trumpets.—Exeunt, L.H.*]

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter LORD SANDS and CHAMBERLAIN, R.H.

Cham. Is it possible, the spells of France should
juggle
Men into such strange mysteries?(2)

Sands. New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.
They've all new legs, and lame ones ; one would take
it,

That never saw them pace before, the spavin,
A springhalt,(3) reign'd among 'em.

Enter LOVEL, R.H. Crosses to L.H.

Cham. What news, Sir Thomas Lovel ?

(1) This, I believe, was a phrase anciently signifying—at all times,
every way, completely. In *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Falstaff, at
the end of his letter to Mrs. Ford, styles himself

“Thine own true knight,
By day or night,” &c.

It is here, probably, used as an adjuration.

(2) *Mysteries* were allegorical shows, which the *minnellers* of those
times exhibited in odd fantastick habits. *Mysteries* are used, by an easy
figure, for those that exhibited *mysteries* ; and the sense is only, that
the travelled Englishmen were metamorphosed, by foreign nations, into
such an uncouth appearance, that they looked like *minnellers* in a mystery.

(3) The *stringhalt*, or *springhalt*, (as the old copy reads) is a dis-
ease incident to horses, which gives them a convulsive motion in their
pacing. So, in *Mucedoes the Turk*, 1610 ; “—by reason of a general
springhalt and debility in their hams.”

As in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*—

“Poor soul, she has had a *stringhalt*.”

Lov. 'Faith, my lord,
I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That's clapp'd upon the court gate.

Cham. What is't for ?

Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.

Cham. I am glad 'tis there ; now I would pray our
monsieurs
To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.

Sands. What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities !

Lov. Ay, marry,
There will be woe indeed, lords ;
A French song, and a fiddle, has no fellow.

Sands. The devil fiddle 'em ! I'm glad they're
going :

Now,
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song,
And have an hour of hearing ; and, by'r-lady,
Held current music too.

Cham. Well said, lord Sands,
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.

Sands. No, my lord ;
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whither are you a going ?

Lov. To the cardinal's ;
Your lordship is a guest too.

Cham. O, 'tis true :
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
To many lords and ladies ; there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.

Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous mind in-
deed,
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us.

Sands. He may, my lord, he has wherewithal ; in him
Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine :
Men of his way should be most liberal ;
They are set here for examples.

Cham. True, they are so ;
 But few now give so great ones. My barge stays ;
 Come, good Sir Thomas, (*Crosses to centre.*)
 We shall be late else : which I would not be ;
 For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guildford,
 This night to be comptrollers.—
 Your lordship shall along.

Sands. Ay, ay ; if the beauties are there,
 I must make one among them, to be sure.

[*Exeunt, L.V.*]

SCENE IV.—*York Place.*—*A state for the Cardinal, R.H. and tables for the guests, R.H. L.H. and centre.—Music.*

ANNE BULLEN, LADY DENNY, and other Ladies and Gentlemen, as guests, Wolsey's Servants attending them, discovered.

Enter GUILDFORD, R.H.

Guil. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace
 Salutes you all : this night he dedicates
 To fair content, and you : none here, he hopes,
 In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
 One care abroad ; he would have all as merry
 As first-good company, good wine, good welcome,
 Can make good people.

Enter CHAMBERLAIN, SANDS, and LOVEL, R.H.

O, my lord, you're tardy ;
 The very thought of this fair company
 Clapp'd wings to me.

Cham. You are young, Sir Harry Guildford.
 (*Goes up to the ladies.*)

Sands. Sir Thomas Lovel, had the cardinal
 But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of these
 Should find a running banquet(1) ere they rested,

(1) A running banquet, literally sinpeakg, is a hasty refreshment, as set in opposition to a regular and protracted meal. The former is the object of this rakish peer ; the latter, perhaps, he would have relinquished to those of more permanent desires.

I think, would better please 'em :—by my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones.

Lov. O, that your lordship were but now confessor
To one or two of these !

Sands. I would, I were ;
They should find easy penance.

Lov. 'Faith, how easy ?

Sands. As easy as a down-bed would afford it.

Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit ?—(*All
sit.*—*Anne Bullen and Lady Denny on form,*
L.H.)—Sir Harry,

Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this.

(*Guildford goes to the table, R.H. then centre,
complimenting the ladies.—Flourish of trum-
pets.*)

His grace is ent'ring.—Nay, you must not freeze ;
Two women plac'd together make cold weather :
My lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em waking ;
Pray, sit between these ladies.

Sands. By my faith,

(*Lovel goes to the table, R.H.*)

And thank your lordship.—By your leave, sweet la-
dies :

(*Sits between Anne Bullen and Lady Denny, L.H.*)
If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me ;
I had it from my father.

Anne. Was he mad, sir ?

Sands. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too :
But he would bite none ; just as I do now,
He would kiss you twenty with a breath.

(*Kisses her.*)

Cham. Well said, my lord.—

So, now you are fairly seated :—gentlemen,
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies
Pass away frowning.

(*Chamberlain goes to table, L.H.*)

Sands. For my little cure,
Let me alone.

(*Flourish of trumpets, R.H.*)

Enter Two GENTLEMEN, R.H.D. (who go behind the Cardinal's table) WOLSEY, two Pages, and CROMWELL.—One of the Pages goes to L.H. of canopy, one Page and Cromwell at R.H. of it.—All rise.—Wolsey takes his state, R.H.

Wol. You are welcome, my fair guests; that noble lady,
Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend: this, to confirm my welcome;
(*A gentleman pours out wine, the Page gives it to Wolsey, L.H.*)

And to you all good health.
(*Drinks.—All sit.—Flourish of trumpets, L.H.*)
Sands Your grace is noble;
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.
(*Servant gives him wine, L.H.*)

Wol. My lord Sands,
I am beholden to you: cheer your neighbours.—
Ladies, you are not merry;—gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?

Sands. The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my lord; then we shall have 'em
Talk us to silence.

Anne. You are a merry gamester,
My lord Sands.

Sands. Yes, if I make my play: (1)
Here's to your ladyship:—(*Drinks.*)—and pledge it,
madam;

For 'tis to such a thing,—

Anne. You cannot show me.

Sands. I told your grace, they would talk anon.
(*Returns the cup to the Servant, who goes to his former place.—Drums and trumpets,—canon discharged.—All rise.*)

Wol. What's that?—

(1) *If I may choose my game.*

Look out there, some of you.

[*Cromwell crosses to L.H.D. and exits.*
What warlike voice,
And to what end, is this?—Nay, ladies, fear not;
By all the laws of war you are privileg'd. (*All sit.*)

Enter CROMWELL, L.H.D.

How now? what is't?

Crom. A noble troop of strangers;
For so they seem: they've left their barge, and
landed;
And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.

Wol. Good lord chamberlain,
Go, give 'em welcome;
And, 'pray, receive 'em nobly, and conduct 'em
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them:—some attend him.—
[*Exeunt Chamberlain, Cromwell, and two Gen-
tlemen, L.H.D.*

You've now a broken banquet; but we'll mend it.
A good digestion to you all: and, once more,
I shower a welcome on you;—welcome all. (*Music.*)

Enter CROMWELL, L.H.D. introducing the KING, NORFOLK, and SUFFOLK, in masks, and Eight Attendants habited as Shepherds, followed by two Gentlemen.—Cromwell goes to the L.H. of Cardinal's canopy. CHAMBERLAIN advances to the Cardinal. The King, Norfolk, and Suffolk, remain in front of the stage. The Shepherds dance up to the Ladies at table. The two Gentlemen return to their former places.

A noble company! What are their pleasures?

Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they
pray'd
To tell your grace;—that, having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly
This night to meet here, they could do no less,

Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks ; and under your fair conduct ;
Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat
An hour of revels with them.

Wol. Say, lord chamberlain,
They've done my poor house grace ; for which I pay
them

A thousand thanks, and pray them take their pleasures.

(The Chamberlain seems to pay them the Cardinal's compliments. He then goes to the company at the tables L.H. and centre, followed by Norfolk and Suffolk. As the King is going, he sees, and is struck with the beauty of Anne Bullen. Lord Sands, who knows the King, rises and stands at Lady Denny's R.H. The King takes Lord Sand's place, and converses with Anne Bullen.—The Shepherds take out eight Ladies to dance; when it is done, they separate—four couple R.H. four couple L.H.)

King. The fairest hand I ever touch'd ! O, beauty,
Till now I never knew thee.

(The King rises and comes forward, L.H. Suffolk and Norfolk advance—Suffolk at the King's R.H.—The Chamberlain remains at centre table till the Cardinal calls to him.)

Wol. My lord,—

Cham. Your grace ?

Wol. 'Pray, 'tell 'em thus much from me :
There should be one amongst 'em, by his person,
More worthy this place than myself ; to whom
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrender it.

Cham. I will, my lord.

(Chamberlain whispers Norfolk, crosses to Suffolk and whispers him—then crosses to the King and whispers—the King nods.)

Wol. What say they ?

Cham. Such a one, they all confess,
There is, indeed ; which they would have your grace

Find out, and he will take it.(1)

Wol. Let me see then.

By all your good leaves, gentlemen :—(*Kneels.*)—
here I'll make

My royal choice.

King. (*Crosses to Cardinal and raises him.*) You've
found him, cardinal :

(*When the King unmask, all unmask. While
he is speaking to the Chamberlain, Norfolk
and Suffolk go to the centre table, and talk with
the Duchess of Norfolk, and the Marchioness
of Dorset, who advance in front of the centre
table.*)

You hold a fair assembly ; you do well, lord :
You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, cardinal,
I should judge now unhappily.(2)

Wol. I am glad,

Your grace is grown so pleasant.

King. My lord chamberlain,—

(*Chamberlain advances to King's R.H.*)

What fair lady's that ?

Cham. An't please your grace, Sir Thomas Bullen's
daughter,

The Viscount Rochford, one of her highness' women.

(*Chamberlain crosses behind to L.H. of canopy.
When Anne Bullen advances, Lord Sands and
Lady Denny advance at her L.H. Sir J. Lovel
L.H. of the Chamberlain—Lord Sands and
Lady Denny salute with ceremonious for-
mality and affectation.*)

King. By heaven, she is a dainty one.—Sweet
heart,— (*Anne Bullen advances L.H.*)

I were upmannerly, to take you out,

(*To Anne Bullen.*)

And not to kiss you.(3)—A health, gentlemen,

Let it go round. (*They salute the ladies.*)

Wol. Sir Thomas Lovel, is the banquet ready
in the privy chamber ?

(1) That is, take the chief place.

(2) That is, unluckily, mischievously.

(3) A kiss was anciently the established fee of a lady's partner.

Lov. Yes, my lord.

Wol. Your grace,
I fear, is a little heated.

King. I fear, too much.

Wol. There's fresher air, my lord,
In the next chamber.

King. Lead in your ladies, every one.

*(A Page gives two lights from the Cardinal's
table to the Chamberlain, who gives them to
Wolsey, R.H.)*

Nay, come;

I must not yet forsake you :—let's be merry.—
Good my Lord Cardinal, I've half a dozen healths
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
To lead them once again ;
Which being ended, they shall all go sleep :
Then this, which doth a happy vision seem,
May be again repeated in a dream.

*[Flourish of drums and trumpets.—Exeunt
Chamberlain, Wolsey, with lights, King and
Anne Bullen, Norfolk and Marchioness of
Dorset, Suffolk and Duchess of Norfolk,
Lord Sands and Lady Denny, Lovel and
Guildford, Cromwell, and Pages, L.H.D. The
drop closes on the rest of the company.]*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Street.—A bell tolls, and muffled
drums beat.*

*Enter two Tipstaves, wands; two muffled drums in
black; four Guards, with swords drawn; LOVEL ;
Executioner, axe head towards Buckingham ;
BUCKINGHAM, GUILDFORD, two Gentlemen in
mourning, and four Guards, with halberts, R.H.*

Buck. You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,
And by that name must die; yet heaven bear witness,
And if I have a conscience, let it sink me,
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful!
The law I bear no malice for my death,
'T has done, upon the premises, but justice;
But those, that sought it, I could wish more christians;

Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em.
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies
More than I dare make faults. You few that lov'd me,

And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying,
Go with me, like good angels, to my end;
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to heaven.—(*Bell tolls.*)—Lead on.

Lov. I do beseech your grace, for charity, if
If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovel, I as free forgive you,
As I would be forgiven.
Commend me to his grace;
And if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him,
You met him half in heaven: my vows and prayers
Yet are the king's; and, till my soul forsake me,
Shall cry for blessings on him: may he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years!
Ever belov'd, and loving, may his rule be!
And, when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument!

Lov. To the water side I must conduct your grace;
Then give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,
Who undertakes you to your end.

Guil. Prepare there;

The duke is coming : see, the barge be ready ;
 And fit it with such furniture, as suits
 The greatness of his person.

Buck. Nay, Sir Henry,
 Let it alone ; my state now will but mock me.
 When I came hither, I was lord high constable,
 And Duke of Buckingham ; now, poor Edward Bo-
 hun :

Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
 That never knew what truth meant :
 My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
 Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,
 Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
 Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
 And without trial fell : I had my trial,
 And, must needs say, a noble one ; which makes me
 A little happier than my wretched father :
 Yet thus far we are one in fortunes,—both
 Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd most :—
 Heaven has an end in all : yet, you that hear me,
 This from a dying man receive as certain :—
 Where you are liberal of your loves, and counsels,
 Be sure, you be not loose ; for those you make friends,
 And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
 The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
 Like water from ye, never found again
 But where they mean to sink you.—(*The bell tolls.*)—

All good people,
 Pray for me ! I must now forsake you ; the last hour
 Of my long weary life is come upon me.

Farewell :

And when you would say something that is sad,
 Remember Buckingham.

(*The bell tolls—muffled drums beat, each thrice.*)

[*Exeunt two Tipstaves, two muffled drums,
 four Guards, with drawn swords, Executioner,
 Buckingham, Lovel and Guildford, four Gen-
 tlemen, and two Guards, with halberts.*]

SCENE II.—*An Anti-chamber in the Palace.*

*Enter NORFOLK and SUFFOLK, L.H. meeting the
CHAMBERLAIN, R.C.D.*

Nor. Well met, my lord chamberlain.

Cham. Good day to both your graces.

Suf. How is the king employed?

Cham. 'I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What's the cause?

Cham. It seems the marriage with his brother's
wife

Has crept too near his conscience.

Suf. No, his conscience

Has crept too near another lady.

Nor. 'Tis so;

This is the cardinal's doing, the king cardinal:

That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,

Turns what he lists. The king will know him one day.

Suf. 'Pray heaven he do! he'll never know himself
else.

Nor. We had need pray,

And heartily, for our deliverance.

Or this imperious man will work us all

From princes into pages. Let us in;

And, with some other business, put the king

From these sad thoughts, that press too much upon
him:

My lord, you'll bear us company?

Cham. Excuse me;

(Crosses to L.H.)

The king hath sent me other-where; he bids

You'll find a most unfit time to disturb his

Health to your lordships.

(Exit, L.H.)

Suf. See, the king.

Enter the KING; R.C.D. reading pensively.

How sad he looks! sure, he is much afflicted.

King. Who's there? ha?

Nor. 'Pray heaven, he be not angry.

King. Who's there, I say? How dare you thrust yourselves

Into my private meditations?

Who am I? ha?

Nor. A gracious king, that pardons all offences,
Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty, this way.
Is business of estate; in which we come
To know your royal pleasure.

King. You are too bold;
Go to; I'll make ye know your times of business;
Is this an hour for temporal affairs? ha?

*Enter WOLSEY, and Cardinal CAMPRIUS, L.H. with
a commission.*

Who's there? my good lord cardinal?—O my Wol-
sey,

The quiet of my wounded conscience,
Thou art a cure fit for a king.—You're welcome,
Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom;
Use us, and it:—My good lord, have great care
I be not found a talker (1)

Wol. Sir, you cannot.

I would your grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.

King. We are busy; go.

Nor. This priest has no pride in him?

Suf. Not to speak of;

I would not be so sick though, (2) for his
place:

But this cannot continue.

Nor. If it do,
I'll venture one heave at him.

Suf. I another.

King. Go.

[*Exeunt Suffolk and Norfolk, L.H.*

(1) I take the meaning to be, *Let care be taken that my promise be performed, that my professions of welcome be not found empty talk.*

(2) That is, so sick as he is proud.

Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom
 Above all princes, in committing freely
 Your scruple to the voice of Christendom :
 Who can be angry now ? what envy reach you ?
 The Spaniard, ty'd by blood and favour to her,
 Must now confess, if they have any goodness,
 The trial just and noble. All the clerks,
 I mean, the learned ones, in christian kingdoms,
 Have their free voices : (1) Rome, the nurse of judg-
 ment,

Invited by your noble self, hath sent
 One general tongue unto us, this good man,
 This just and learned priest, cardinal Campeius ;
 Whom, once more, I present unto your highness.

King. In mine arms I bid him welcome,
 And thank the holy conclave for their loves ;
 They've sent me such a man I would have wish'd
 for.

Cam. Your grace must needs deserve all strangers'
 loves,

You are so noble : To your highness' hand
 I tender my commission ; by whose virtue,—
 (The court of Rome commanding,)—you, my lord
 Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their servant,
 In the impartial judging of this business.

King. Two equal men. The queen shall be ac-
 quainted
 Forthwith, for what you come.—Where's Gardiner ?

Wol. I know, your majesty has always lov'd her
 So dear in heart, not to deny her that
 A woman of less place might ask by law,
 Scholars, allow'd freely to argue for her.

King. Ay, and the best she shall have ; and my
 favour

To him that does best ; heaven forbid else. Cardinal,
 Pr'ythee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary ;
 I find him a fit fellow.

(1) The construction is, have sent their free voices ; the word sent, which occurs in the next line, being understood here.

WOLSEY beckons on GARDINER, R. H.

Wol. Give me your hand ; much joy and favour / o
you ;

You are the king's now.

Gard. But to be commanded
For ever by your grace, whose hand has rais'd me.
(*Aside.*)

King. Come hither, Gardiner.

(*Gardiner crosses to the King—they go up the stage—walks and whispers with him.*)

Cam. My lord of York, was not one doctor *Trace*
In this man's place before him ?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man ?

Wol. Yes, surely.

Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread then
Even of yourself, lord cardinal.

Wol. How ! of me ?

Cam. They will not stick to say, you envy'd him ;
And, fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man still : (1) which so griev'd
him

That he ran mad, and died.

Wol. Heaven's peace be with him !
That's christian care enough : for living murmurers,
There's places of rebuke. He was a fool ;
For he would needs be virtuous : that good fellow,
If I command him, follows my appointment ;
I will have none so near else. Learn this, Brother,
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

King. Deliver this with modesty to the queen :

[*The King advances between the Cardinals.*—

Exit Gardiner, R. H.

The most convenient place that I can think of,
For such receipt of learning, is Black-Friars :

(1) Keep him out of the king's presence, employed in foreign em-

There ye shall meet about this weighty business:—
 My Wolsey, see it furnish'd.—O my lord,
 Would it not grieve an able man, to leave
 So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, conscience,—
 'Tis a tender place, and I must leave her.
 [*Exeunt the King, Wolsey, and Campeius, R.H.*]

SCENE II].—*An Anti-chamber of the Queen's Apartments.*

Enter ANNE BULLEN and LADY DENNY, L.H.

Anne. Not for that neither;—here's the pang that
 pinches :

His highness having liv'd so long with her ; and she
 So good a lady, that no tongue could ever
 Pronounce dishonour of her :—

I swear 'tis better to be lowly born,
 And range with humble liver in content,
 Than to be perk'd up in a glistening grief,
 And wear a golden sorrow :

Who would on such conditions be a queen ?

Lady D. Beshrew me, I would ; so would you,
 For all this spice of your hypocrisy.

Anne. Nay, good troth,—

Lady D. Yes, troth and troth,—You would not be
 a queen ?

Anne. No, not for all the riches under heaven.

Lady D. A three-pence how'd would hire me,
 Old as I am, to queen it ; but, I pray you,
 What think you of a duchess? have you limbs
 To bear that load of title?

Anne. No, in truth, (*Crosses to L.H.*)

Lady D. I would not be a young count in your
 way,

For more than blushing comes to.

Anne. How you do talk!

I swear again, I would not be a queen
 For all the world.

Lady D. In faith, for little England
 You'd venture an emballing : (1) I myself
 Would for Carnarvonshire, although there 'long'd
 No more to the crown but that.—I-o, who comes
 here ?

Enter the CHAMBERLAIN, &c.

Cham. Good morrow, ladies. What were't worth
 to know
 The secret of your conference ?

Anne. My good lord,
 Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming
 The action of good women : there is hope,
 All will be well.

Anne. Now I pray heaven, amen.

Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly
 blessings
 Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
 Perceive I speak sincerely,
 The king's majesty
 Commends his good opinion of you, and
 Does purpose honour to you no less flowing
 Than Marchioness of Pembroke ; to which title
 A thousand pounds a year, annual support,
 Out of his grace he adds.

Anne. I do not know
 What kind of my obedience I should tender ;
 More than my all is nothing. (2)

(1) *Little England* seems very properly opposed to *all the world* but what was *Carnarvonshire* to do here? Does it refer to the birth of Edward at Carnarvon? or may not this be the allusion? By *little England* I meant, perhaps, that territory in Pembrokeshire, where the Flemings settled in Henry 1st's time, who speaking a language very different from the Welsh, and bearing some affinity to the English, this fertile spot was called by the Britons, as we are told by Camden, *Little England beyond Wales*, and, as it is a very fruitful country, may be justly opposed to the mountainous and barren country of *Carnarvon*.

(2) Not only my *all* is nothing, but if my all were more than it is, it were still nothing.

Beseech your lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks, and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness ;
Whose health and royalty I pray for.

Cham. Lady,
(I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit, (1)
(The king hath of you.—I have perused her we'll ; (2)
Beauty and honour in her are so mingled,
That they have caught the king : and who knows yet,
But from this lady may proceed a gem,
To brighten all this isle?—I'll to the king,
And say, I spoke with you.

Anne. My honour'd lord.

[*Exit Chamberlain, L.H.*

Lady D. The Marchioness of Pembroke !
A thousand pounds a year ! for pure respect ;
No other obligation : by my life,
That promises more thousands :—by this time,
I know your limbs will bear a duchess ;—say,
Are you not stronger than you were ?

Anne. Good lady,
Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on't. 'Would I had no being,
If this salute my blood a jot ; it faints me,
To think what follows.—

The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful

(*Crosses to R.H.*)

In our long absence ; 'pray, do not deliver
What here you've heard, to her.

Lady D. What do you think me ?

[*Exeunt Anne Bullen and Lady Denny, R.H.*

SCENE IV.—*A Hall in Blackfriars.—Flourish of
trumpets and drums.*

(1) I shall not omit to strengthen, by my commendation, the opinion, which the King has formed.

(2) From the many artful strokes of address the poet has thrown in upon Queen Elizabeth and her mother, it should seem that this play was written and performed in his royal mistress's time : if so, some lines were added by him in the last scene, after the accession of her successor, King James.

*The Court sitting for the trial of Queen KATHARINE
—The KING, WOLSEY, CAMPEIUS, NORFOLK
SUFFOLK, CHAMBERLAIN, LOVEL, CROMWELLS
Bishops, Judges, Gentlemen and Ladies, Clerk of
the Court, Officers and Guards, discover, ed.*

<i>Ladies & Gents. 4 Judges.</i>	<i>Doctors of Law.</i>	<i>Guards. Chamberlain. Norfolk. Wolsey. Cross. Crozier. Crier on stool.</i>	<i>Throne. King.</i>	<i>Guards. Suffolk. Sir T. Lovel. Campeius. Cross. Crozier.</i>	<i>Doctor of Law.</i>	<i>Gents. & Ladies. 4 Judges.</i>
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Wol. Whilst our commission from above is read,
Let silence be commanded.

King. What's the need?

It hath already publicly been read,
And on all sides the authority allow'd;
You may then spare that time.

Wol. Be't so:—Proceed

Crom. Say, Henry king of England, come into the
court.

Clerk. Henry king of England, &c.

King. Here.

Crom. Say, Katharine queen of England, come
into the court.

Clerk. Katharine queen of England, &c.

*Enter the QUEEN, L.H. preceded by GUILDFORD
with a cushion, which he places; then the Queen
kneels.—When the Queen enters, all stand up and
bow to her—they remain standing till the Queen
rises from the cushion.*

Queen. Sir, I desire you do me right and justice;
And to bestow your pity on me: for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,

Born out of your dominions ; having here
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding.—*She rises—*
(Guildford removes the cushion, and remains

L. A.)—Alas, sir,
In what have I offended you ? what cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me ? Heaven witness,
I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable.
Sir, call to mind,
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upwards of twenty years, and have been bless'd
With many children by you : if, in the course
And process of time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
My bond or wedlock, or my love and duty
Against your sacred person, (1) in God's name,
Turn me away ; and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you, sir,
The king, your father, was reputed for
A prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatched wit and judgment : Ferdinand,
My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one
The wisest prince, that there had reign'd by many
A year before ; it is not to be question'd
That they had gather'd a wise council to them
Of every realm, that did debate this business,
Who deem'd our marriage lawful : wherefore I
humbly
Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may

(1) The meaning of this passage is sufficiently clear, but the construction of it has puzzled us all. It is evidently erroneous, but may be amended by merely removing the word *or* from the middle of the second line to the end of it. It will then run thus—

—against my honour aught,

My bond to wedlock,—my love and duty, war

Against your sacred person, &c.

This slight alteration makes it grammatical, as well as intelligible.

KING HENRY VIII.

Be by my friends in Spain advis'd ; whose counsel
I will implore : if not ; i' the name of heaven.
Your pleasure be fulfill'd !

Wol. (Rises.) You have here, lady,
And of your choice, these reverend fathers, *rich*
Of singular integrity and learning,
Yea, the elect of the land, who are assembled
To plead your cause : it shall be therefore bootless,
That longer you defer the court ; as well
For your own quiet, as to rectify
What is unsettled in the king.

Cam. His grace
Hath spoken well, and justly : therefore, madam,
It's fit this royal session do proceed ;
And that, without delay, their arguments
Be now produc'd, and heard.

Queen. Lord cardinal, *(Campeius rises.)*
To do I speak.

Wol. Your pleasure, madam ?
(Wolsey advances, R.H.)

Queen. Sir,
I am about to weep ; but, thinking that
We are a queen, (or long have dream'd so) certain,
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire,—

Wol. Be patient yet.

Queen. I will, when you are humble ; nay, before,
Or heaven will punish me. I do believe,
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy ; and make my challenge, (1)
You shall not be my judge ; for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,—
Which heaven's dew quench!—Therefore, I say
again,

I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul
Refuse you for my judge ; (2) whom, yet once more,

(1) *Challenge* is here a *verbum juris*, a law term. The criminal,
when he refuses a juryman, says—I challenge him.

(2) These are not mere words of passion, but technical terms in the
canon law.

I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.

Col. Madam, you do me wrong:
I have no spleen against you; nor injustice
For you, or any: how far I have proceeded,
Or how far further shall, is warranted
By a commission from the consistory,
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me;
That I have blown this coal: I do deny it:
The king is present: if it be known to him,
That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falsehood? yea, as much
As you have done my truth.

In him
It lies, to cure me: and the cure is, to
Remove these thoughts from you: the which before
His highness shall speak in, I do beseech
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,
And to say so no more.

Queen. My lord, my lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak
To oppose your cunning. You're meek, and humble
mouth'd.

You sign(1) your place and calling, in full seeming,
With meekness and humility: but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride;
That again. (*Wolsey returns to his seat.*)

I do refuse you for my judge;—and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the pope,
To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,
And to be judg'd by him.

*Queen crosses to R.H. Guildford preceding her.
She curtsies to the King and offers to depart.)*

Cam. The queen is obstinate,
Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
Disdainful to be try'd by it; 'tis not well.
She's going away.

Detestor and Recuso. The former, in the language of canonists,
signifies no more, than I protest against.

(1) Sign, for answer.

King. Call her again.

Clerk. Katharine, queen of England, come into the court.

Guil. Madam, you are call'd back.

Queen. What need you note it? 'Pray you, keep your way :

When you are call'd, return :—now the Lord help,
They vex me past my patience !—[*Exit Guildford,*
R. II.]—Pray you, pass on.—

I will not tarry ; no, nor ever more,
Upon this business, my appearance make
In any of their courts. [*Exit, R. II.*

King. Go thy ways, Kate :
'That man i'the world, who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that : thou art, alone,
The queen of earthly queens :—she's noble born ;
And, like her true nobility, she has
Carry'd herself towards me.

Wol. (Rises.) Most gracious sir,
In humblest manner I require your highness,
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
Of all these cars, (for where I'm robb'd and bound,
'There must I be unloos'd) whether ever I
Did broach this business to your highness ; or
Laid any scruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the question on't.

King. My lord cardinal,
I do excuse you ; yea, upon mine honour,
I free you from't. You are not to be taught
'That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
Bark when their fellows do : by some of these
The queen is put in anger. You're excus'd ;—
But will you be more justify'd ?—you ever
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business ;
And oft have hinder'd, oft,
The passages made toward it : (1)—on my honour,

(1) i. e. closed or fastened.

I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,
And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to't,
'~~How~~ it came;—give heed to't:—

My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness,
Scruple, and prick.⁽¹⁾ on certain speeches utter'd
By the bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador;
For no dislike i'the world against the person
Of our good queen:

Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life,
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come, with her,
Katharine, our queen, before the primest creature
That's paragon'd o'the world,

Cam. So please your highness,
The queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness
That we adjourn this court to further day:
Meanwhile must be an earnest motion
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal
She intends unto his holiness.

King. Break up the court.—

(The King rises and advances—all start up.)

These cardinals trifle with me: I abhor
This dilatory sloth and tricks of Rome.—
My learn'd and well-belov'd servant, Cranmer,
'Prythee, return! with thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along.—Break up the court.

*(Flourish of drums and trumpets.—The drop
closes them in.)*

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*An Anti-chamber to the King's Apartments.*

Enter NORFOLK, SUFFOLK, *the* EARL of SURREY,
and *the* CHAMBERLAIN, L.H.

1) Prick of conscience was the term in confession.

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints,
And force them with a constancy, the cardinal
Cannot stand under them.

Sur. I am joyful
To meet the least occasion, that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,
To be reveng'd on him.

Suf. Which of the peers
Have uncontroverted gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected? when did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person,
Out of himself?(1)

Cham. My lords, if you cannot
Bar his access to the king, never attempt
Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft
Over the king in his tongue.

Nor. O, fear him not:
His spell in that is out: the king hath found
Matter against him, that for ever mars
The honey of his language:
In the divorce, his contrary proceedings(2)
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears,
As I would wish mine enemy.

Sur. How came
His practices to light?

Suf. Most strangely.

Sur. O, now, how?

Suf. The cardinal's letter to the pope miscarry'd,
And came to the eye o'the king; wherein was read,
How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness
To stay the judgment o'the divorce; for if
It did take place, *I do*, quoth he, *perceive*
My king is tangled in affection to
A creature of the queen's, lady Anne Bullen.

Sur. Has the king this?

Suf. Believe it.

Sur. Will this work?

*When did he, however careful to carry his own dignity to the
height, regard any dignity of another?
His private practices opposite to his public procedure.*

Cham. The king in this perceives him, how he
coasts,

And hedges, (1) his own way. But in this point
All his 'ricks founder, and he brings his physic
After his patient's death ; the king already
Hath married the fair lady.

Sur. But will the king
Digest this letter of the cardinal's ?

Suf. No, he
Cardinal Campeius
Is stolen away to Rome ; hath ta'en no leave ;
Has left the cause o' the king unhandled ; and
Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal,
To second all his plot. I do assure you,
The king cry'd, ha ! at this.

Nor. But, my lord,
When returns Cránmer !

Suf. He is return'd, in his opinions ; which
Have satisfy'd the king for his divorce :
Shortly, I believe,
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
Anne's coronation. Katharine no more
Shall be call'd queen ; but princess dowager,
And widow to prince Arthur.—
'The cardinal—

Enter WOLSEY and CROMWELL, R.H.

Nor. Observe, observe, he's moody.

Wol. The packet, Cromwell,
Gave't you the king ?

Crom. To his own hand, in his bed-chamber.

Wol. Look'd he o' the inside of the paper ?

Crom. Presently

He did unseal them : and the first he view'd,
He did it with a serious mind ; a heed
Was in his countenance : you, he bade
Attend him here this morning.

(1) *Hedging* is by land, what *coasting* is by sea.

Wol. Is he ready
To come abroad?

Crom. I think, by this he is.

Wol. Leave me a while.

[*Crosses behind, and exit Cromwell, l. H.*]

It shall be to the duchess of Alençon,
The French king's sister : he shall marry her—
Anne Bullen ! No ; I'll no Anne Bullens for him :
There's more in't than fair visage.—~~Bullen !~~
No, we'll no Bullens !—Speedily I wish
To hear from Rome.—The marchioness of Pembroke !

Nor. He's discontented.

Suf. May be, he hears the king
Does whet his anger to him.

Sur. Sharp enough,
Lord, for thy justice !

Wol. The late queen's gentlewoman, a knight's
daughter

To be her mistress's mistress ! the queen's queen !—
This candle burns not clear : 'tis I must snuff it ;
Then, out it goes.—What though I know her virtu-
ous,

And well deserving ? yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran, and not wholesome to
Our cause,—that she should lie i'the bosom of
Our hard-rul'd king ! Again, there is sprung up
A heretic, an arch one, Cranmer ; one
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,
And is his oracle.

Nor. He is vex'd at something.

Sur. I would, 'twere something that would fret the
string,
The master cord of his heart.

Suf. The king, the king.

*Enter the KING, R.H. with a letter in his hand, and
reading a schedule.(1)*

That the Cardinal gave the King an inventory of his own private
by mistake, and thereby ruined himself, is a known variation
of history. Shakspeare, however, has not injudiciously

King. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own, portion ! and what expense by the hour
Seems to flow from him ! How, i' the name of thrift,
Does he rake this together ?—Now, my lords ;
Saw you the cardinal ?

Nor. My lord, we have
Stood here observing him : some strange commotion
Is in his brain ;
In most strange postures
We've seen him set himself.

King. It may well be ;
There is a mutiny in his mind.—If we did think
His contemplations were above the earth,
And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still
Dwell in his musings ; but, I am afraid,
His thinkings are below the moon.

(The King signs to the Chamberlain, who goes to Wolsey.)

Wol. Heaven forgive me !—
And ever bless your highness !

King. Good, my lord,
You're full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory
Of your best graces in your mind ; the which
You were now running o'er : you have scarce time
To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span,
To keep your earthly audit : sure, in that
I deem you an ill husband ; and am glad
To have you therein my companion.

Wol. Sir,
For holy offices I have a time ; a time
To think upon the part of business, which
I bear i' the state ; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which perforce,
I, her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.

King. You have said well.

Wol. And ever may your highness yoke together,

represented the fall of that great man as owing to an incident which he had once improved to the destruction of another. See Holinshed, pp. 796 and 797.

As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well saying !

King. 'Tis well said again ;
And 'tis a kind of good deed to say well :
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you :
He said, he did ; and with his deed did crown
His word upon you. Since I had my office,
I've kept you next my heart ; have not alone
Employ'd you where high profits might come home,
But par'd my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.

Wol. What should this mean ? *(Aside.)*

Sur. Now heaven increase this business ! *(Aside.)*

King. Have I not made you
The prime man of the state ? I pray you, tell me,
If what I now pronounce, you have found true ;
And, if you may confess it, say withal,
If you are bound to us, or no. What say you ?

Wol. My sovereign, I confess, your royal graces
Shower'd on me daily, have been more than could
My study'd purposes requite ; which went
Beyond all man's endeavours ; (1) and my endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet fill'd with my abilities : (2)—I profess,
That for your highness' good I ever labour'd
More than mine own ; that am, have, and will be.
Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their soul ; though perils did
Abound as thick as thought could make 'em, and
Appear in forms more horrid ; yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.

King. 'Tis nobly spoken :—
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,

(1) The sense is, my *purposes* went beyond all human *endeavour*—I purposed for your honour more than it falls within the compass of man's nature to attempt.

(2) My *endeavour*, though less than my desires, have *fill'd*, that is, have gone an equal pace with my abilities.

For you have seen him open't.—Read o'er this ;
(Giving him papers, and Crosses to L.H.)
 And, after, this : and then to breakfast, with
 What appetite you have.

*[Exit the King, L.H.D. frowning upon Wolsey ;
 the Nobles following him, whispering and
 smiling.]*

Wol. What should this mean ?

He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
 Leap'd from his eyes : So looks the chafed lion
 Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him ;
 The one makes him nothing, I must read this paper ;
 I fear the story of his anger.—'Tis so ;
 This paper has undone me :—'Tis the account
 Of all that world of wealth I've drawn together
 For mine own ends ; indeed, to gain the popedom,
 And see my friends in Rome. O negligence,
 Fit for a fool to fall by ! What cross devil
 Made me put this main secret in the packet
 I sent the king ? Is there no way to cure this ?
 No new device to beat this from his brains ?
 I know, 'twill stir him strongly ; yet I know
 A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune
 Will bring me off again. What's this—*To the Pope ?*
 The letter, as I live, with all the business
 I writ to his holiness. Nay then, farewell !
 I've touch'd the highest point of all my greatness ;
 And, from that full meridian of my glory,
 I haste now to my setting : I shall fall
 Like a bright exhalation in the evening.
 And no man see me more.

*Enter NORFOLK, SUFFOLK, SURREY, and Chamber-
 lain, L.H.D.*

Nor. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal : who
 commands you
 To render up the great seal presently
 Into our hands ; and to confine yourself

To Esher house, my lord of Winchester's,
Till you hear further from his highness.

Wol. Stay,—

Where's your commission, lords? words cannot carry
Authority so mighty..

Suf. Who dare cross 'em,
Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly?

Wol. Till I find more than will, or words, to do it,
(I mean, your malice,) know, officious lords,
I dare, and must deny it. (1)—Now I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded,—envy.
How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,
As if it fed ye! and how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin!
Follow your envious courses, men of malice;
You've christian warrant for 'em, and, no doubt,
In time will find their fit rewards.—That seal,
You ask with such a violence, the king,
(Mine, and your master,) with his own hand gave me:
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life; and, to confirm his goodness,
Ty'd it by letters patents: Now, who'll take it?

Sur. The king, that gave it.

Wol. It must be himself then.

Sur. Thou'rt a proud traitor, priest.

Wol. Proud lord, thou liest:—

Within these forty hours, Surrey durst better
Have burnt that tongue, than said so.

Sur. Thy ambition, (Crosses to Wolsey.)
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bemoaning land
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:
The heads of all thy brother cardinals,
(With thee, and all thy best parts bound together,)
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy!
You sent me deputy for Ireland;
Far from his succour, from the king, from all

(1) *Till I find more than will or words (I mean more than your malicious will and words) to do it; that is, to carry authority so mighty. I will deny to return what the King has given me.*

That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st him ;
 Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
 Absolv'd him with an axe.

Wol. This, and all else
 This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
 I answer, is most false. The duke by law
 Found his deserts : how innocent I was
 From any private malice in his end,
 His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
 If I lay'd many words, lord, I should tell you,
 You have as little honesty as honour ;
 That I, 't' the way of loyalty and truth
 Toward the king, my ever royal master,
 Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,
 And all that love his follies.

Sur. Your long coat, priest, protects you.
 My lords,
 Can ye endure to hear this arrogance ?
 And from this fellow ? If we live thus tamely,
 To be thus jaded (1) by a piece of scarlet,
 Farewell nobility ; let his grace go forward,
 And dare us with his cap, like larks.(2)

Wol. All goodness
 Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur. Yes, that goodness
 Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
 Into your hands, cardinal, by extortion ;
 The goodness of your intercepted packets,
 You writ to the pope, against the king : your good-
 ness,

Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.—
 My lord of Norfolk,
 Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
 Collected from his life :—I'll startle you

(1) To be abused and ill treated, like a worthless horse . or perhaps
 to be ridden by a priest ;—to have him mounted above us.

(2) It is well known that the hat of a cardinal is scarlet ; and that
 one of the methods of *daring* larks was by small mirrors fastened on
 scarlet cloth, which engaged the attention of these birds while the
 fowler drew his net over them.

Worse than the sacred bell, (1) when the brown wench
Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.

Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise this
man,
But that I'm bound in charity against it!

Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the king's
hand:

But, thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fairer,
And spotless, shall my innocence arise,
When the king knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot say you:
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles; and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush, and cry guilty, cardinal,
You'll show a little honesty.

Wol. Speak on, sir;
I dare your worst objections: if I blush,
It is, to see a nobleman want manners.

Sur. I'd rather want those, than my head. Have
at you.
First, that, without the king's assent, or knowledge,
You wrote to be a legate; by which power
You main'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

Nor. (*Crosses to Wolsey.*) Then, that, in all you
writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, *Ego & Rex meus*
Was still inscrib'd; in which you brought the king
To be your servant.

Suf. (*Crosses to Wolsey.*) That, out of mere am-
bition, you have caus'd
Your holy hat to be stamped on the king's coin. (2)

(1) The little bell, which is rung to give notice of the *Host* approaching when it is carried in procession, as also in other offices of the Romish church, is called the *sacring*, or *consecration* bell; from the French word *sacrer*.

(2) This was certainly one of the articles exhibited against Wolsey, but rather with a view to swell the catalogue, than from any serious charge of accusation; inasmuch as the Archbishops Crammer, Bainbridge, and Warham, were indulged with the same privilege. See *King's View of the Silver Coin and Coinage of England*.

Sur. (*Crosses to Wolsey.*) Then, that you've sent
 innumerable substance,
 (By what means got, I leave to your own conscience,)
 To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
 You have for dignities.—
 Many more there are;
 Which, since they are of you, and odious,
 I will not taint my mouth with.

(*Crosses to Chamberlain, L.H.*)

Cham. O, my lord,
 Press not a falling man too far;
 His faults lie open to the laws; let them,
 Not you, correct him.—My heart weeps to see him
 So little of his great self.

Sur. I forgive him.

(*Goes up the stage, and returns between Suffolk
 and Wolsey.*)

Nor. And so we'll leave you to your meditations
 How to live better. For your stubborn answer,
 About the giving back the great seal to us,
 The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank
 you:—

So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.

[*Exeunt Norfolk, Suffolk, Surrey, and Cham-
 berlain, who bows to Wolsey as he goes out.*]

Wol. Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
 This is the state of man; To-day he puts forth
 The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
 And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:
 The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
 And,—when he thinks, good easy man! full surely
 His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root,
 And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
 Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
 These many summers in a sea of glory;
 But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
 At length broke under me; and now has left me,
 Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
 Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
 Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate ye;

I feel my heart new open'd : O, how wretched
 Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours :
 There ~~is~~, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
 That sweet aspect of princes, and our ruin, (1)
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have ;
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
 Never to hope again.

Enter CROMWELL, L.H.

Why, how now, Cromwell ?

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol. What, amaz'd

At my misfortunes ? can thy spirit wonder,
 A great man should decline ? Nay, an you weep,
 I'm fallen indeed.

Crom. How does your grace ?

Wol. Why, well ;

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
 I know myself now ; and I feel within me
 A peace above all earthly dignities,
 A still and quiet conscience.

Crom. I'm glad your grace has made that right
 use of it. *

Wol. I hope, I have : I'm able now, methinks,
 Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,
 To endure more miseries, and greater far,
 Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.—
 What news abroad ?

Crom. The heaviest, and the worst,
 Is your displeasure with the king.

Wol. God bless him !

Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
 Lord Chancellor in your place.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden :
 But he's a learned man. May he continue

(1) *Their ruin* is, their displeasure, producing the downfall and ruin of him on whom it lights. So before :

“ He parted *frowning* from me, as if ruin

“ Leap'd from his eyes.”

Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
 For truth's sake and his conscience; that his bones,
 When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,
 May have a tomb of orphan's tears⁽¹⁾ wept on
 them!—

What more?

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,
 Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news indeed.

Crom. Last, that the lady Anne,
 Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
 This day was view'd in open,⁽²⁾ as his queen,
 Going to chapel; and the voice is now
 Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down

O Cromwell,

The king has gone beyond me, all my glories
 In that one woman I have lost for ever :
 No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
 Or gild again the noble troops that waited
 Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell ;
 I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
 'To be thy lord and master : seek the king ;
 I have told him
 What, and how true thou art : he will advance thee ;
 Some little memory of me will stir him,
 (I know his noble nature,) not to let
 Thy hopeful service perish too : go, Cromwell.

Crom. O my lord,
 Must I then leave you ? must I needs forego
 So good, so noble, and so true a master ?—
 Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
 With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.—
 The king shall have my service, but my prayers
 For ever, and for ever, shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear

(1) The chancellor is the general guardian of orphans.

(2) A Latinism, [*in aperto*] perhaps introduced by Ben Jonson, who is supposed to have tampered with this play. *Et castris in aperto positis*: Liv. l. 33, i. e. in a place exposed on all sides to view.

In all my miseries ; but thou hast forc'd me,
 Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.—
 Let's dry our eyes : and thus far hear me, Cromwell ;
 And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
 And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
 Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught thee,
 Say, Wolsey—that once trod the ways of glory,
 And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,—
 Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in :
 Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition ; (1)
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not :
 Let all the ends, thou aim'st at, be thy country's,
 Thy God's, and truth's ; then if thou fall'st, O Crom-
 well,

Thou fall'st a blessed martyr.—Lead me in :—

(Cromwell takes up the packet and letter.)

There take an inventory of all I have,
 To the last penny ; 'tis the king's : my robe,
 And my integrity to heaven, is all
 I dare now call mine own.—O Cromwell, Cromwell,
 Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
 I serv'd my king, (2) he would not in mine age
 Have left me naked to mine enemies. [*Exeunt, R.H.*

END OF ACT III.

(1) Wolsey does not mean to condemn every kind of ambition ; for in a preceding line he says he will instruct Cromwell how to *rise*, and in the subsequent lines he evidently considers him as a man in office. “—then if thou *fall'st*,” &c. *Ambition* here means a criminal and inordinate ambition, that endeavours to obtain honours by dishonest means.

(2) This sentence was really uttered by Wolsey.

It was rather a strange sentence for Wolsey to utter, who, was disgraced for the basest treachery to his King in the affair of the divorce : but it shows how naturally men endeavour to palliate their crimes even to themselves.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment at Kimbolton.*

Enter KATHARINE, attended by CROMWELL, PATIENCE, AGATHA, and CICELY, who lead her to her chair.

Crom. How does your grace?

Kath. O, Cromwell, sick to death:
My legs, like loaded branches, bow to the earth,
Willing to leave their burden.—
Didst thou not tell me, Cromwell, as thou led'st me,
That the great child of honour, Cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead?

Crom. Yes madam; but I think, your grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.

Kath. 'Pry'thee, good Cromwell, tell me how he
died:

If well, he stepp'd before me, happily,
For my example.(1)

Crom. Well, the voice goes, madam:
For after the stout Earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward
(As a man sorely tainted) to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill,
He could not sit his mule.

Kath. Alas, poor man!

Crom. At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester;
Lodg'd in the abbey; where the reverend abbot,
With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him;
To whom he gave these words:—*O father abbot*
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!
So went to bed: where eagerly his sickness
Pursu'd him still; and, three nights after this,

(1) *Happily* seems to mean on this occasion—*peradventure, happily*

About the hour of eight, (which he himself
Foretold, should be his last,) full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

Kath. So may he rest; his faults lie gently on him!
Yet thus far, Cromwell, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity,—he was a man
Of an unbounded stomach,(1) ever ranking
Himself with princes;
His promises were, as he then, was mighty;
But his performance, as he is now, nothing:
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.

Crom. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water.—May it please your highness
To hear me speak his good now?

Kath. Yes, good Cromwell;
I were malicious else.

Crom. This cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle:
He was a scholar, and a ripe, and good one:
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading:
Lofty, and sour, to them that lov'd him not;
But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer:
And though he were unsatisfied in getting,
(Which was a sin,) yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely: ever witness for him
Those twins of learning, that he rais'd in you,
Ipswich and Oxford! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good he did it;
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,

(1) i. e. of unbounded *pride*, or *haughtiness*.

And found the blessedness of being little :
And to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died, fearing heaven.

Kath. After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Cromwell :
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth, and modesty,
Now in his ashes honour : peace be with him !—
Patience, be near me still.—Good Cromwell,
Cause the musicians play me that said note
I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to.

(Patience sings.—Katharine falls asleep.)

*Angels ever bright and fair,
Take, O, take me to your care ;
Speed to your bless'd courts my flight,
Clad in robes of virgin white !*

Kath. (*Wakes.*) Spirits of peace, where are ye ?
Are ye all gone ?

And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye ?

Crom. Madam, we're here.

Kath. It is not you I call for :—
Saw ye none enter since I slept ?

Crom. None, madam.

Kath. No ? saw you not, even now, a blessed
troop

Invite me to a banquet ; whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun ?
They promis'd me eternal happiness ;
And brought me garlands, Cromwell, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear : I shall,
Assuredly.

Crom. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams
Possess your fancy.

Enter GUILFORD, L.H.D.

Guil. An't like your grace—

Kath. You are a saucy fellow ;
Deserve we no more reverence ?

Crom. You are to blame,
Knowing, she will not lose her wonted greatness,
To use so rude behaviour : go to, kneel.(1)

Guil. I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon ;
My haste made me unmannerly : there is staying
A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.

Kath. Admit him entrance, Cromwell :—but this
fellow
Let me ne'er see again.

[*Exeunt Guilford and Cromwell, L.H.D.*]

Enter CROMWELL and CAPUCIUS, L.H.D.

If my sight fail not,
You should be lord ambassador from the emperor,
My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.

Cap. Madam, the same, your servant.

Kath. O my lord,
The times and titles now are alter'd strangely
With me, since first you knew me. But, I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me ?

Cap. Noble lady,
First, mine own service to your grace ; the next,
'The king's request that I would visit you ;
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

(1) Queen Katharine's servants, after the divorce at Dunstable, and the Pope's curse stuck up at Dunkirk, were directed to be sworn to serve her not as a *Queen*, but as *Princess Dowager*. Some refused to take the oath, and so were forced to leave her service ; and as for those who took it and stayed, she would not be served by them, by which means she was almost destitute of attendants. See Hull, fol. 219. Bishop Burnet says, all the women about her still called her *Queen*. Burnet, p. 162.

Kath. O, my good lord, that comfort comes too late ;
 'Tis like a pardon after execution :
 That gentle physic, given in time, had cur'd me ;
 But now I'm past all comforts here, but prayers.—
 How does his highness ?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Kath. So may he ever do ! and ever flourish,
 When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name
 Banish'd the kingdom !—Patience, is that letter,
 I caus'd you write, yet sent away ?

Pat. No, madam.

*(Cromwell presents the letter to Patience, who
 kneels and gives it to Katharine.)*

Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
 This to my lord the king.

Cap. Most willing, madam.

Kath. In which I have commended to his goodness
 The model of our chaste loves,(1) his young daugh-
 ter ;—

The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her !—
 Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding ;
 And a little

To love her for her mother's sake, that loved him,
 Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition
 Is, that his noble grace would have some pity
 Upon my wretched women, that so long
 Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully :

The last is, for my men ;—they are the poorest.
 But poverty could never draw them from me :—
 And, good my lord,

By that you love the dearest in this world,
 As you wish Christian peace to souls departed,
 Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king
 To do me this last right.

Cap. By heaven, I will.

Kath. I thank you, honest lord.—Remember me
 In all humility unto his highness :
 Say, his long trouble now is passing

(1) *Model is image or representative.*

Out of this world : tell him, in death I bless d him,
For so I will.—Mine eyes grow dim.—Farewell,
My lord.

(*Capucius kneels, kisses her hand, and exit, L.H.D.*
—*As the Queen rises, Cromwell remove, the*
fool, stool.)

When I am dead,
Let me be us'd with honour ; strew me over
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife to my grave :—
Although unqueen'd, inter me like a queen,
And pay respects to that which I have been.
[*Exeunt, leading Katharine, R.H.*

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Gallery in the Palace.*

The KING, R.H. and SUFFOLK, L.H. discovered.

King. Charles, I will play no more to-night ;
My mind's not on't, you are too hard for me.

Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.

King. But little, Charles ;
Nor shall not, when my fancy's on my play —

Enter LOVEL, R.H.D.

Now, Lovel, from the queen, what is the news ?

Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me ; but by her woman
I sent your message, who return'd her thanks
In the greatest humbleness, and desir'd your highness
Most heartily to pray for her.

King. What say'st thou ? ha !
To pray for her ? what, is she crying out ?

Lov. So said her woman.

King. Alas, good lady!

Suf. Heaven safely quit her of her burden, and
With gentle travel, to the gladding of
Your highness with an heir!

King. 'Tis midnight, Charles;
'Pr'ythee to bed; and in thy prayers remember
The estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone;
For I must think of that, which company
Would not be friendly to.

Suf. I wish your highness
A quiet night, and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers.

King. Charles, good night. [*Exit Suffolk, L.H.*]

Lov. Sir, I have brought my lord the archbishop
As you commanded me.

King. Ha! Canterbury?

Lov. Ay, my good lord.

King. 'Tis true; where is he, Lovel?

Lov. He attends your highness' pleasure.

King. Bring him to us. [*Exit Lovel, R.H.D.*]

Enter LOVEL and Archbishop CRANMER, R.H.D.

King. Avoid the gallery.—

(*Lovel seeming to stay.*)

Ha!—I have said.—Be gone

What!—

[*Exit Lovel, R.H.D.*]

Cran. I am fearful:—wherefore frowns he thus?

'Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well.

King. How now, my lord! You do desire to know
Wherefore I sent for you.

Cran. It is my duty, (Kneels.)
'To attend your highness' pleasure.

King. 'Pray you, arise,
My good and gracious lord of Canterbury.
Come, you and I must have some talk together:

Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,

And am right sorry to repeat what follows:

I have, and most unwillingly, of late

Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,
 Grievous complaints of you; which, being considered,
 Have moved us and our council, that you shall
 This morning come before us; where, I know,
 You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,
 But that, till further trial, you must take
 Your patience to you, and be well contented
 To make your house our tower: you a brother of
 us,(1)

It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
 Would come against you.

Cran. I humbly thank your highness; (*Kneels.*)
 And am right glad to catch this good occasion
 Most thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
 And corn shall fly asunder.

King. Stand up, good Canterbury!
 Thy truth, and thy integrity, is rooted
 In us, thy friend: give me thy hand, stand up.—
 (*He rises.*)

Now, by my holy-dame,
 What manner of man are you? My lord, I look'd
 You would have given me your petition, that
 I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
 Yourself, and your accusers; and to have heard
 you,
 Without indurance,(2) further.

Cran. Most dread liege,
 The good I stand on is my truth, and honesty;
 If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,
 Will triumph o'er my person;(3) which I weigh
 not,(4)

Being of those virtues vacant.

King. Be of good cheer:
 They shall no more prevail than we give way to.

(1) You being one of the council, it is necessary to imprison you, that the witnesses against you may not be deterred.

(2) Dr. Johnson, in his Dictionary, says that this word (which Shakespeare borrowed from Fox's narrative) means—*delay, procrastination.*

(3) Cranmer, I suppose, means, that whenever his honesty fails, he shall rejoice as heartily as his enemies at his destruction.
 i. e. have no value for.

Keep comfort to you ; and this morning see
 You do appear before them : if they shall chance,
 To charging you with matters, to commit you,
 The best persuasions to the contrary
 Fail not to use ;
 If entreaties
 Will render you no remedy, this ring
 Deliver them, and your appeal to us
 There make before them.—(*Crosses to R.H.*)—Look,
 the good man weeps !
 He's honest, on mine honour ; and a soul
 None better in my kingdom.—Get you gone,
 And do as I have bid you.— [*Exit Cranmer, L.H.*]
 He has strangled
 His language in his tears.—

Lov. (*Without, R.H.D.*) Come back ; what mean
 you ?

L. Den. (*Without, R.H.D.*) I'll not come back ; the
 tidings that I bring
 Will make my boldness manners.—

Enter LADY DENNY, R.H.D.

Now, good angels
 Fly o'er thy royal head,—

King. Now, by thy looks
 I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd ?
 Say, ay ; and of a boy.

L. Den. Ay, ay, my liege ;
 And of a lovely boy : angels of heaven
 Both now and ever bless her ?—'tis a girl,
 Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen
 Desires your visitation, and to be
 Acquainted with this stranger ; 'tis as like you,
 As cherry is to cherry.

King. Lovel,— (*Crosses to R.H.*)

Enter LOVEL, R.H.D.

Lov. Sir.

King. Give her a hundred marks. I'll to the queen.

[*Exit, R.H.D.*

L. Den. A hundred marks ! By this light, I'll have more :

An ordinary groom is for such payment.

I will have more, or scold it out of him.

Said I for this, the girl is like to him ;

I will have more, or else unsay't ; and now,

While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue.

[*Exeunt, R.H.D.*

SCENE II.—*Before the Council-chamber.*

Enter CRANMER, L.H. who knocks at R.H.D.

Cran. I hope I'm not too late ; and yet the gentleman,

That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me
To make great haste.—All fast ? what means this ?—

Hoa !

(*Knocks again.*)

Who waits there ?—

Enter the KEEPER of the Council-chamber, R.H.D.

Sure, you know me ?

Keep. Yes, my lord ;

But yet I cannot help you.

Enter GUILFORD, L.H. behind.

Cran. Why ?

Keep. Your grace must wait till you be call'd for.

Cran. So.—

Guil. This is a piece of malice. I am glad
I came this way so happily : the king
Shall understand it presently.

[*Crosses behind and exit, L.H.*

Cran. It is

Henry Guilford : as he past along,

earnestly he cast his eyes upon me !

Heaven he sound not my disgrace ! for certain,

This is of purpose laid, by some that hate me,
To quench mine honour : they would shame to make
me

Wait else at door ; a fellow-counsellor,
Among boys, grooms and lackeys. But their pleasures
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

[*Exit*, R.H.]

SCENE III.—*The Council-chamber.*

The King's chair, raised, in the centre,—the Lord Chancellor at the upper end of the table on the left hand,—a seat left void on the right, as for the ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY.—NORFOLK, SUFFOLK, SURREY, CHAMBERLAIN, GARDINER, LOVEL, in order on each side,—and CROMWELL at the table, as Secretary,—discovered.

Throne.

Chair.

King.

Cromwell.

Table.

Cranmer.

Suffolk.

Surrey.

Lovel.

R.H.

Chancellor.

Norfolk.

Chamberlain.

Gardner.

L.H.

Gard. Speak to the business, master secretary :
Why are we met in council ?

Crom. Please your honours,
The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.

Gard. Has he had knowledge of it ?

Crom. Yes.

Nor. Who waits there ?

Enter the KEEPER, R.H.D.

Keep. Without, my noble lords ?

Gard. Yes.

Keep. My lord archbishop ;
And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.

Nor. Let him come in.

Keep. Your grace may enter now.

Enter CRANMER, R. H. D.—Exit Keeper, R. H. D.

Nor. My good lord archbishop, I am very sorry
To sit here at this present, and behold
That chair stand empty.

You've misdemean'd yourself, and not a little,
Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling
The whole realm

With new opinions,

Divers and dangerous : which are heresies,
And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

Gard. Which reformation must be sudden too
My noble lords ; for those, that tame wild horses,
Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle ;
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur
'em,

Till they obey the manage.

Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress
Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,
And with no little study, that my teaching,
And the strong course of my authority,
Might go one way, and safely ; and the end
Was ever, to do well.

'Pray heaven the king may never find a heart
With less allegiance in't !

'Beseech your lordships,

That, in this case of justice, my accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
And freely urge against me

Suf. Nay, my lord,

That cannot be ; you are a counsellor,

And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you.

Gard. My lord, because we have business of more
moment,

We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness' pleasure,

And our consent for better trial of you,
From hence you be committed to the tower ;
Where, being but a private man again,
You shall know, many dare accuse you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for.

Cran. Ah, my good lord of Winchester, I thank you,

You are always my good friend ; if your will pass,
I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,
You are so merciful : I see your end,
'Tis my undoing : love, and meekness, lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition ;
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt, as you do conscience
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

Gard. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary, (1)
That's the plain truth ; your painted gloss discovers,
To men that understand you, words and weakness.

Crom. My lord of Winchester, you are a little
By your good favour, too sharp ; men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been : 'tis a cruelty,
To load a falling man.

Gard. Good master secretary,
I cry your honour mercy ; you may, worst
Of all this table, say so.

Crom. Why, my lord ?

Gard. Do not I know you for a favourer
Of this new sect ? ye are not sound.

Crom. Not sound ?

Gard. Not sound, I say.

Crom. 'Would you were half so honest !
Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.

(1) Those that understand you, under this *painted gloss*, this fair outside, discover your empty talk and your false reasoning.

Gar. I shall remember this bold language.

Crom. Do :

Remember your bold life too.

Cham. This is too much ;

Forbear, for shame, my lords.

Gard. I have done.

Crom. And I.

Gard. Then thus for you, my lord,—it stands agreed,

I take it, by all voices, that forthwith

You be conveyed to the tower a prisoner ;

There to remain, till the king's further pleasure

Be known unto us : are you all agreed, lords ?

All. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,

But I must needs to the tower, my lords ?

Gard. What other

Would you expect ? You're strangely troublesome :

Let some o' the guard be ready there. (*Rises.*)

Enter the KEEPER of the Council-chamber, R.H.D.

Cran. For me ?

Must I go like a traitor thither ?

Gard. Receive him,

And see him safe i'the tower.

Cran. Stay, good my lord.

I have a little yet to say. [*Exit the Keeper, R.H.D.*

Look there, my lords :—

(*They all rise, and look at the ring.*)

By virtue of that ring, I take my cause

Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it

To a most noble judge, the king my master.

Gard. Is it the king's ring ? (1)

(1) It seems to have been a custom, begun probably in the dark ages, before literature was generally diffused, and before the regal power experienced the restraints of law, for every monarch to have a ring, the temporary possession of which invested the holder with the same authority as the owner himself could exercise. The production of it was sufficient to suspend the execution of the law ; it procured impunity for offences committed, and imposed acquiescence and sub-

Suf. 'Tis no counterfeit.

Sur. 'Tis the right ring, by heaven ; I told ye all,
When we first put this dangerous stone a rolling,
'Twould fall upon ourselves.

Nor. Do you think, my lords,
The king will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd ?

Cham. 'Tis now too certain ;
How much more is his life in value with him ?
'Would I were fairly out on't ! *(All rise.)*

*Enter the KING, R.H.D. frowning on them ; when he
takes his seat, they all sit.*

Gard. (Rises.) Dread sovereign, how much are
we bound to heaven
In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince ;
Not only good and wise, but most religious :
One that, in all obedience, makes the church
The chief aim of his honour ; and to strengthen
That holy duty, out of dear respect,
His royal self in judgment comes to hear
The cause betwixt her and this great offender. *(Sils.)*

King. You were ever good at sudden commendations,
Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not
To hear such flattery now.—Good man, sit down :—
(To Cran.)

Sit down, I say.—Now let me see the proudest
He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee :
By all that's holy, he had better starve,
Then but once think this place becomes thee not.

Gard. (Rises.) May it please your grace,—

King. No, sir, it does not please me.—
(Gardener sits.)

mission on whatever was done under its authority. Instances abound in the history of almost every nation. See *Procopius de bell. Vandal.* L. I. p. 15, as quoted in Farnworth's *Machiavel*, Vol. I. p. 9. The traditional story of the Earl of Essex, Queen Elizabeth, and the Countess of Nottingham, long considered as an incident of romance, is generally known, and now as generally credited. See Birch's *Negotiations*, p. 206.

I'd thought, I'd had men of some understanding
 And wisdom, of my council ; but I find none.
 Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,
 This good man, (few of you deserve that title)
 This honest man, wait like a lowsy foot-boy
 At chamber door ? and one as great as you are ?
 Why, what a shame was this ! Did my commission
 Bid ye so far forget yourselves ? I gave ye
 Power, as he was a counsellor, to try him,
 Not as a groom : there's some of ye, I see,
 More out of malice than integrity,
 Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean ;
 Which ye shall never have, while I live.

Nor. My most dread sovereign, may it like your
 grace

To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd,
 Concerning his imprisonment, was rather
 (If there be faith in men) meant for his trial,
 And fair purgation to the world, than malice ;
 I am sure, in me.

King. Well, well, my lords, respect him ;
 Take him, and use him well ; he's worthy of it.
 Make me no more ado ; but all embrace him ;
 Be friends, for shame, my lords.—

(They embrace Cranmer.)

My lord of Canterbury,

(Comes down on Cranmer's R.H.)

I have a suit which you must not deny me :
 There is a fair young maid, that yet wants baptism ;
 You must be godfather, and answer for her.

Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may glory
 In such an honour : how may I deserve it,
 That am a poor and humble subject to you ?

King. Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your
 spoons : (1) you shall have

(1) It was the custom, long before the time of Shakspeare, for the sponsors at christenings to offer gilt spoons as a present to the child. These spoons were called *apostle spoons*, because the figures of the apostles were carved on the tops of the handles. Such as were at once opulent and generous, gave the whole twelve ; those who were either

Two noble partners with you ; the old Duchess of Norfolk,

And Lady Marquis Dorset ; will these please you ?—
Once more, my lord of Winchester, I charge you,
Embrace, and love this man.

Gard. With a true heart, (On L.H.)
And brother's love, I do it. (Embraces Cranmer.)

Cran. And let heaven
Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

King. Good man, those joyful tears show thy true heart.

The common voice, I see is verified
Of thee, which says thus, *Do my lord of Canterbury
A shrew'd turn, and he's your friend for ever.*—

Come, lords, we trifle time away ; I long
To have this young one made a christian.
As I have made ye one, lords, one remain ;
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain.

[*Exeunt the King, Cranmer, Gardiner, Chan-
cellor, Norfolk, Suffolk, Surrey, Chamberlain,
Lovel, and Cromwell, R.H.D.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Palace Yard.*—*Three huzzas !!!*
—*The Proccssion to the Christening, from L.H. to
R.H.*

1st *Herald*—*Gilded Truncheon.*

2 *Guards*
2 *Guards* } *Drawn swords.*
2 *Guards*
2 *Guards*

2d *Herald*—*Gilded Truncheon.*

2 *Drums,*
2 *Drums,*
2 *Trumpets,*
2 *Trumpets.*

King at Arms—*Mace.*

...or moderately rich or liberal, escaped at the expence of the four
evangelists ; or even sometimes contented themselves with presenting
the spoon only, which exhibited the figure of any saint, in honour of
whom the child received its name.

2 Gentlemen.

2 Gentlemen.

Lord Sands—Cane.

Bearer of the Sword of State.

2 Judges.

2 Judges.

Lord High Chancellor.

2 Gentlemen.

Cromwell.

2 Gentlemen—Crozier.

2 Gentlemen—Crosses.

Bishop Gardiner—Cape and Mitre.

2 Bishops, } Capes and Mitres.

2 Bishops, }

ANTHEM.

Lord Chamberlain—Wand.

The King; Cranmer—Cape and Mitre.

Capacius.

Guildford—Golden Bowl.

Lovell—Lighted Taper.

Surrey—Salver with Salt.

Norfolk—Earl Marshal's Staff.

Suffolk—High Steward's Wand.

2 Ladies.

Lady Denny—Fan of Feathers.

2 Girls,

2 Girls, } Baskets of Flowers.

2 Girls,

4 Barons of L. Ports—bearing the Canopy.

Duchess of Norfolk—carrying child under Canopy.

2 Pages—bearing her train.

Marchioness of Dorset.

2 Pages—bearing her train.

2 Ladies.

2 Ladies.

2 Ladies.

King at Arms—Crown and gilded Truncheon.

2 Herald's—Banners of England.

2 Trumpets.

2 Drums.

2 Drums.

2 Guards.

2 Guards. } Halberts.

SCENE V.—*The Palace.—Flourish of trumpets and drums.—The King, and all the Court, discovered.*

Cran. (*Kneeling,*) Now to your royal grace, and
the good queen,
My noble partners, and myself, thus pray;—
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye!

King. Thank you, good lord archbishop :
What is her name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

King. Stand up, lord.

(*The King takes the child, and kisses her.*)

With this kistake my blessing : heaven protect thee !
Into whose hand I give thy life.

(*Returns the child to the Duchess of Norfolk,
who stands on a platform under the canopy.*)

Cran. Amen.

King. My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal :

I thank ye heartily ; so shall this lady,
When she has so much English.

Cran. Let me speak, sir ;
For heaven now bids me : and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they'll find 'em truth.
This royal infant, (heaven still move about her!)
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness : she shall be
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed.

Truth shall nurse her,

Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her :

She shall be lov'd, and fear'd : her own shall bless her ;

Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
 And hang their heads with sorrow :
 Our children's children
 Shall see this, and bless heaven.

King. Thou speakest wonders.

Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of England,
 An aged princess ; many days shall see her,
 And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
 'Would I had known no more ! but she must die ;
 She must, the saints must have her ; yet a virgin,
 A most unspotted lily shall she pass
 To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

King. O lord archbishop,
 This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me,
 That, when I am in heaven, I shall desire
 To see what this child does.—I thank you all.—
 Lead the way, lords ;—
 Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank you,
 She will be sick else. This day, no man think
 He has business at his house ; for all shall stay,
 This little one shall make it holiday.

*(Flourish of trumpets and drums, and huzzas -
 till the curtain falls.)*

Finis.



MRS BONN.

AS EFFEMINITY.

Oxberry's Edition.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

A PLAY;

By *W. Shakspeare.*

WITH PREFATORY REMARKS

THE ONLY EDITION EXISTING WHICH IS FAITHFULLY MARKED
WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, AND STAGE DIRECTIONS,

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatres Royal.

BY *W. OXBERRY, Comedian.*

London.

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Remarks.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

The "Winter's Tale" has certainly no pretensions to rank with the highest class of Shakspeare's dramas, yet we suspect that not even the most fastidious critic of the present day will feel inclined to join in the unqualified censure which was at one time lavished upon its character and construction by a set of writers who had formed their notions of dramatic excellence in the strait-laced French school of criticism. Even Dryden himself, whose vigorous intellect pierced the mists of vulgar prejudice, and who was not only sensible enough to perceive, but manly enough to admit the supremacy of Shakspeare in many particulars, was startled by its lawless extravagance, and joined in the general outcry against it. In the Essay subjoined to the second part of "The Conquest of Granada," speaking of Shakspeare and Fletcher, he says, "Witness the lameness of their plots, many of which were made up of some ridiculous incoherent story, which in one play many times took up the business of an age. I suppose I need not name 'Pericles, Prince of Tyre,' nor the historical plays of Shakspeare, besides many of the rest, as 'the Winter's Tale, &c.' which are either grounded on impossibilities, or so meanly written, that the comedy neither causes your mirth, nor the serious parts your concernment."

'Tis difficult to understand how this tasteless wholesale condemnation of a beautiful though defective composition could escape the pen of so generally acute a critic as Dryden. That the passions are not very powerfully worked upon by the incidents of the play must perhaps be granted, and there is no denying the irregularities of the plot, but is there nothing in the maddening jealousy of *Leontes*, the unmerited sufferings and fortitude of *Hermione*, the honest warmth of *Paulina*, the gentleness of *Perdita*, the simplicity of the *Clown*, or

the knavery of *Autolycus*,—nothing in all these to interest the feelings or amuse the fancy?—

“ Why then the world, and all that's in't, is nothing;
The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing.”

We must, however, admit that *Leontes*' jealousy, the main spring of the action, is unquestionably the most unaccountable, improbable, and groundless feeling ever depicted, but we are content to overlook the insufficient cause, for the sake of the fine effects which result from it; and, leaving out of sight the unsatisfactory origin of the passion, 'tis indisputable that its workings are very powerfully and originally depicted though in one or two instances the monarch's language is almost as inexplicable as his suspicions. His mean suggestion to *Camillo* to remove *Polixenes* by poison, appears also to be a departure from the natural bravery and generosity of his character, which not even the baleful influence of jealousy can account for. *Hermione* is a noble personation, though not quite so elaborately finished as the corresponding character of *Katharine* in “ Henry the 8th,” upon which Shakspeare evidently bestowed greater care and attention, though, if we may trust to Malone's chronology, it was an earlier composition, and *Hermione* the product of his maturer judgment. If this surmise is correct, 'tis probable that he found it difficult to avoid repeating himself and to preserve a distinction between characters so similarly circumstanced, which induced him to get rid of *Hermione* as speedily as possible; during the first three acts she occupies the foremost place in our regard, but her subsequent long absence from the scene is apt to weaken the concern we feel for her; new personages and new interests solicit our attention, and she is of little farther service as an auxiliary to the action, beyond furnishing a striking spectacle for the concluding scene, and winding up the play with an excellent piece of stage-effect. This hiatus in the main action is in truth the crying defect of the piece, and of far greater moment than the chasm of sixteen years between the 3d and 4th acts about which so much fuss has been made: Shakspeare never displayed less cleverness in connecting his plots than he has done in this instance. Moreover, the interest excited by the loves of *Florizel* and *Perdita* is rather feeble, especially in the Theatre; the affair, 'tis true, has a charming

pastoral simplicity about it and the sentiments are delightful, but these are beauties not in general very highly estimated by the visitors of a playhouse, when unaccompanied by something more exciting. The native graces of *Perdita*, however, can scarcely fail to fascinate the most boorish spectator.

Few of the other characters demand particular remark, except that of *Autolycus*, which is the most masterly and original in the piece; Shakspeare's accurate knowledge of human nature in all its forms and stages is scarcely any where more clearly exemplified than by this admirable personation. *Autolycus*, however, maugre the scene of action, is a true English vagabond, and the fraternity traverse the country to this day, unchanged in appearance, peculiarities, or propensities by the lapse of two centuries. *Paulina* is a better kind of *Emilia*, and as fine a picture of a high-spirited warm-hearted female as ever was drawn. *Florizel* has nothing particular to distinguish him from the common herd of lovers except the not very honourable characteristic of mendacity: his attempt to impose upon *Lcontes* by a lying story of an embassy is vastly contemptible. *Perdita* too evinces a strange want of feeling, in abandoning her supposed father at a moment when she has every reason to believe that he is about to suffer death on her account. Both of these offences against propriety are so gross, so useless, and might so easily have been avoided, that they admit of no excuse or palliation.

It must be quite unnecessary to remind our readers that we have little respect for the dicta of those pedantic critics who estimate the merits of a play by the rule and compass, and think that excellence in dramatic composition is incompatible with any violation of the Unities. We heartily despise both them and their creed, and are perfectly sick of the solemn reprobation that has been heaped upon Shakspeare's disregard of what is styled propriety; yet we are not prepared to defend him in all his vagaries, nor to deny that in the drama now before us his demands upon the credulity of his auditors are too extravagant for the most accommodating imagination to comply with: "panting Time toils after him in vain," and space is most unceremoniously annihilated. We would not be unreasonably precise, but really to see the heroine born and arrive at womanhood in the progress of a play, while all the other characters remain stationary, and to find that a period of sixteen years has elapsed between the

fall of the curtain at the end of the 3d act and its rise at the commencement of the 4th is too much even for us, albeit unused to cavil at trifles of the kind. Shakspeare himself felt conscious that some apology for these liberties was requisite, and accordingly in the original play, Time was introduced, as Chorus, between the 3d and 4th acts, to explain the surprising leap that the plot had taken, and reconcile the audience to the improbability. The very name, however, which he bestowed upon the play seems intended to deprecate severe examination of its construction, and to denote that it was merely a playful effusion of fancy, the product of his *Horæ otiosiores*. In our comments on "Henry 5th," we gave an extract from Sir P. Sydney's "Defence of Poesie," which applied so exactly to that play, that we should feel convinced he actually alluded to it, did not a comparison of dates prohibit such a conclusion: the remainder of the passage is as descriptive of "The Winter's Tale," and must therefore by no means be omitted here—"Of time (says he) the dramatists are much more liberal than of space, for ordinarie it is, that two young princes fall in love; after many traverses she is got with child, and delivered of a fine boy: he is lost, groweth a man, falleth in love, and is ready to get another child; and all this in two houres' space: which how absurd it is in sence every sence may imagine," The censure must be allowed to be pretty applicable to the "Winter's Tale," though probably levelled at Lyly's "Endymion," and similar pieces of absurdity.

Shakspeare took the story of his play, with few variations, from Robert Greene's tale of "Dorastus and Fawnia," a composition which was once very popular, and maintained its hold upon the public liking for nearly a century; if we mistake not, the curious reader may meet with a reprint of it in one of the numbers of the "Archaica." Upon the period when the "Winter's Tale" was first performed, the chronologers differ widely, and various writers have suggested various dates, at so wide an interval, as from 1594 to 1612: but, the point being of little moment, we decline entering into an examination of it. We know not what our readers will think of Walpole's conjecture, which Malone declares to be extremely plausible—viz. that Shakspeare "intended this play as a second part of 'Henry the Eighth,' and an apology for Anna Boleyn; he, however, shall speak for himself upon the subject:"

" 'The Winter's Tale' may be ranked among the historic plays of

Shakspeare, though not one of his numerous critics and commentators has discovered the drift of it. It was certainly intended (in compliment to Queen Elizabeth) as an indirect apology for her mother, Anne Boleyn. The address of the poet appears no where to more advantage. The subject was too delicate to be exhibited on the stage without a veil; and it was too recent, and touched the queen too nearly, for the bard to have ventured so near an allusion on any other ground than compliment. The unreasonable jealousy of *Leontes*, and his violent conduct in consequence, form a true portrait of Henry the Eighth, who generally made the law the engine of his boisterous passions. Not only the general plan of the story is most applicable, but several passages are so marked, that they touch the real history nearer than the fable. *Hermione* on her trial says,

‘ ——— for honour,
 ‘ ’Tis a derivative from me to mine,
 ‘ And only that I stand for.’

This seems to be taken from the very letter of Anne Boleyn to the king, before her execution, when she pleads for the infant princess, his daugh’er. *Mamillius*, a young prince, an unnecessary character, dies in his infancy; but it confirms the allusion, as Anne, before Elizabeth, had a still-born son. But the most striking passage, and which had nothing to do with the tragedy, but as it pictured Elizabeth, is where *Paulina*, describing the new-born princess, and her likeness to her father, says, ‘ *she has the very trick of his frown* ’ There is another sentence, indeed, so applicable both to Elizabeth and her father, that I should suspect the poet inserted it after her death. *Paulina*, speaking of the child, tells the king :

‘ ——— ’Tis yours;
 ‘ And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
 ‘ So like you, ’tis the worse.’ ”

Malone, in his Essay on the Chronology of Shakspeare’s Plays, quotes this conjecture with approbation; but, immediately after, curiously betrays the wavering, unsettled state of his opinion upon the subject, by adding,—“ Sir William Blackstone, however, has pointed out a passage in the First Act, which had escaped my observation, and which, as he justly observes, furnishes a proof that it was not written till after the death of Queen Elizabeth .

‘ If I could find example
 ‘ Of thousands, that had struck anointed kings,
 ‘ And flourish’d after, I’d not do it ; but since
 ‘ Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one,
 ‘ Let villany itself forswear it.’

“ These lines could never have been intended for the ear of her who had deprived the Queen of Scots of her life. To the son of Mary they could not but have been agreeable.

“ If we suppose, with Mr. Walpole, that this play was intended as a compliment to Queen Elizabeth, it ought rather to be attributed to the year 1602, than that in which I have placed it [1604], but the passage last quoted is inconsistent with such a date. Mr. Walpole himself, also, has quoted some lines, which he thinks could not have been inserted till after the death of Elizabeth. Perhaps our author laid the scheme of the play in the very year in which the Queen died, and finished it in the next. This is the only supposition that I know of, by which these discordances can be reconciled.” With all due respect for the opinions of Sir W. Blackstone and Mr. Malone, we confess that we do not see much force in the objection here started ; the passage quoted, evidently bears only upon the assassination of monarchs by individuals, and could not, but by a very forced construction indeed, be thought to apply to such an event as the execution of Mary.

This play, we believe, was banished from the stage for a century and a half, till in 1756 Garrick produced it at Drury Lane, in a contracted form, though with strange inconsistency, in the prologue, he thus declared his anxiety to preserve every fragment of Shakspeare :

“ The five long acts, from which our three are taken,
 Stretch’d out to sixteen years, lay by forsaken ;
 Lest then this precious liquor run to waste,
 ’Tis now confin’d and bottled for your taste .
 ’Tis my chief wish, my joy, my only plan,
 To lose no drop of that immortal man.”

In this revival, which met with some success, the principal characters were thus cast :—*Leontes*, Garrick ; *Hermione*, Mrs. Prit-

chard; *Perdita*, Mrs. Cibber; *Autolycus*, Yates; *Clown*, Woodward. Mrs. Cibber, in the sheep-shearing scene, sang a song, written for her by Garrick, which became extremely popular, and is still retained in some acting copies of the play, though its affected graces are quite foreign to the native simplicity of *Perdita's* ideas, and smack strongly of the style of those pastoral ditties, by the Corydons of Ludgate Hill, which graced the columns of the "Town and Country," and "Universal Magazines," fifty years ago.

The underplot, formed into an after-piece, by Magnamara Morgan, had been played at Covent Garden two seasons before, with the title of "Florizel and Perdita;" and Garrick, when the attraction of his revival began to flag, resorted to a similar expedient. In 1777, Colman, Sen. produced a two-act piece at the Haymarket, compiled from the same materials, under the name of "The Sheep Shearing," but the audience relished it so little, that it was performed but one night. The play, we believe, was afterwards rarely brought upon the stage, before 1802, when Kemble produced it at Drury Lane with great care, and by his admirable performance of *Leontes*, seconded by Mrs. Siddons's inimitable skill in *Hermione*, succeeded in rendering it extremely popular. On this occasion, *Perdita's* song, written by Garrick, gave way to the following from the pen of Sheridan, which is scarcely better suited to the character than the other. it would have been more in place among the conceits and prettinesses of the Della Crusca tribe:

"As shepherds, through the vapours grey,
Behold the dawning light,
Yet doubt if 'tis the rising day,
Or meteor of the night;
So varying passions in my breast,
My former calm destroy;
With hope and fear at once oppress,
I tremble at my joy."

Since the retirement of Mrs. Siddons from the stage, in 1812, the play has lain dormant, till its recent successful revival at Drury Lane took place.

Time of Representation.

The time this piece takes in representation is three hours.—The half-price commences at nine o'clock.

Stage Directions.

By R.H. is meant. Right Hand.
L.H. Left Hand.
S.E. Second Entrance.
U.E. Upper Entrance.
M.D. Middle Door.
D.F. Door in Flat.
R.H.D. Right Hand Door.
L.H.D. Left Hand Door.

Costume.

LEONTES.—First Dress.—White tunic, and purple robe, richly embroidered.—Second Dress.—Black, ibid, ibid.

MAMILLIUS.—Grey tunic, trimmed with velvet.

CAMILLO.—Fawn coloured tunic, and purple robe.

ANTIGONUS.—Scarlet, ibid, ibid, ibid.

CLEOMENES.—Light blue, ibid, and black velvet, ibid.

DION.—Brown, ibid, and orange, ibid.

THASIVS.—White, ibid, and scarlet, ibid.

POLIXENES.—Orange, ibid, and purple, ibid.

ARCHIDAMUS.—Ibid, ibid, and black, ibid.

SHEPHERD.—Drab, ibid, and green, ibid.

CLOWN.—First Dress.—Ibid, ibid.—Second Dress.—Scarlet tunic, and blue satin robe.

NEATHERD.—Ibid, ibid.

AUTOLYCUS.—First Dress.—Black and red patched dress.—Second Dress.—Light blue and yellow, ibid.

LORDS.—Various coloured dresses.

TWO JUDGES.—Black and scarlet robes.

SOLDIERS.—Grey and crimson tunics, &c.

HERMIONE.—First Dress.—White cloth, trimmed with blue velvet and gold, ibid drapery, trimmed with ibid.—Second Dress.—White muslin dress, ibid drapery, ibid veil.—Third Dress.—White ibid drapery, ibid robe.

PERDITA.—First Dress.—White muslin, trimmed with flowers.—Second Dress.—White muslin dress, and drapery trimmed with silver.

PAULINA.—First Dress.—White dress trimmed with gold, and purple robe trimmed ibid.—Second Dress.—Black velvet, and black crape veil.

EMILIA.—White dress, and tunic trimmed with buff and silver, and buff drapery, trimmed ditto.

MOPSA.—Buff petticoat, trimmed with green, ibid short dress, trimmed with buff.

DORCAS.—Blue short dress, trimmed with white, ibid petticoat, trimmed with blue.

LAMIA and HERO.—White dresses, and coloured robes.

LADIES OF THE COURT.—White dresses and coloured robes.

PEASANTS.—Coloured cloth dresses, ibid, ibid, mantles, and flesh coloured stockings.

Persons Represented.

Covent-garden, 1311. Drury-lane, 1823.

<i>Leontes, King of Sicilia</i> ..	Mr. Kemble.	Mr. Macready.
<i>Mamillius</i>	Master Worgman.	Master Carr.
<i>Camillo</i>	Mr. Creswell.	Mr. Thompson.
<i>Antigonus</i>	Mr. Egerton.	Mr. Terry.
<i>Cleomenes</i>	Mr. Claremont.	Mr. Penley.
<i>Dion</i>	Mr. Hamerton.	Mr. Mercer.
<i>Phocion</i>	Mr. Chapman.	Mr. Younge.
<i>Thasius</i>	Mr. Jefferies.	Mr. Howell.
<i>Keeper of the Prison</i>	Mr. Truman.	Mr. Turnour.
<i>Mariner</i>	Mr. Atkins.	Mr. G. Smith.
<i>Polixenes, King of Bohemia</i>	Mr. Barrymore.	Mr. Archer.
<i>Florizel</i>	Mr. C. Kemble.	Mr. Wallack.
<i>Archidamus</i>	Mr. Murray.	Mr. Powell.
<i>Shepherd</i>	Mr. Blanchard.	Mr. Gattie.
<i>Clown</i>	Mr. Liston.	Mr. Harley.
<i>Neatherd</i>	Mr. Treby.	Mr. Hughes.
<i>Autolycus</i>	Mr. Munden.	Mr. Munden.
<i>Hermione, Queen of Sicilia,</i>	Mrs. Siddons.	Mrs. Bunn.
<i>Perdita</i>	Miss S. Booth.	Mrs. W. West.
<i>Paulina</i>	Mrs. Weston.	Mrs. Glover.
<i>Emilia</i>	Mrs. Humphries.	Mrs. Knight.
<i>Lamia</i>	Mrs. Bologna.	Mrs. Wilmott.
<i>Hero</i>	Mrs. J. Bologna.	Mrs. Webster.
<i>Mopsa</i>	Mrs. Liston.	Miss Cubitt.
<i>Dorcas</i>	Miss Bolton.	Miss Povey.

*Priests—Judges—Pages—Officers—Guards—
Shepherds and Shepherdesses.*

SCENE—sometimes Sicilia—sometimes Bohemia.

THE
WINTER'S TALE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Sicilia.*—*A Square before the Palace of Leontes.*

Enter CAMILLO and ARCHIDAMUS, L.H.

Arch. If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the king of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us ; (1) we shall be justified in our loves ; for, indeed,—

Cam. 'Beseech you,—

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge : we cannot with such magnificence,—in so rare,—I know not what to say :—We will give you sleepy drinks ; that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficiency, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

(1) Though we cannot give you equal entertainment, yet the consciousness of our good-will shall justify us.

Cam. Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia : they were trained together in their childhoods : and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities, and royal necessities, made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attorned (1) with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies ; that they have seemed to be together, though absent ; shook hands, as over a vast ; (2) and embraced ; as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves !

Arch. I think, there is not in the world either malice, or matter, to alter it.—You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius ; it is a gentleman of the greatest promise, that ever came into my note.

Cam. I vey well agree with you in the hopes of him ; it is a gallant child ; one that, indeed, physies the subject, (3) makes old hearts fresh ; they, that went on crutches ere he was born, desire yet their life, to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die ?

Cam. Yes ; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one.

(*Trumpet's sound, R. H.*)

Cam. Come, my lord.

(*Exeunt, R. H.*)

(1) Nolly supplied by substitution of *ambassadors*, &c.

(2) *Vastum* was the ancient term for waste uncultivated land. Over a *rust*, therefore, means at a great and vacant distance from each other. *Rust* however, may be used for the *sea*, as in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*—
"Thou God of this great *rust*, rebuke the *surges*."

(3) Affords a cordial to the state, has the power of assuaging the scene of misery.

SCENE II.—*A room of State in the Palace.—
Drums and Trumpets sound.*

2 Gents.	4 Gents.	2 Gents.
2 Ladies.	4 Ladies.	2 Ladies.
Stool.	Table.	Stool.

Camillo.

Chair.	Chair.	Chair.
Polixenes.	Leontes.	Hermione.

Mamillius.

Archidamus.

Thasius.

Hero.

Phocion.

Lamia.

Dion.

Emilia.

Cleomenes.

Paulina.

Antigonus.

R.H.

L.H.

LEONTES, HERMIONE, and POLIXENES rise and advance.

Pol. (R.H.) Nine changes of the watery star hath been

The shepherd's note, since we have left our throne
Without a burden : time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks ;
And yet we should, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt : and therefore, like a cypher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply
With one *We-thank-you*, many thousands more
That go before it.

Leon. (L.H.) Stay your thanks awhile ;
And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow.
I'm question'd by my fears, of what may chance
Or breed upon our absence :
Besides, I have stay'd
To tire your royalty.

Leon. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to't.

Pol. No longer stay.

Leon. One seven-night longer.

Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow.

Leon. We'll part the time between's then ; and in that

I'll no gain-saying.

Pol. Press me not, 'beseech you, so :

There is no tongue that moves, none, none i'the world,

So soon as yours, could win me : so it should' now,
Were there necessity in your request ; although
'Twere needful I denied it.

Leon. Tongue-tied, our queen ? speak you.

Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace,
until

You had drawn oaths from him not to stay. You, sir,
Charge him too coldly : tell him, you are sure,
All in Bohemia's well : this satisfaction
The by-gone day proclaim'd :—Say this to him,
He's beat from his best ward.

Leon. Well said, Hermione.

Her. To tell, he longs to see his son, were strong :
But let him say so then, and let him go ;
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay ;
We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.—
Yet of your royal presence I'll adventure

(*Crosses to centre.*)

The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
You take my lord, I'll give him my commission
To let (1) him there a month, behind the gest (2)
Prefix'd for his parting : yet, good-deed, Leontes,

(1) "I'll give him my licence of absence, so as to obstruct or retard his departure for a month," &c.

(2) Mr. Theobald says ; *he can neither trace, nor understand the phrase*, and therefore thinks it should be *just* : But the word *gest* is right, and signifies a stage or journey. In the time of *royal progresses*, the king's stages, as we may see by the journals of them in the Herald's Office, were called his *gests*, from the old French word *gîte*, *département*.

I love thee not a jar o'the clock (1) behind
 What lady she her lord.—You'll stay?

Pol. No, madam.

Her. Nay, but you will?—

(Leontes talks apart with Mamillius and Antigonus.)

Pol. I may not, verily.

Her. Verily!

You put me off with limber vows: but I,
 Though you would seek to unsphere the stars with
 oaths,

Should yet say, *Sir, no going.* Verily,

You shall not go; a lady's verily is

As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?

Force me to keep you as a prisoner,

Not like a guest? so, you shall pay your fees,

When you depart, and save your thanks. How say
 you?

My prisoner? or my guest? By your dread *verily*,
 One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your guest then, madam:

To be your prisoner, should import offending:

Which is for me less easy to commit,

Than you to punish.

Her. Not your goaler then,

But your kind hostess.—Come I'll question you

Of my lord's tricks, and yours, when you were boys:

You were pretty lordings then.

Pol. We were, fair queen,

Two lads, that thought there was no more behind,

But such a day to-morrow as to-day,

And to be boy eternal.

Her. Was not my lord the verier wag o'the two?

Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs that did frisk i'the
 sun,

(1) To *jar* means to *tick*; as in T. Heywood's *Troia Britannica*, cant. iv. st. 107; edit. 1609; "He hears no waking-clocke, nor ch to jarre."

And bleat the one at the other : what we chang'd
 Was innocence for innocence : we knew not
 The doctrine of ill doing ; no, nor dream'd
 That any did :—had we pursu'd that life,
 And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
 With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heaven
 Boldly, *Not guilty* ; the imposition clear'd,
 Hereditary ours. (1)

Her. By this we gather,
 You have tripp'd since.

Pol. O, my most sacred lady,
 Temptations have since then been born to us ; for
 In those unfledg'd days was my wife a girl :
 Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes
 Of my young playfellow.

Her. Grace to boot ! (2)
 Of this make no conclusion ; lest you say,
 Your queen and I are devils : yet, go on ;
 The offences we have made you do, we'll answer.

Leon. Is he won yet ?

Her. He'll stay, my lord.

Leon. At my request he would not.—
 Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st
 To better purpose.

Her. Never ?

Leon. Never, but once.

(1) Setting aside *original sin*, bating the imposition from the offence of our first parents, we might have boldly protested our innocence to Heaven.

(2) She calls for Heaven's grace, to purify and vindicate her own character, and that of the wife of Polixenes, which might seem to be sullied by a species of argument that made them appear to have led their husbands into temptation.

Grace or Heaven help me !—Do not argue in that manner ; do not draw any conclusion or inference from your, and your friend's, having, since those days of childhood and innocence, become acquainted with your Queen and me ; for, as you have said that in the period between childhood and the present time temptations have been born to you, and as in that interval you have become acquainted with us, the inference or insinuation would be strong against us, as your co-conspirators, and, ' by that kind of reasoning, ' your Queen and I would be devils.

Her. What } have I twice said well ? When was't
before ?

I pr'ythee, tell me :

One good deed, dying tongueless,
Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that :
Our praises are our wages : you may ride us,
With one soft kiss, a thousand furlongs, ere
With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal ;
My last good deed was, to intreat his stay :
What was my first ? It has an elder sister,
Or I mistake you :
But once before I spoke to the purpose : when ?
Nay, let me have't ; I long.

Leon. Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And 'clepe thyself my love ; then didst thou utter,
I am yours for ever.

Her. Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose
twice :
The one for ever earn'd a royal husband ;
The other, for some while a friend.

(*Gives her hand to Polixenes.*)

Leon. (*Aside.*) Too hot, too hot :—
To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods.
I have *tremor cordis* on me :—my heart dances !
But not for joy,—not joy.—'This entertainment
May a free face put on ; derive a liberty
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom, (1)
And well become the agent : it may, I grant :
But, to be paddling palms, and pinching fingers,
As now they are : and then to sigh as't were

(1) By *fertile bosom*, I suppose, is meant a bosom like that of the earth, which yields a spontaneous produce. In the same strain is the address of *Timon of Athens* :

“Thou common mother, thou,
“Whose——infinite breast
“Teems and feeds all !”

The mort o' the deer ; (1)—O !—that is entertainment
My bosom likes not, nor my brows.—Mamillius,
Art thou my boy ?

Mam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. I'fecks ?

Why, that's my bawcock. (2) What, hast smutch'd
thy nose ?—

They say it's a copy out of mine.—Come, captain,
We must be neat ; not neat, but cleanly, captain :—
And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,

Are all call'd, neat. (3)—Still virginalling (4)

Upon his palm !—(*Mamillius takes his hand*, L.H.)—

How now, you wanton calf ?

Art thou my calf ?

Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.

Leon. Thou want'st a rough pash, and the shoots
that I have,

To be full like me : (5)—yet, they say, we are

(1) A lesson upon the horn at the death of the deer.

So, in *Greene's Card of Fancy*, 1608 : “—He that bloweth the
mort before the death of the buck, may very well miss of his fees.”
Again, in the oldest copy of *Chevy Chase* :

“They blewe a mort upponne the bent.”

(2) Perhaps from *beau* and *coq*. It is still said in vulgar language
that such a one is a *jolly cock*, a *cock of the game*. The word has al-
ready occurred in *Twelfth-Night*, and is one of the titles by which *Pis-
tol* speaks of King Henry the Fifth.

(3) *Leontes*, seeing his son's nose smutch'd, cries, *we must be neat* ;
then recollecting that *neat* is the ancient term for *horned cattle*, he
says, *not neat, but cleanly*.

(4) Still playing with her fingers, as a girl playing on the *virginals*.
A *virginal*, as I am informed, is a very small kind of spinnet. *Queen
Elizabeth's virginal-book* is yet in being, and many of the lessons in it
have proved so difficult, as to baffle our most expert players on the
arpsichord.

(5) I have lately learned that *pash* in Scotland signifies a *head*. The
old reading therefore may stand. Many words, that are now used on-
ly in that country, were perhaps once common to the whole island of
Great Britain, or at least to the northern part of England. The mean-
ing, therefore, of the present passage, I suppose, is this : *You tell me,
says Leontes to his son, that you are like me ; that you are my calf.
(am the horned bull : thou wantest the rough head and the horns of
that animal, completely to resemble your father.*

Almost as like as eggs ; women say so,
That will say any thing : but were they false
As wind, as waters ;

~~Yet~~ were it true

To say, this boy were like me.—Come, sir page,
Look on me with your welkin eye. (1)—Sweet villain !
Most dear'st ! my collop !(2)—Can thy dam ?—may't
be ?——

Pol. What means Sicilia ?

Her. He sometimes seems unsettled.

Pol. How, my lord ?

Leon. What cheer ? How is't with you, best
brother ?

Her. You look,

As if you held a brow of much distraction :
Are you mov'd, (3) my lord ?

Leon. No, in good earnest.—

(*Polixenes talks with Hermione.*)

How some nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderness ; and makes itself a pastime
To harder bosoms !—Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methought I did recoil
Twenty-three years ; and saw myself, unbreech'd,
In my green velvet coat ; my dagger muzzled,
Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This squash, (4) this gentleman.—Mine honest friend,

Full is here, as in other places, used by our author, adverbially ;—to
be entirely like me.

(1) Blue eye ; an eye of the same colour with the *welkin*, or sky.

(2) So, in *The First Part of King Henry VI* :

“ God knows, thou art a *collop* of my flesh.”

(3) We have again the same expression on the same occasion, in
Othello :

“ *Iago.* I see my lord, you are *mov'd*.”

“ *Othel.* No, not much *mov'd*, not much ”

(4) ~~A~~ *squash* is a pea-pod, in that state when the young peas begin
to swell in it.

Will you take eggs for money ? (1)

Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight.

Leon. You will?—why happy man be his dole ! (2) ,

—My brother,

Are you so fond of your young prince, as we
Do seem to be of ours?

Pol. If at home, sir,

He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter :
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy ;
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all :
He makes a July's day short as December ;
And, with his varying childness, cures in me
Thoughts that would thicken my blood.

Leon. So stands this squire

Offic'd with me :—we two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver steps.—Hermione,

(*The characters advance from R.H. to L.H. and
exeunt presently in the following order*

*Hermione and Polixenes, R.H.—Paulina,
Antigonus, Emilia, Cleomenes, Lamia, Dion,
Hero, Phocion, Archidamus and Thasius,
R.H.S.E.—2 Ladies, 2 Gentlemen, 4 Ladies,
4 Gentlemen, 2 Ladies, 2 Gentlemen, R.H.S.E.)*

How thou lov'st us, show in our brother's welcome ;
Next to thyself, and my young rover, he's
Apparent (3) to my heart.

Her. If you would seek us,

We are yours in the garden : shall's attend you there ?

Leon. To your own bents dispose you ; you'll be
found,

Be you beneath the sky.—

I am angling now,

(1) This phrase seems to me to have meant originally.—Are you such a poltron as to suffer another to use you as he pleases, to compel you to give him your money and to accept of a thing of so small a value as a few eggs in exchange for it ? He, who will take eggs for money seems to be what, in *As you like it*, and in many of the old plays is called a tame snake.

(2) ~~May~~ his dole or share in life be to be a happy man.

(3) That is, heir apparent, or the next claimant.

'Though you perceive me not how I give line.

[*Exeunt Hermione and Polixenes, followed by all the Court, except Leontes, Mamillius and Camillo.*

Go to, go to !

How she holds up the neb, (1) the bill to him !

And arms her with the boldness of a wife

To her allowing husband !—Gone already :

Inch-thick, knee-deep,—O'er head and ears a fork'd
• one.—•

Go, play, boy, play ;—thy mother plays, and I

Play too ; but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue

Will hiss me to my grave ; contempt and clamour

Will be my knell.—Go, play, boy, play.—There have
been,

Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now :

And many a man there is, even at this present, (2)

Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,

'That little thinks she has——

(*Camillo advances, R.H.*)

Should all despair,

'That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind

Would hang themselves.—Physic for't there is none ;

It is a bawdy planet, that will strike

Where't is predominant ; and 'tis powerful, think it,

From east, west, north, and south :

Many a thousand of us

Have the disease, and feel't not.—(*Mamillius pulls
him by the cloak.*)—How now, boy ?

Mam. I am like you, they say.

Leon. Why, that's some comfort.—

(*Crosses to centre* .

(1) The word is commonly pronounced and written *nib*. It signifies here the *mouth*. So, in *Anne the Queen of Hungarie*, being one of the Tales in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, 1566. "the amorous worines of love did bitterly knawe and teare his heart wyth the *be* of their forked heads."

(2) i.e. present time. So, in *Macbeth* :

"Thy letters have transported me beyond

"This ignorant present ;"—

What! Camillo there?

Cam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. Go, play, Mamillius; thou'rt an honest man.— [*Exit Mamillius, L.r.*]

Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold; When you cast out, it still came home. (1)

Leon. Didst note it?

Cam. He would not stay at your petitions; made His business more material. (2)

Leon. Didst perceive it?—

They're here with me already; (3) whispering, rounding,

Sicilia is a so forth; (4) 'Tis far gone,

When I shall gust it last.—How came't, Camillo, That he did stay?

Cam. At the good queen's entreaty.

Leon. At the queen's, be't: good should be pertinent;

But, so it is, it is not. Was this taken

By any understanding pate but thine?

For thy conceit is soaking, (5) will draw in

(1) This is a sea-faring expression, meaning, *the anchor would not take hold.*

(2) i. e. the more you requested him to stay, the more urgent he represented that business to be which summoned him away.

(3) Not Polixenes and Hermione, but casual observers, people accidentally present.

(4) In regulating this line, I have adopted a hint suggested by Mr. M. Mason. I have more than once observed, that almost every abrupt sentence in these plays is corrupted. These words, without the break now introduced, are to me unintelligible. *Leontes* means—I think I already hear my courtiers whispering to each other, "*Sicilia is a cuckold, a tame cuckold, to which, (says he) they will add every other opprobrious name and epithet they can think of;*" for such, I suppose, the meaning of the words—*so forth*. He avoids naming the word *cuckold*, from a horror of the very sound. I suspect, however, that our author wrote—*Sicilia is—and so forth*. So, in *The Merchant of Venice*: "I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, *and so following.*"

(5) Thy conceit is of an *absorbent* nature, will draw in more, &c. seems the meaning.

More than the common blocks :—not noted, is't,
 But of the finer natures ? by some severals
 Of head-piece extraordinary ? Lower messes, (1)
 Forchance, are to this business purblind ? say.

Cam. Business, my lord ? I think, most understand,
 Bohemia stays here longer.

Leon. Ha ?

Cam. Stays here longer.

Leon. Ay, but why ?

Cam. To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties
 Of our most gracious mistress.

Leon. Satisfy

The entreaties of your mistress ?—Satisfy !—

Let that suffice.—I have trusted thee, Camillo,
 With all the nearest things to my heart, as well
 My chamber councils : wherein, priest-like, thou
 Hast cleans'd my bosom : I from thee departed
 Thy penitent reform'd : but we have been
 Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd
 In that which seems so.

Cam. Be it forbid, my lord !

Leon. To bide upon 't :—thou art not honest ; or,
 If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward ;
 Which hoxes (2) honesty behind, restraining
 From course requir'd : or else thou must be counted
 A servant grafted in my serious trust,
 And therein negligent ; or else a fool,
 That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn,
 And tak'st it all for jest.

Cam. In your affairs, my lord,
 If ever I were wilful negligent,
 It was my folly ; if industriously

(1) It appears from a passage in *The Mery Jest of a Man called Houleglas*, bl, l. no date, that it was anciently the custom in publick houses to keep ordinaries of different prices : "What table will you be at ? for at the lordes table thei give me no less than to shillings, and at the merchaunts table xvi pence, and at my houshold servantes give me twelve pence."—Leontes comprehends inferiority of understanding in the idea of inferiority of rank.

(2) The proper word is to *hough*, i. e. to cut the *hough*, or hamstring.

I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
 Not weighing well the end ; if ever fearful
 To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
 'Twas a fear
 Which oft infects the wisest : these, my lord,
 Are such allow'd infirmities, that honesty
 Is never free of. But, 'beseech your grace,
 Be plainer with me ; let me know my trespass
 By its own visage : if I then deny it,
 'Tis none of mine.

Leon. Have not you seen, Camillo,—
 But that's past doubt,—you have ;—
 Or heard,—
 For to a vision so apparent, rumour
 Cannot be mute ;—or thought,—for cogitation
 Resides not in that man that does not think it ;—
 My wife is slippery ? If thou wilt confess,—
 Or else be impudently negative,
 To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought,—then say,
 My wife's a hobby-horse : deserves a name
 As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to
 Before her troth-plight : say it, and justify it.

Cam. I would not be a stander-by, to hear
 My sovereign mistress clouded so, without
 My present vengeance taken : 'Shrew my heart,
 You never spoke what did become you less
 Than this ; which to reiterate, were sin
 As deep as that, though true. (1)

Leon. Is whispering nothing ?
 Is leaning cheek to cheek ? is meeting noses ?
 Kissing with inside lip ? stopping the career
 Of laughter with a sigh ?—a note infallible
 Of breaking honesty :—
 Skulking in corners ? wishing clocks more swift ?
 Hours, minutes ? noon, midnight ? and all eyes blind
 With the pin and web, (2) but theirs, theirs only

(1) i. e. your suspicion is as great a sin as would be that (i. e. from
 which) of which you suspect her.

(2) Disorders in the eye.

That would, unseen, be wicked ? Is this nothing ?
 Why, then the world, and all that's in't, is nothing ;
 The covering sky is nothing ; Bohemia nothing ;
 My wife is nothing ; nor nothing have these nothings,
 If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my lord, be cur'd
 Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes ;
 For 'tis most dangerous.

Leon. Say, it be ; 'tis true.

Cam. No, no ; my lord.

Leon. You lie, you lie ; it is ;
 I say, thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee ;
 Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave ;
 Or else a hovering temporizer, that
 Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
 Inclining to them both :—Were my wife's liver
 Infected as her life, she would not live
 The running of one glass. (1) (*Crosses to R.H.*)

Cam. Who does infect her.

Leon. Why, he that wears her, like her medal,
 hanging
 About his neck,—Bohemia ! (?)—Who,—if I
 Had servants true about me, that bare eyes
 To see alike mine honour as their profits,
 They would do that
 Which should undo more doing : (3) ay, and thou,
 His cup-bearer—
 Who may'st see
 Plainly, as heaven sees earth, and earth sees heaven,
 How I am galled,—might'st bespice a cup,
 To give mine enemy a lasting wink ;
 Which draught to me were cordial.

Cam. Sir,—my lord,—
 I could do this ; and that with no rash potion,

(1) i. e. of one hour glass.

(2) I suppose the poet meant to say, that Polixenes wore her, as
 he would have worn a medal of her, about his neck. Sir Christopher
 Hatton is represented with a medal of Queen Elizabeth a pended
 to his chain.

(3) The latter word is used here in a wanton sense.

But with a ling'ring dram that should not work
Maliciously, like poison : (1)—But I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable.

Leon. I've lov'd thee :—make't thy question, and
go rot!—

Dost think, I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexation ;—sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
Which to preserve, is sleep ; which being spotted,
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps ;—
Give scandal to the blood o'the prince my son,
(Who, I do think, is mine, and love as mine ;)—
Without ripe moving to't ? Would I do this ?
Could man so blench ? (2)

Cam. I must believe you, sir :
I do ; and will fetch off Bohemia for't ;
Provided, that, when he's remov'd, your highness
Will take again your queen, as yours at first,—
Even for your son's sake ; and, thereby, for sealing
The injury of tongues, in courts and kingdoms
Known and allied to yours.

Leon. Thou dost advise me
Even so, as I mine own course have set down :
I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

Cam. My Lord,
Go then ; and, with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia,
And with your queen :—I am his cup-bearer ;
If from me he have wholesome beverage,
Account me not your servant.

Leon. This is all :
Do't, and thou hast the one half of my heart ;
Do't not, thou splitt'st thine own.—

(1) *Rash* is *hasty*, as in *King Henry IV.* P. II : “ — rash gun-powder.” *Maliciously* is *malignantly*, with effects openly hurtful.

(2) To *bleach* is to start off, to shrink. So, in *Hamlet* :

“ — if he but *bleach*,

“ I know my course.”—

Leontes means—could any man so start or fly off from propriety of behaviour ?

I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd me.

[*Exit Leontes, R.H.*]

Cam. O miserable lady!—But, for me,
 What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner
 Of good Polixenes: and my ground to do't
 Is the obedience to a master,—one,
 Who, in rebellion with himself, will have
 All that are his so too.—To do this deed,
 Promotion follows: If I could find example
 Of thousands that had struck anointed kings,
 And flourish'd after, I'd not do't: (1) but, since
 Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one,
 Let villainy itself forswear't. I must
 Forsake the court: to do't, or no, is certain
 To me a break-neck.—Happy star, reign now!
 Here comes Bohemia.

Enter POLIXENES, R.H.

Pol. This is strange! Methinks,
 My favour here begins to warp. Not speak?—
 Good day, Camillo.

Cam. Hail, most royal sir!

Pol. What is the news i'the court?

Cam. None rare, my lord.

Pol. The king hath on him such a countenance,
 As he had lost some province, and a region,
 Lov'd as he loves himself: even now I met him
 With customary compliment; when he,
 Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
 A lip of much contempt, speeds from me; (2) and
 So leaves me, to consider what is breeding,
 That changes thus his manners.

Cam. I dare not know, my lord.

Pol. How! dare not?

(1) An allusion to the death of the Queen of Scots, says Walpole.
 (Vide Preface.)

(2) This is a stroke of nature worthy of Shakspeare. Leontes
 had but a moment before assured Camillo that he would seem
 friendly to Polixenes, according to his advice; but on meeting him,
 his jealousy gets the better of his resolution, and he finds it impos-
 sible to restrain his hatred.

Cam. There is a sickness.
Which puts some of us in distemper ; but
I cannot name the disease ; and it is caught
Of you, that yet are well.

Pol. How ! caught of me ?
Make me not sighted like the basilisk :
I've look'd on thousands who have sped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo,
I beseech you.
If you know ought which does behove my knowledge
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison it not
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not answer.

Pol. I must be answer'd.—Dost thou hear, Camillo ?
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man
Which honour does acknowledge,—whereof the least
Is not this suit of mine,—that thou declare
What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping toward me ; how far off, how near ;
Which way to be prevented, if it be ;
If not, how best to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I'll tell you ;
Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him
That I think honourable ; therefore, mark my counsel ;
Which must be even as swiftly follow'd, as
I mean to utter it ; or both yourself and me
Cry, *lost*, and so good night.

Pol. On, good Camillo.

Cam. I am appointed him to murder you. (1)

Pol. By whom, Camillo ?

Cam. By the king.

Pol. For what ?

Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he
swears,—
As he had seen't, or been an instrument

(1) i. e. I am the person appointed to murder you.
So, in *King Henry VI.* P. 1 :
“ Him that thou magnifiest with all these titles,
“ Stinking and fly-blown lies there at our feet.”

To vice you to't, (1)—that you have touched his
queen

Forbiddenly.

Pol. O, then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly; and my name
Be yok'd with his, that did betray the best! (2)

Cam. Swear this, though over
By each particular star in heaven,—
You may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,
As or, by oath, remove, or counsel, shake,
The fabric of his folly.

Pol. How should this grow?

Cam. I know not: but I am sure, 'tis safer to
Avoid what's grown, than question how 'tis born.

If therefore you dare trust my honesty,—
That lies inclosed in this trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawn'd,—away to-night.
Be not uncertain;

For, by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth! which, if you seek to prove,
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer
Than one condemn'd by the king's own mouth,
thereon

His execution sworn.

Pol. I do believe thee;
I saw his heart in's face. Give me thy hand:
Be pilot to me, and thy places shall
Still neighbour mine: (3) My ships are ready, and
(Crosses to L.H.)

My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago.

Cam. It is in mine authority, to command
The keys of all the posterns: please your highness
To take the urgent hour.

(1) i. e. to draw, persuade you. The character called the *Vice* in the old plays, was the tempter to evil.

(2) That is, Judas. The word *best* is spelt with a capital letter thus, *Best*, in the first folio.

(3) By *places*, our author means—*preferments*, or *honours*.

Pol. Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious queen's

Cam. Come, sir, away.

[*Exeunt, &c.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Queen's Apartment.*

HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, EMILIA, LAMIA, and
HERO, discovered.

<i>Stool.</i>	<i>Chair.</i>	<i>Table.</i>	<i>Chair.</i>	<i>Stool.</i>
		<i>Embroidery.</i>		
		<i>Footstool.</i>		<i>Horse.</i>
		<i>Hermione.</i>		<i>Drum.</i>
		<i>Mamillius.</i>		

Hero.

R.H.

Lamia.

Emilia, L.H.

Her. Take the boy to you : he so troubles me,
'Tis past enduring.

Lam. Come, my gracious lord,
Shall I be your playfellow !

Mam. No, I'll none of you :—I love you better.
(*Crosses to Emilia.*)

Emil. And why so, my lord ?

Mam. Not for because

Your brows are blacker ; yet black brows, they say,
Become some women best.

Emil. Who taught this ?—

Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces.—Pray now,
What colour are your eyebrows ?

Lam. Blue, my lord.

Mam. Nay, that's a mock : I've seen a lady's nose
That has been blue, but not her eyebrows.

Emil. Hark ye :

The queen, your mother, rounds apace : we shall
 Present our services to a fine new prince,
 One of these days ; and then you'd wanton with us,
 If we would have you.

Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you ? Come, sir,
 now (*Mamillius turns to Hermione.*)

I am for you again : 'pray you, sit by us,
 And tell's a tale.

Mam. Merry, or sad, shall't be ?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mam. A sad tale's best for winter : (1)
 I have one of sprites and goblins.

Her. Let's have that, good sir.
 Come on, sit down :—come on, and do your best
 To fright me with your sprites ; you're powerful at it.

Mam. There was a man,—

*Enter LEONTES, PHOCION, ANTIGONUS, THASIVS,
 two Officers, and six Guards, L.H.*

Leon. Was he met there ! his train ? Camillo with
 him ?

(*When Emilia and Lamia hear the king's voice,
 they cross behind, R.H. The two officers re-
 move the chairs, &c. and stand behind with
 guards, towards, R.H.*)

Pho. Behind the tuft of pines I met them : never
 Saw I men scour so on their way : I ey'd them
 Even to their ships.

Leon. How blest am I
 In my just censure, (2) in my true opinion !
 Alack, for lesser knowledge ! (3)—How accurs'd,
 In being so bless'd—
 'There is a plot against my life, my crown :

(1) Hence, I suppose, the title of the play.

(2) *Censure*, in the time of our author, was generally used (as in this instance) for judgment, opinion. So, Sir Walter Raleigh, in his commendatory verses prefixed to Gascoigne's *Steel Glasses*, 1576 :

"Wherefore to write my *censure* of this book—

(3) That is, O that my knowledge were less.

All's true, that is mistrusted :—that false villain,
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him :
He has discover'd my design, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing ; yea, a very trick
For them to play at will.—How came the posterns
So easily open ?

Pho. By his great authority ;
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so,
On your command.

Leon. I know't too well.—
Give me the boy : I'm glad, you did not nurse him :
Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.

Her. What is this ? sport !

Leon. Bear the boy hence ;—(*Pushes him over
to Thasius.*)—he shall not come about her ;—
Away with him.

[*Exeunt Thasius and Mamillius, L.H.*
Look on her, mark her well : be but about
To say, *She is a goodly lady*, and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add,
'Tis pity, *she's not honest, honourable* :
Praise her but for this her without-door form,
Which, on my faith, deserves high speech, and straight
The shrug, the hum, or ha,—these petty brands
That calumny doth use,—O, I am out,—
That mercy does ; for calumny will sear
Virtue itself : (1)—These shrugs, these hums, and ha's,
When you have said, *she's goodly*, come between,
Ere you can say, *she's honest* : But be it known,
From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,
She's an adultrous.

Her. Should a villain say so,
The most replenish'd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain :—you, my lord,
Do but mistake.

(1) That is, will stigmatize or brand as infamous. See in *Alk. well*
that ends well.

" ——— my maiden's name
" *Rever'd other wise.*"

Leon. You have mistook, my lady,
 Polixenes for Leontes.—O,—thou thing,
 Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
 Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,
 Should a like language use to all degrees,
 And mannerly distinguishment leave out
 Betwixt the prince and beggar.—I have said,
 She's an adulteress; I have said, with whom:
 More, she's a traitor; and Camillo is
 A feodary with her; and one that knows,
 What she should shame to know herself,
 That she's
 A bed-swerger;
 Ay, and privy
 To this their late escape.

Her. No, by my life,
 Privy to none of this.—How will this grieve you,
 When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
 You have thus publish'd me! Gentle my lord,
 You scarce can right me throughly then, to say,
 You did mistake.

Leon. No, no; if I mistake
 In those foundations which I build upon,
 The centre (1) is not big enough to bear
 A school-boy's top.—Away with her to prison.—

(Antigonus crosses to Leontes.)

He, who shall speak for her, is afar off guilty,
 But that he speaks. (2)

(Throws himself into a chair)

Her. There's some ill planet reigns:
 I must be patient, till the heavens look
 With an aspect more favourable. (3)——Good my
 lords,
 I am not prone to weeping, as our sex

(1) That is, if the proofs which I can offer will not support the opinion I have formed, no foundation can be trusted.

(2) i. e. guilty in a remote degree, even for speaking.

(3) *Aspect*: astrological phrase. The aspect of stars was anciently a familiar term, and continued to be such till the age in which Milton tells us—

“——the swart star sparely looks.” *Lycidas*, v. 138.

Commonly are ; the want of which vain dew,
 Perchance, shall dry your pities : but I have
 That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns
 Worse than tears drown : 'beseech you all, my lords,
 With thoughts so qualified as your charities
 Shall best instruct you, measure me : and so,
 The king's will be perform'd !

Leon. Shall I be heard ? (*Starts up.*)

Her. Who is 't, that goes with me ?—'Beseech
 your highness,

My women may be with me ; for, you see,
 My plight requires it.—Do not weep, good fools ;
 There is no cause : when you shall know, your mistress
 Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears :
 This action, I now go on, (1)

Is for my better grace.—Adieu, my lord :

I never wish'd to see you sorry ; now,

I trust, I shall.—My women, come ; you have leave

Leon. Go, do our bidding ; hence.

[*Exit Hermione, followed by Emilia, Lamia,
 Hero, Officers and Guards, R.H.*]

Pho. 'Beseech your highness, call the queen again.

Ant. For her, my lord,—

I dare my life lay down, and will do't, sir,
 Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotless.

Leon. Hold your peaces.

Ant. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves :
 You are abus'd, and by some putter-on, (2)
 That will be damn'd for't :

Be she honour-flaw'd.—

I have three daughters ; the eldest is eleven ;
 The second and the third, nine and some five ;

(1) I believe, Hermione means, "What I am now about to do."
 This supposition may be countenanced by the following passage in
Much ado about Nothing, Act I. sc. i :

"When I went forward on this ended action."

(2) I. e. one who instigates. So, in *Macbeth* :

"—— the powers divine
 Put on their instruments."

If this prove true, they'll pay for't; by mine honour
Fourteen they shall not see,
To bring false generations.

Leon. Cease; no more:
You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose; but I do see't,
And feel't, as you feel doing thus,—(*Striking his
hands together.*)—and see
Withall the instruments that feel.

Ant. If it be so,
We need no grave to bury honesty;
There's not a grain of it, the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.

Leon. What! lack I credit?

Ant. I had rather you did lack, than I, my lord,
Upon this ground: and more it would content me
To have her honour true, than your suspicion;
Be blam'd for't how you might.

Leon. Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity,
Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
Doth push on this proceeding:
Yet, for a greater confirmation,—
For, in an act of this importance, t'were
Most piteous to be wild,—I have despatch'd
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of stuff'd sufficiency: (1) now, from the oracle
They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had,
Shall stop, or spur, me. Have I done well?

Pho. Well done, my lord.

Leon. Though I am satisfied, and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
Give rest to the minds of others; such as he,
Whose ignorant credulity will not

(1) That is, of abilities more than enough.

Come up to the truth : so have we thought it good,
 From our free person she should be confin'd ;
 Lest that the treachery of the two, fled hence,
 Be left her to perform. Come, follow us.

(*Crosses to centre.*)

Ant. Yet, hear me, gracious sovereign,—

Leon. We need no more of your advice : the
 matter,

The loss, the gain, the ordering on't, is all
 Properly ours : we'll spare your wisdom, sir.

[*Exeunt Leontes and Phocion, L.H.*]

Ant. And I wish, my liege,
 You had only in your silent judgment tried it,
 Without more overture. [*Exit L.H.*]

SCENE II.—*A Prison.*

Enter PAULINA and two Gentlemen, R.H.

Paul. The keeper of the prison,—call to him ;
 Let him have knowledge who I am.—

[*Crosses behind and Exit Gentleman, L.H.*]

Good lady !

No court in Europe is too good for thee ;
 What dost thou then in prison ?

*Enter Gentleman with the Keeper, L.H.—Gentleman
 Crosses behind, R.H.*

Now good sir ;
 You know me, do you not ?

Keep. For a worthy lady,
 And one whom much I honour.

Paul. 'Pray you then,
 Conduct me to the queen.

Keep. I may not, madam ; to the contrary
 I have express commandment.

Paul. Here's ado,

To lock up honesty and honour from
The access of gentle visitors !—Is it lawful,
Pray you, to see her women ? any of them ?
Emilia ?

Keep. So please you, madam, to put
Apart these your attendants, I shall bring
Emilia forth. (*Going* L. H.)

Paul. I pray you now call her.—
Withdraw yourselves.

[*Exeunt the two Gentlemen.* L. H.]

Keep. And, madam,
I must be present at your conference.

Paul. Well, be it so, pr'ythee.—

[*Exit the Keeper.* L. H.]

Here's such ado to make no stain a stain,
As passes colouring.

*Enter the KEEPER and EMILIA, L. H.—The Keeper
stands a little retired, R. H.*

Dear gentlewoman, how fares our gracious lady ?

Emil. As well as one so great, and so forlorn,
May hold together : on her frights and griefs,—
Which never tender lady hath borne greater,—
She is, something before her time, deliver'd.

Paul. A boy ?

Emil. A daughter ; and a goodly babe,
Lusty, and like to live : the queen receives
Much comfort in't : says, *My poor prisoner,*
I am innocent as you.

Paul. I dare be sworn :—

These dangerous unsafe lunes o'the king ! (1) beshrew
them !

(1) I have no where but in our author, observed this word adopted in our tongue, to signify *frenzy, lunacy*. But it is a mode of expression with the French.—*Il y a de la lune* : (i. e. he has got the moon in his head ; he is frantick.) Cotgrave. *Lune, folie. Les femmes ont des lunes dans la tête.* Richelet.

He must be told on't, and he shall : the office
Becomes a woman best ; I'll take't upon me :
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister.

'Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my best obedience to the queen ;
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I'll show't the king, and undertake to be
Her advocate to the loudest : we do not know
How he may soften at the sight o'the child ;
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades when speaking fails.

Emil. Most worthy madam,
Your honour, and your goodness, is so evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue:

Please your ladyship
To visit the next room, I'll presently
Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer :
Who, but to-day, hammer'd of this design ;
But durst not tempt a minister of honour,
Lest she should be denied. *(Going L.H.)*

Keep. Madam, if't please the queen to send the babe,
(Advances between them and stops Paulina.)
I know not what I shall incur, to pass it,
Having no warrant.

Paul. You need not fear it, sir :
'This child was prisoner to the womb ; and is,
By law and process of great nature, thence
Freed and enfranchis'd ; not a party to
The anger of the king ; nor guilty of,
If any be the trespass of the queen :—
(Crosses to centre.)

Do not you fear ; upon mine honour, I
Will stand 'twixt you and danger. *[Exeunt, L.H.]*

SCENE III.—*A square before the Palace.*

(*Trumpets sound, R.H.*)

Enter CLEOMENES and DION, 2 Priests, 2 Pages bearing the Oracle.—Trumpets sound till the Oracle is set down in centre of the stage.

Dion. The climate's delicate; the air most sweet :
Fertile the soil ; the temple much surpassing
The common praise, it bears.

Cleo. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the celestial habits,—
Methinks I should so term them,—and the reverence
Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice !
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
It was i'the offering !

Dion. But, of all, the burst
And the ear deafening voice o' the oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpris'd my sense,
That I was nothing.

Cleo. If the event o'the journey
Prove as successful to the queen,—Oh, be't so !—
As it hath been to us rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on't.

Dion. Great Apollo,
Turn all to the best !—These proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.

Cleo. The violent carriage of it
Will clear, or end, the business : when the oracle,
Thus by Apollo's great Divine seal'd up,
Shall the contents discover, something rare
Even then will rush to knowledge :—
And gracious be the issue ! (*Trumpets sound.*)
[*Exeunt L.H.*

SCENE IV.—*The King's Closet, Table, Books, &c.
2 Chairs, Footstool.*

LEONTES discovered.

Leon. Nor night, nor day, no rest :—it is but
weakness, (*Rises.*)

To bear the matter thus, mere weakness.—If
The cause were not in being,---Part o' the cause,
She, the adultress,—for the harlot king
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank
And level of my brain, (1)plot-proof,—but she
I can hook to me :—say that she were gone,
Given to the death, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again.—Who's there?

Enter ANTIGONUS, R.H.

Ant. My lord?

Leon. How does the boy?

Ant. He took good rest to-night ;
'Tis hop'd, his sickness is discharg'd.

Leon. To see
His nobleness !

Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply :
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on't in himself ;
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And downright languish'd.—

Polixenes,—thou—Fy ! no more of him ;—
The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoils upon me ; in himself too mighty,
His parties, his alliance :—let him be,
Until a time may serve :—for present vengeance,
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me ; make their pastime at my sorrow :

(1) *Blank and level*, mean *mark and aim* ; but they are terms of gunnery, not of archery.

So, in *King Henry VIII.*

“ ——— I stood i' th' level

“ Of a full-charg'd conspiracy.”

They should not laugh, if I could reach them ; nor
Shall she within my power.

(*Throws himself into a Chair.*)

Tha. (*Without L.H.*) You must not enter.

Paul. (*Without L.H.*) Nay, rather, good my lords,
be second to me ;

Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas !

Than the queen's life ? a gracious innocent soul :

More free than he is jealous.

Ant. That's enough.

*Enter PHOCION, THASIVS, and PAULINA, with the
Child, L.H.*

Pho. Madam, he hath not slept to-night ; com-
manded

None should come at him.

Paul. Not so hot, good sir ;
I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you,—
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
At each his needless heavings,—such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking : I
Do come, with words as med'cinal as true,
To purge him of that humour,
That presses him from sleep.

Leon. What noise there, ho ?

Paul. No noise, my lord ; but needful conference,
About some gossips for your highness.

(*Crosses towards Leontes.*)

Leon. How ?

Away with that audacious lady.—Antigonus,
I charg'd thee, that she should not come about me.

Ant. I told her so, my lord,
On your displeasure's peril, and on mine,
She should not visit you.

Paul. Good my liege, I come,—
And I beseech you, hear me, who profess
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor ; yet that dare

Less appear so, in comforting your evils,(1)
Than such as may seem yours :—I say, I come
From your good queen.

Leon. Good queen !

Paul. Good queen, my lord, good queen ; I say,
good queen ;
And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man, the worst about you.(2)

Leon. Force her hence.

(*Rises and advances.—Phorion and Thasius
make a motion to force her out.*)

Paul. Let him, that makes but trifles of his eyes,
First hand me : on my own accord I'll off ;
But, first, I'll do my errand.—The good queen—
For she is good,—hath brought you forth a daughter ;
Here 'tis ; commends it to your blessing.

(*Lays down the Child.*)

Leon. Out !

A mankind witch ! (3) Hence with her, out o'door :
A most intelligencing bawd !

Paul. Not so ;

I am as ignorant in that, as you
In so entitling me : and no less honest
Than you are mad ; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to pass for honest.

Leon. Traitor !

Will you not push her out ?—Give her the bastard :—
Thou, dotard, thou art woman-tir'd, (4) unroosted

(1) To comfort, in old language, is to aid and encourage. *Evils* here mean wicked courses.

(2) "The worst about you," may mean the weakest, or least warlike. So, "a better man the best man in company, frequently refer to skill in fighting, not to moral goodness."

(3) A *mankind* woman is yet used in the midland counties, for a woman violent, ferocious, and mischievous. It has the same sense in this passage.

Witches are supposed to be *mankind*, to put off the softness and delicacy of women ; therefore Sir Hugh, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, says of a woman suspected to be a witch, "that he does not like when a woman has a beard."

(4) *Woman-tir'd*, is peck'd by a woman ; hen-pecked.

By thy dame Partlet here,—

Take't up, I say, give't to thy crone.(1)

(*Antigonus going to take up the Child.*)

Paul. For ever (Crosses to *Antigonus.*)

Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou

Tak'st up the princess, by that forced baseness (2)

Which he has put upon't

Leon. He dreads his wife!

Paul. So I would, you did; then, 'twere past all
doubt,

You'd call your children yours.

Leon. A nest of traitors!

Ant. I am none, by this good light.

Paul. Nor I; nor any,

But one, that's here; and that's himself:—for he

The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,

His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,

Whose sting is sharper than the sword's! and will not
Once remove

The root of his opinion, which is rotten,

As ever oak, or stone, was sound.

Leon. This brat is none of mine.

Paul. 'Tis yours; (*Kneels and opens the mantle.*)

And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,

So like you, 'tis the worse.—Behold, my lords,

Although the print be little, the whole matter

And copy of the father: eye, nose, lip,

The trick of his frown, his forehead; nay, the valley,

The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek:—

And thou, good goddess Nature, which hast made it

So like to him that got it, if thou hast

The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours

No yellow in't; (3) lest she suspect, as he does,

Her children not her husband's! (*Rises.*)

(1) i. e. thy old worn-out woman. A *croon* is an old toothless sheep: thence an old woman. So, in Chaucer's *Man of Lawes Tale*:

"This olde Soudanesse, this cursed crone."

(2) I entes had ordered *Antigonus* to take up the bastard; *Paulina* forbids him to touch the Princess under that appellation. *Forced* is false, uttered with violence to truth.

(3) Yellow is the colour of jealousy.

Leon. A gross hag!—
And, lozel, (1) thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not stay her tongue.

Ant. Hang all the husbands
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.

Leon. Once more, take her hence.

Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.—
I will not call you tyrant;
But this most cruel usage of your queen
Savours of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world. (*Crosses to L.H.*)

Leon. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life?
Away with her.

(*Phocion and Thasius again advance towards her.*)

Paul. I pray you, do not push me; I'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis yours: Jove send her
A better guiding spirit!—(*They again advance.*)—

What need these hands?—

You that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.—(*They
again advance.*)

So, so:—farewell: we are gone. [*Exit L.H.*]

Leon. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.—
My child? Away with't!—Even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,
And see it instantly consum'd with fire;
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight;
Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,
And by good testimony, or I'll seize thy life
With what thou else call'st thine:—go; do it:—
hence;—

For thou sett'st on thy wife.

Ant. I did not, sir:

(1) "A Lozel is one that hath lost, neglected, or cast off his owne good and welfare, and so is become lewde and carelesse of credit and honesty." Verstegau's *Restitution*, 1605, p. 335.

These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in't.

Pho. We can : my royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

Leon. You are traitors all.

Ant. 'Beseech your highness, give us better credit :
We have always truly serv'd you, and beseech
So to esteem of us : and on my knees I beg,
As recompense of my dear services,
Past, and to come, that you do change this purpose :
Which, being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue ; we beseech—

Leon. Shall I live on, to see this creature kneel
And call me father ? Better end it now,
Than curse it then : but, be it ; let it live : —
It shall not neither. You, withdraw awhile.—

[Exeunt Phocion and Thasius L.H.]

You, sir, come you hither,—

You, that have been so tenderly officious
With Lady Margery, your midwife, there,
To save this bastard's life ;—for 'tis a bastard,
So sure as this beard's grey ; (1)—what will you ad-
venture

To save this brat's life ?

Ant. Any thing, my lord,
That my ability may undergo,
And nobleness impose : at least, thus much ;
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,
To save the innocent ; any thing possible.

Leon. It shall be possible :—swear by this
sword, (2)

Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my lord. *(Kisses the sword.)*

(1) The King must mean the beard of Antigonus. Leontes has himself told us that twenty-three years ago he was unbreech'd, in his green velvet coat, his dagger muzzled : and of course his age at the opening of this play must be under thirty. He cannot, therefore, mean his own beard.

(2) It was anciently the custom to swear by the cross on the handle of a sword.

Leon. Mark, and perform it ;—seest thou?—for
the fail

Of any point in't, shall not only be
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongu'd wife,
Whom, for this time, we pardon.—We enjoin thee,
As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry
This hateful issue of Polixenes
To some remote and desert place, quite out
Of our dominions ; and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy, to its own protection,
And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,
On thy soul's peril, and thy body's torture,
That thou commend (1) it strangely to some place,
Where chance may nurse, or end it : take it up.

Ant. I swear to do this : though a present death
Had been more merciful.— (*Takes up the Child.*)

Come on, poor babe :

Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens
To be thy nurses ! Wolves and bears, they say,
Casting their savageness aside, have done
Like offices of pity.—Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed does require !—and bless-
ing, (2)

Against this cruelty, fight on thy side,

Poor thing, condemn'd to loss ! (3)

[*Exit with the Child, R.H.*

Leon. No ; I'll not rear

Another's issue.

(*A trumpet sounds, L.H.*)

Enter PHOCION and THASIVS, L.H.

Pho. Please your highness, posts,

(1) *Commit* it to some place, as a stranger, without more provision.
So, in *Macheth* :

“ I wish your horses swift and sure of foot,

“ And so I do commend you to their backs.”

To commend is to commit. See *Minsheu's Dict.* in v.

(2) The favour of heaven.

(3) i. e. to exposure, similar to that of a child whom its parents
have lost.

From those you sent to the oracle, are come
 An hour since : Cleomenes and Dion,
 Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are even now
 Entering the court.

Leon. This good speed foretells,
 The great Apollo suddenly will have
 The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords :
 Summon a session, that we may arraign
 Our most disloyal lady ; for, as she hath
 Been publicly accus'd, so shall she have
 A just and open trial. Leave me ;
 And think upon my bidding.

[*Exeunt Leontes R.H. Thasius and Phocion L.H.*]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Court of Justice—Drums and Trumpets sound. L.H.*

Disposition of the Characters, when Hermione is brought on.

LEONTES, PHOCION, THASIVS, CLEOMENES, DION,
Lords, Officers, &c. discovered.

Six Guards.

Banner.

Canopy.

Throne.

Chair and Foot-stool.

Six Guards.

Banner.

Two Pages.

Leontes.

Two Pages.

4 Gents. 4 Ladies

Two Stools.

4 Gents. 4 Ladies.

for Scribes.

Priest. Judge. Priest. Table. Priest. Judge. Priest.

Papers, Books, &c.

Sword of State.

Clerk.

Written

Clerk.

Eagle.

Parchment.

Eagle.

Oracle.

Thasius.

Phocion.

*Hero,**Lamia.**Paulina.**Two Officers.**Chair, for**Hermione.**Dion.**Cleomenes.*

L.H.

R.H.

Leon. This sessions, to our great grief, we pronounce,

Even pushes 'gainst our heart : the party tried,
The daughter of a king ; our wife ; and one
Of us too much belov'd.—Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice ; which shall have due course,
Even, to the guilt, or the purgation.—
Produce the prisoner.

Tha. It is his highness' pleasure that the queen
Appear in person here in court.

Trumpets sound.—HERMIONE is brought in guarded
by Officers ; L.H. PAULINA, LAMIA, and HERO,
attending.—The officers bring on the Queen's chair
and remain behind it.—All rise and bow to the
Queen on her entrance, and remain till she is seated.
—The Queen seats herself.

Leon. Read the indictment.

Pho. (Takes the written Parchment from the table,
(Reads.) *Hermione, queen to Leontes, king of Sicilia,*
thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason,
in committing adultery with Polixenes, king of Bo-
hemia ; and conspiring with Camillo to take away
the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal hus-
band. (Lays it down.)

Her. Since what I am to say, must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation ; and
The testimony on my part, no other
But what comes from myself ; it shall (1) scarce boot me

(1) That is, my virtue being accounted wickedness, my assertion of it will pass but for a lie. Falsehood means both treachery and lie.

To say, *Not guilty* : mine integrity,
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so receiv'd. But thus,—(*Rises.*)—If powers di-
vine

Behold our human actions, as they do,
I doubt not then, but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience.—You, my lord, best know,
Who least will seem to do so, my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy ; which is more
Than history can pattern, though devis'd
And play'd, to take spectators : for behold me,—
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince,—here standing,
To prate and talk for life and honour, 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, (1) I prize it
As I weigh grief, which I would spare : (2) for honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine, (3)
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so ; since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent I
Have strain'd, (4) to appear thus : if one jot beyond
The bound of honour ; or, in act, or will,
That way inclining ; harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry, *Fy !* upon my grave. (*Sits.*)

(1) *Life* is to me now only *grief*, and as such only is considered by me ; I would therefore willingly dismiss it.

(2) To *spare* any thing is to *let it go*, to *quit the possession of it*.

(3) This sentiment, which is probably borrowed from *Ecclesiasticus*, iii. 11, cannot be too often impressed on the female mind : "The glory of a man is from the honour of his father ; and a mother in dishonour, is a reproach unto her children."

(4) I have swerved or deflected from the strict line of duty.

"To appear *thus*," is, to appear in such an assembly as this, to be put on my trial.

Leon. I ne'er heard yet,
That any of these bolder vices wanted
More impudence to gainsay what they did,
Than to perform it first.

Her. That's true enough :
'Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.

Leon. As you were past all shame,
'Those of your fact are so, so past all truth :
Which to deny, concerns more than arails ; (1)
For as

Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
No father owning it.—which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee, than it,—so thou
Shalt feel our justice ; in whose easiest passage,
Look for no less than death.

Her. Sir, spare your threats :
'The bug which you would fright me with, I seek.
To me can life be no commodity :
'The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
I do give lost ; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went : my second joy,
'The first-fruits of our marriage, from his presence
I am barr'd, like one infectious : my third comfort,
Starr'd most unluckily, (2) is from my breast,
The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
Haled out to murder : myself on every post
Proclaim'd a strumpet : with immodest hatred,
The childbed privilege denied, which 'longs
To women of all fashion : lastly, hurried
Here to this place, i'the open air, before
I have got strength of limit : (3) now, my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die ? Therefore, proceed.

(1) It is your *business* to deny this charge, but the mere denial will be useless ; will prove nothing.

(2) Born under an inauspicious planet.

(3) Mr. M. Mason judiciously conceives *strength of limit* to mean, the limited degree of strength which it is customary for women to acquire, before they are suffered to go abroad after child-bearing.

—(*Rises*)—But yet, hear this,—mistake me not ;—
No !—life ?

I prize it not a straw ; —but, for mine honour,
Which I would free,—if I shall be condemn'd
Upon surmises,—all proofs sleeping else
But what your jealousies awake,—I tell you,
'Tis rigour, and not law.—(*sits.*)—Your Honours all,
I do refer me to the oracle ;
Apollo be my judge.

Leon. Bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

(*Phocion and Thasius kneel, and open the chest.*)

Her. The Emperor of Russia was my father :
Oh, that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial ! that he did but see
The flatness (1) of my misery ; yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge !

Pho. (*Draws the sword.*) You here shall swear
upon this sword of justice,
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphos ; and from thence have brought
This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great Apollo's priest ; and that, since then,
You have not dar'd to break the holy seal,
Nor read the secrets in't.

Cleo. (*Cleomenes and Dion, touch the sword.*) All
this we swear.

Leon. Break up the seals, and read.

(*Phocion lays the sword on the table, takes the
Oracle out of the chest, breaks the seals from
the ribbands it is bound with, and reads.*)

Pho. [*Reads.*] *Hermione is chaste.* (*At the words
"Hermione is chaste," all start up overjoyed.*) *Po-
lixenes blameless, Camillo a true subject, Leontes' babe
truly begotten ; and the king shall live without an
heir, if that which is lost, be not found.*

Pdul. Now blessed be the great Apollo !

(1) That is, how low, how flat I am laid by my calamity.

Her. Prais'd !

Leon. Hast thou read truth ?

Pho. Ay, my lord ; even so

As it is here set down.

Leon. The session shall proceed ; — (*All sit*) — this
is mere falshood.

Enter EMILIA, L.H.

Emil. My lord the king, the king ! —

Leon. What is the business ?

Emil. O sir, I shall be hated to report it :
The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the queen's speed, (1) is dead.

Leon. How ! dead ? (*The king and all rise.*)

Her. (*Fainting.*) Oh, oh, oh ! — my son ! —

Leon. How now there ?

(*Emilia runs over to the queen.*)

Paul. This news is mortal to the queen : — look
down, (*The king leaves the throne.*)
And see what death is doing.

Leon. Take her hence ;
Her heart is but o'ercharg'd ; she will recover. —

[*Hermione is borne off by Paulina, Emilia,
Lamia, and Hero, followed by officers, L.H.
Officers remove the chair.*]

The heavens themselves do strike at my injustice.
I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion : —
'Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life. — Break up the court.

(*Drums and Trumpets sound. — Scene closes.*)

SCENE II. — (*The King's Closet.*)

Enter LEONTES, PHOCION, and THASIVS, L.H.

Leon. Apollo, pardon

(1) Of the event of the queen's trial : so we still say, he sped well
iii.

My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle !—
 I'll reconcile me to Polixenes ;
 New-woo my queen ; recall the good Camillo ;
 Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy :
 For, being transported by my jealousies
 To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose
 Camillo for the minister, to poison
 My friend Polixenes ;
 He, most humane,
 And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest
 Unclasp'd my practice ; quit his fortunes here,
 Which you knew great ; and to the certain hazard
 Of all uncertainties himself commended.
 No richer than his honour :—how he glisters
 Through my dark rust ! and how his piety
 Does my deeds make the blacker !

(*Paulina, without, R.H.*)

Paul. Woe the while !

Leon. What fit is this, good lady ?

Enter PAULINA, R.H.

Paul. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me ?
 What wheels ? racks ? fires ?—
 What old, or newer torture
 Must I receive ? whose every word deserves
 To taste of thy most worst ? Thy tyranny
 Together working with thy jealousies,—
 O, think, what they have done,
 And then run mad, indeed ; stark mad ! for all
 Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
 When I have said, cry, woe !—The queen, the queen,
 The sweetest, dearest creature's dead ; and vengeance
 for't
 Not dropp'd down yet.

Leon. The higher powers forbid !

Paul. I say, she's dead ; I'll swear't : if word, not
 oath

Prevail not, go and see : if you can bring

Tincture, or lustre, in her lip, her eye,
 Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you
 As I would do the gods.—But, O thou tyrant !
 Do not repent these things ; for they are heavier
 Than all thy woes can stir : therefore betake thee
 To nothing but despair. A thousand knees
 Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
 Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
 In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
 To look that way, thou wert.

Leon. Go on, go on ;
 Thou canst not speak too much ; I have deserv'd
 All tongues to talk their bitterest.
(*Crosses to Thasius.*)

Pho. Say no more ;
 Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
 I' the boldness of your speech.

Paul. I am sorry for't ;
 All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
 I do repent.—Alas ! I have show'd too much
 The rashness of a woman : he is touched
 To the noble heart.—What's gone, and what's past
 help,
 Should be past grief : do not receive affliction
(*Crosses to Leontes.*)

At my petition, I besecch you ; rather,
 Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
 Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,—
 Sir, royal sir,—forgive a foolish woman :
 The love I bore your queen—Lo, fool ! again ?
 I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children ;
 I'll not remember you of my own lord,
 Who is lost too : take your patience to you,
 And I'll say nothing.

Leon. Thou didst speak but well,
 When most the truth ; which I receive much better
 Than to be pitied of thee.—'Pr'ythee, bring me
 To the dead bedics of my queen, and son :
 One grave shall be for both : upon them shall

The causes of their death appear, unto
 Our shame perpetual : once a day I'll visit
 The chapel where they lie ; and tears, shed there,
 Shall be my recreation : so long as
 Nature will bear up with this exercise,
 So long I daily vow to use it. Come,
 And lead me to these sorrows. [*Exeunt, R.H.*]

SCENE III.—*Bohemia.—A desert Country near
 the Sea.*

Enter ANTIGONUS, with the Child, and a Mariner, L.H.

Ant. Thou art perfect then, (1)—our ship hath
 touched upon
 The deserts of Bohemia?

Mar. Ay, my lord ; and fear,
 We have landed in ill time : the skies look grimly,
 And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,
 The heavens with that we have in hand are angry,
 And frown upon us.

Ant. Their sacred wills be done !—Go, get aboard ;
 Look to thy bark ; I'll not be long, before,
 I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your best haste ; and go not
 Too far i'the land : 'tis like to be loud weather :
 Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
 Of prey that keep upon't.

Ant. Go thou away :
 I'll follow instantly.

Mar. I am glad at heart,
 To be so rid o'the business. [*Exit L.H.*]

Ant. Come, poor babe :—
 I've heard, but not believ'd, the spirits of the dead
 May walk again : if such thing be, thy mother

(1) *Perfect* is often used by Shakspeare for *certain, well-assured, or well informed.*

Appear'd to me last night ; for ne'er was dream
 So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
 Sometimes her head on one side, some another ;—
 I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
 So fill'd, and so becoming ;—in pure white robes,
 Like very sanctity, she did approach
 My cabin where I lay ; thrice bow'd before me ;
 And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
 Became two spouts : the fury spent, anon
 Did this break from her : *Good Antigonus,*
Since fate, against thy better disposition,
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,—
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
There weep, and leave it crying ; and, for the babe
Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,
I pr'ythee, call't : for this ungentle business,
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thy wife Paulina more :—and so, with shrieks,
 She melted into air.—

Dreams are toys ;
 Yet, for this once, yea, superstitiously,
 I will be squar'd by this. I do believe,
 Hermione hath suffer'd death ; and that
 Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
 Of king Polixenes, it should here be laid,
 Either for life, or death, upon the earth
 Of its right father.—Blossom, speed thee well !
 There lie ;—

(*Laying down the child, opens the mantle.*)

And there thy character ;— (1)

(*Lays down a paper.*)

There these ;—

(*Lays down a casket.*)

Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty,
 And still rest thine.—

(*Rain and wind—takes up the mantle.*)

(1) Thy description : i. e. the writing afterwards discovered with Perdita.

The storm begins ;—poor wretch,
That, for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd
To loss, and what may follow !—Fare thee well,
Sweet !—My heart bleeds : and most accurs'd am I,
To be by oath enjoined to this.—Farewell !—

(*Thunder.*)

The day frowns more and more ;—thou'rt like to have
A lullaby too rough (1)—I never saw
The heavens so dim by day.—

(*Noise of hunters, R.H.U.E.*)

A savage clamour ? (2)

(*A Bear seen at a distance, R.H.U.E.*)

This is the chase.—Well may I get aboard !—

[*Exit, the Bear following, towards the Ship.—
Rain.—Wind.—Thunder.—Hunters shout
again.*]

Enter a SHEPHERD, R.H.U.E.

Shep. I would, there were no age between ten
and three-and-twenty ; or that youth would sleep
out the rest ; for there is nothing in the between,
but getting wenches with child, wronging the an-
cienry, stealing, fighting,—(*Horns sound, R.H.U.E.*)—
Hark you now !—Would any but these boil'd brains
of nineteen, and two-and-twenty, hunt this weather ?
—They have scared away two of my best sheep ;
which, I fear, the wolf will sooner find, than the
master : if any where I have them, 'tis by the sea-
side, browsing of ivy.—Good luck, an't be thy will !
what have we here ?—(*Just opens the head of the
mantle.*)—Mercy on's, a barne, a very pretty barne ! A
boy, or a child, (3) I wonder ? A pretty one, a very

(1) So, in *Dorastus and Faunia* : " Shall thy tender mouth, instead of sweet kisses, be nipped with bitter stormes ? Shalt thou have the *whistling winds* for thy lullaby, and the salt sea-fome, instead of sweet milke ?"

(2) This clamour was the cry of the dogs and hunters : then seeing the bear, he cries, *this is the chase*, or, the animal pursued.

(3) I am told, that in some of our inland counties, a female in-

pretty one. Sure, some scape : though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the scape. This has been some stair-work, some behind door-work : they were warmer that got this, than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity : yet I'll tarry till my son come ; he holla'd but even now.—Whoa, ho-hoa !—

Clown. (*Without*, I.H.) Hilloa, loa !—

Shep. What, art so near ? If thou'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and buried, come hither.

Enter SHEPHERD, running and frightened, I.H.

What ail'st thou, man ?

Clown. I have seen two such sights, by sea, and by land ;—but I am not to say, it is a sea ; for it is now the sky ; betwixt the firmament and it, you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it ?

Clown. I would, you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore ! but that's not to the point : O, the most pitcous cry of the poor souls ! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em : now the ship boring the moon with her mainmast ; and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hogshead. And then for the land service—To see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone ; how he cried to me for help, and said, his name was Antigonus, a nobleman :—but to make an end of the ship,—to see how the sea flap-dragon'd it : (1)—but, first, how the poor souls roared, and the sea mocked them ;—and how the poor old gentleman roared, and the bear mock'd him ;—both roaring louder than the sea or weather.

Shep. 'Name of mercy, when was this, boy ?

fant, in contradistinction to a male one, is still termed, among the peasantry,—a child.

(1) Swallowed it, as our ancient toppers swallowed flap-dragons. So in *Love's Labour's Lost* : "Thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon."

Clown. Now, now ; I have not winked since I saw these sights : the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman ; he's at it now.

Shep. 'Would I had been by, to have helped the old man !—But look thee here, boy : now bless thyself : thou met'st with things dying, I with things new-born. Here's a sight for thee ;—(*Takes the child and mantle from the ground.*) look thee, a bearing-cloth for a 'squire's child † Look thee here : take up, take up, boy :—(*Clown unfolds the mantle, as the shepherd holds the child to him in his arms.*) open't : so, let's see :—it was told me, I should be rich, by the fairies :—(*The Clown takes the casket, and shakes it.*) This is some changeling. (1).—Open't : what's within, boy ?

Clown. (*Opening the casket.*) You're a made old man : if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold ! all gold !

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy ; and 'twill prove so. Up with it, keep it close : home, home, the next way. (2) We are lucky, boy ; and to be so still, requires nothing but secrecy.—Let my sheep go :—come, good boy, the next way home.

Clown. (*Lays the casket again on the child, and folds up the mantle.*) Go you the next way with your findings ; I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman.—They are never curst, but when they are hungry : (3)—if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed : if thou may'st discern by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to the sight of him.

(1) i. e. some child left behind by the fairies, in the room of one which they had stolen.

So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* :

“ A lovely boy, stol'n from an Indian king ;

• “ She never had so sweet a *changeling*.”

(2) i. e. the nearest way.

(3) *Curst*, signifies *mischievous*. Thus the adage : *Curst cows have short horns.*”

Clown Marry, will I.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy; and we'll do good deeds on't.

[*Exeunt Shepherd, L.H.—Clown, R.H.*]

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Bohemia.*

A Room in the Palace of Polixenes.

Enter POLIXENES, CAMILLO, and ANTIGONUS, L.H.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate: 'tis a death to grant this.

Cam. It is sixteen years since I saw my country: Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me: to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay; which is another spur to my departure.

Pol. Of that fatal country Sicilia, 'pr'y'thee, speak no more.—Say to me, when sawest thou the Prince Florizel, my son? I have eyes under my service, which look upon his removedness; from whom I have this intelligence; that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that, from very nothing, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more, than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That's likewise part of my intelligence. Thou shalt accompany us to the place: where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question (1) with

(1) Some talk.

the shepherd ; from whose simplicity, I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. 'Pr'ythee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I obey your commands.

Pol. My best Camillo !—We must disguise ourselves. [*Exeunt*, R.H.

• SCENE II.—*The open Country.*

Enter AUTOLYCUS, (1) *singing.*

*When daffodils begin to peer,—
With, hey ! the doxy over the dale,
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year ;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pule.*

I have served Prince Florizel, and, in my time, wore three-pile ; (2) but now I am out of service.

(*Sings.*)—*The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,—
With, hey ! the sweet birds, O, how they sing !—
Doth set my pugging (3) tooth on edge ;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.*

*The lark, that tirra-lirra chants,—
With, hey ! with, hey ! the thrush and the jay,—
Are summer songs for me and my aunts, (4)
While we lie tumbling in the hay.*

(1) *Autolycus* was the son of Mercury, and as famous for all the arts of fraud and thievery as his father :

“ *Non fuit Autolyçi tam piceata manus.*

See also, Homer's *Odyssey*, Book XIX.

(2) Rich velvet.

(3) Dr. Thirlby observes, that it is the cant of gypsies.

The word *pugging* is used by Greene in one of his pieces ; and a *puggard* was a cant name for some particular kind of thief. So, in *The Roaring Girl*, 1611 :

“ Of cheaters, lifters, nips, foists, *puggards*, curbers.”

1 See to *prigge* in *Minsheu*.

(4) *Aunt* appears to have been at this time a cant word for a *bawd*.

My traffic is sheets; (1) when the kite builds, look to lesser linen. My father named me, Autolycus; who, being; as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. With die, and drab, I purchased this caparison; (2) and my revenue is the silly cheat. (3)—A prize! a prize! (*Retires.*)

Enter CLOWN, R.H.

Clown. Let me see:—Every 'leven wether—tods; (4) every tod yields—pound and odd shilling: fifteen hundred shorn.—What comes the wool to?

Aut. If the springe hold, the cock's mine.

(*Advances and lies down.*)

Clown. I cannot do't without counters. (5)—(*Takes out a Paper and reads.*)—Let me see: what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? *Three pound of sugar; five pound of rice*:—what will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on.—*Mace*;—*dates*,—none; that's out of my note:—*nutmegs*, seven; *four pound of prunes*, and as many of raisins o'the sun.

Aut. (*Groelling on the ground R.H.*) O, that ever I was born!

Clown. I'the name of me,—

Aut. O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags; and then,—

(1) Autolycus means, that his practice was to steal sheets and large pieces of linen, leaving the smaller pieces for the kites to build with.

(2) i. e. with gaming and whoring, I brought myself to this shabby dress.

(3) The *silly cheat* is one of the technical terms belonging to the art of *coneycatching* or *thievery*, which Greene has mentioned among the rest, in his treatise on that ancient and honourable science. I think it means *picking pockets*.

(4) A *tod* is twenty-eight pounds of wool.

(5) By the help of small circular pieces of base metal, all reckonings were anciently adjusted among the illiterate and vulgar.

Clown. Alack, poor soul ! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. I am robbed, sir, and beaten : my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clown. What, by a horseman, or a footman ?

Aut. A footman, sweet sir, a footman.

Clown. Indeed, he should be a footman, by the garments he has left with thee ; if this be a horseman's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee : come, lend me thy hand.—

(*Helping him up.*)

Aut. O, good sir, softly, good sir ; I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

Clown. How now ? Canst stand ? (*Helping him.*)

Aut. Softly, dear sir :—(*Picks the Clown's pocket.*)—good sir, softly.—You ha' done me a charitable office.

Clown. Dost lack any money ? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good sweet sir ; no, I beseech you, sir ; I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going ; I shall there have money, or any thing I want : offer me no money, I pray you ; that kills my heart.

Clown. What manner of fellow was he that robbed you ?

Aut. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with trol-my-dames : (1) I knew him once a servant of the prince ; I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court.

Clown. His vices, you would say ; there's no virtue whipped out of the court.

Aut. Vices I would say, sir, I know this man

(1) In Dr. Jones's old treatise on *Buckstone Bathes*, he says : " The ladies, gentle woomen, wyves, maydes, if the weather be not agreeable, may have in the ende of a benche, eleven holes made, intoo the which to trouble pummits, either wyolent or softe, after their own discretion : the pastyme trouble in madame is termed."

well : he hath been since an ape-bearer ; then a process-server, a bailiff ; then he compassed a motion of the prodigal son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies ; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue : some call him, Autolycus.

Clown. Out upon him ! Prig, (1) for my life, prig : —he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings ?

Aut. Very true, sir ; he, sir, he ; that's the rogue, that put me into this apparel.

Clown. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia ; if you had but looked big, and spit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter ; I am false of heart that way ; and that he knew, I war-rant him.

Clown. How do you now ?

Aut. Sweet sir, much better than I was ; I can stand, and walk : I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's. (*Crosses R.H.*)

Clown. Shall I bring thee on the way ?

Aut. No, good-faced sir ; no, sweet sir,

Clown. Then fare thee well ; I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Aut. Prosper you, sweet sir !—Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too : If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unrolled, (2) and my name put in the book of virtue !

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,

And merrily hent (3) the stile-a :

A merry heart goes all the day,

Your sad tires in a mile a. [*Exit, R.H.*]

(1) To prig is to filch.

(2) Begging gypsies, in the time of our author, were in gangs and companies, that had something of the show of an incorporated body. From this noble society he wishes he may be unrolled, if he does not

SCENE III.—*A Lawn before a Shepherd's Cottage.*

FLORIZEL R.H. and PERDITA L.H. discovered in an Arbour.

Flo. These your unusual weeds to each part of you
Do give a life : no shepherdess ; but Flora,
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on't.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes, (1) it not becomes me ;
O, pardon, that I name them : your high self,
The gracious mark o'the land, (2) you have obscur'd
With a swain's wearing ; and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess-like prank'd up. (3)

Flo. I bless the time,
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground.

Per. Now Jove afford you cause !
Even now I tremble
To think, your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way, as you did.

Flo. Thou dearest Perdita,
With these forc'd thoughts, (4) I pr'ythee, darken not
The mirth o'the feast : or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's :
To this I am most constant ;
Though destiny say, no.

(*Tabor and pipe heard without, R.H.U.E.*)
Your guests are coming ;

(1) By his *extremes*, Perdita does not mean his *extravagant praises*, as Johnson supposes ; but the *extravagance of his conduct*, in obscuring himself "in a swain's wearing," while he "pranked her up most goddess-like." The following words, *O pardon that I name them*, prove this to be her meaning.

(2) The *object* of all men's notice and expectation.

(3) To *prank* is to dress with ostentation.

(4) That is, thoughts far-fetched, and not arising from the present objects.

Lift up your countenance ; as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial, which
We two have sworn shall come.

Per. O lady fortune,
Stand you auspicious !

Flo. See, your guests approach :
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth. (*Tabor and pipe again.*)

*Enter DORCAS, CLOWN, MOPSA, Country Lads and
Lasses, followed by the SHEPHERD, who advances
with POLIXENES and CAMILLO, both disguised.*

Cottage.

Arbour.

Men.

Shepherds.

Women.

Morrice-dancers.

Shepherdesses.

Maypole.

Florizel. Perditta.

Dorcas.

Shepherd.

Clown.

Polixenes.

Mopsa.

Camillo.

} *Bench.*

R.H.

L.H.

Shep. Fy, daughter ! when my old wife liv'd, upon
This day she was both pantler, butler, cook ;
Both dame and servant : welcom'd all ; serv'd all :
You are retir'd,
As if you were a feasted one, and not
The hostess of the meeting : 'pray you, bid
These unknown friends to us welcome ; for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes ; and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o'the feast : come on,
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.

Per. Welcome, sirs !—

It is my father's will, I should take on me
The hostesship o'the day :—you're welcome, sirs.

(*Perdita sings a Song.*)

Cam. Good sooth, she is the queen of curds and cream.

Per. Give me those flowers there, Dorcas.—(*Takes the basket and crosses between Polixenes and Camillo.*)—Reverend sirs,

For you, there's rosemary and rue ;
Grace and remembrance be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing!

Pol. Shepherdess,—
A fair-one are you,—well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.

Per. Out, alas !
You'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through.—Now, my
fairest friend,— (*To Florizel.*)

I would I had some flowers o'the spring, that might
Become your time of day ; and yours ;—(*To the lads.*)
and yours,—(*To the lusses.*)

(*Gives Dorcas the basket.*)

That wear upon your virgin-branches yet

Your maiden honours growing ;—

Daffodils,

That come before the swallow dares, and take

The winds of March with beauty ; violets, dim

But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,

Or Cytherea's breath ; pale primroses

That die, unmarried, ere they can behold

Bright Phoebus in his strength ;

Bold oxlips, and

The crown-imperial !—O, these I lack,

To make you garlands of ; and my sweet friend,—

To strow him o'er and o'er.

Flo. What ? like a corse ?

Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on ;
Not like a corse : or if,—not to be buried,
But quick, and in mine arms.

(*Florizel and Perdita retire to the Arbour.—Dorcas and Mopsa go to the Clown.*)

Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass, that ever Ran on the green-sward : nothing she does, or seems, But smacks of something greater than herself ; Too noble for this place.

(*Camillo, at L.H. of Polixenes.—Shepherd stands at R.H. of Polixenes — Polixenes, Camillo, and the Shepherd talk together. — Mopsa, Clown, and Dorcas advance.*)

Clown. Come on, strike up.

Dor. Mopsa must be your mistress : marry, garlic, To mend her kissing with !

Mop. Now, in good time !

Clown. Is there no manners left among maids ? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to-bed, or kiln-hole, to whistle off these secrets ; but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests ?—'Tis well they are whispering.—Not a word, a word ; we stand upon our manners.—Come, strike up.—

(*Mopsa, Clown, and Dorcas are R.H. during dance.—Camillo, Polixenes, and Shepherds L.H.—A Dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses. Having finished their morrice-dance, lads and lasses retire R.H. so as not to conceal Florizel and Perdita, who are in the arbour.—Mopsa, Clown, and Dorcas, dance after morrice-dancers, R.H.—While the morrice-dance is performing, the other shepherds and shepherdesses dance in a ring round a maypole.*)

Pol. 'Pray, good shepherd, what Fair swain is this, now talking with your daughter ?

Shep. They call him Doricles ! and he boasts himself

To have a worthy feeding : (1)

He says, he loves my daughter ;

And, to be plain,

(1) I conceive *feeding* to be a *pasture*, and a *worthy feeding* to be a tract of pasture not inconsiderable, not unworthy of my daughter's name.

I think, there is not half a kiss to choose,
Who loves another best.—

If young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

*Enter a Neat-herd, R.H.—Mopsa, Clown, and Dorcas,
followed by lads and lasses, advance. R.H.*

N.-herd. O master, if you did but hear the pedlar
at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor
and pipe: he sings songs, faster than you'll tell mo-
ney; he utters them, as he had eaten ballads, all
mens' ears grew to his tunes.

Clown. He could never come better; he shall come
in.

N.-herd. He hath songs, for man, or woman, of all
sizes: ribands of all the colours i'the rainbow; inkles,
caddisses, (1) cambrics, lawns: why, he sings them
over, as they were gods or goddesses.

Clown. 'Pr'ythee, bring him in; and let him approach
singing. [*Exit Neat-herd R.H.*]
I love a ballad but even too well; if it be doleful
matter, merrily set down; or a very pleasant thing in-
deed, and sung lamentably.

*Enter AUTOLYCUS, as a Pedlar, singing, with the
Neat-herd, R.H.*

*Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any silk, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the new'st, and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?
Come to the Pedlar,
Money's a medler,
That doth utter (2) all mens' ware-a.*

(1) *Caddis* is, I believe, a narrow worsted galloon. I remember
when very young to have heard it enumerated by a pedlar among the
articles of his pack.

(2) To bring out—produce.

Mop. Come, you promised me a tawdry lace, (1)
and a pair of sweet gloves. (2)

Dor. He hath promised you more than that, or there
be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promised you : may
be, he has paid you more.—Come, come.

Clown. Have I not told thee, how I was cozened by
the way, and lost all my money?

Aut. And indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad ;
therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clown. What hast here ? ballads ?

Mop. Pray now, buy some ; I love a ballad in
print a'-life ; for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here's one, to a very doleful tune, How a
usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags
at a burden ; and how she longed to eat adders' heads,
and toads carbonadoed.

Mop. Is it true, think you ?

Aut. Very true ; and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying a usurer !

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to't, one mistress

(1) *Tawdry-lace* is thus described in Skinner, by his friend Dr. Henshawe : *Tawdrie lace*, astrigmenta, timbria, seu fasciola, emta Nundinis Sæ. Etheldredæ celebratis : Ut rectè monet Doc. Thomas Henshawe." Etymol. in voce. We find it in Spenser's *Pastorals*, Aprill :

" And girl in your wast,

" For more finenesse, with a *towdrie lace*."

(2) Sweet, or perfumed gloves, are frequently mentioned by Shakespeare, and were very fashionable in the age of Elizabeth, and long afterwards. Thus Autolycus, in the song just preceeding this passage, offers to sale :

" Gloves as sweet as damask roses."

Stowe's *Continuator*, Edmund Howes, informs us, that the English could not " make any costly wash or perfume, until about the fourteenth or fifteenth of the queen [Elizabeth,] the right honourable Edward Vere erle of Oxford, came from Italy, and brought with him gloves, sweet bagges, a perfumed leather jerkin, and other pleasant things : and that yeare the queene had a payre of *perfumed gloves* trimmed onlie with foure tuftes, or roses of cullered silke. The queene took such pleasure in those gloves, that shee was pictured with those gloves upon her hands : and for many yeers after it was called *the erle of Oxfordes perfume*." Stowe's *Annals*, by Howes, edit. 1614. p. 868, col. 2.

Taleporter ; and five or six honest wives' that were present : why, should I carry lies abroad ?

Mop. 'Pray you now, buy it.

Clown. Come on, lay it by : and let's first see more ballads ; we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad, Of a fish that appeared upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids : it was thought, she was a woman, and was turned into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh with one that loved her.

Dor. Is it true, think you ?

Aut. Five justices' hands at it ; and witnesses, more than my pack will hold.

Clown. Lay it by too : another,—

Aut. This is a merry ballad ; but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a passing merry one ; and goes to the tune of, *Two maids wooing a man.*

Dor. We can sing it ; if thou'lt bear a part.

Mop. We had the tune on't a month ago.

Aut. Have at it with you.

SONG.—AUTOLYCUS, MOPSA, and DORCAS.

A. Get you hence, for I must go ;
Where, it fits not you to know.

D. Whither ? *M.* O, whither ? *D.* Whither ?

M. It becomes thy oath full well,
Thou to me thy secrets tell,

D. Me too, let me go thither.

M. Or thou go'st to the grange, or mill ;—

D. If to either, thou dost ill.

A. Neither. *D.* What, neither ? *A.* Neither.

D. Thou hast sworn my love to be ;—

M. Thou hast sworn it more to me ;

Then, whither go'st ? say, whither ?

Clown. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves :

—My father and the gentlemen are in sad (1) talk, and we'll not trouble them:—come, bring away thy —(*Crosses to R.H.*)—pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both. Pedlar, let's have the first choice.—Follow me, girls.

Aut. And you shall pay well for'em.

(*Tabor and Pipe again.—Autolycus sings.*)

Will you buy any tape,

Or lace for your cape,

My dainty duck, my dear-c? &c. &c.

[*Exeunt Autolycus, Clown, Dorcas, Mopsa, Neat-herd, Lads and Lasses, R.H.—Florizel and Perdita advance.—Polixenes and Camillo rise.*

Pol. O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.—How now, fair shepherd?

Sooth, when I was young,

I was wont

To load my she with knacks: I would have ransack'd

The pedlar's silken treasury, and have pour'd it

To her acceptance; you have let him go,

And nothing marted with him.

Flo. She prizes not such trifles as these are:

O, hear me breathe my life

Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,

Hath sometimes lov'd: I take thy hand; this hand,

As soft as dove's down, and as white as it;

Or Ethiopiar's tooth, or the fann'd snow

That's bolted (2) by the northern blasts twice o'er.

Cam. How prettily the young swain seems to wash
The hand, was fair before!

Pol. You have put him out:

But, to your protestation: let me hear

What you profess.

Flo. Do, and be witness to't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too?

Flo. And he, and more

Than he; and men; the earth, the heavens, and all:

That,—were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,

Serious.

A fine sieve used by millers to separate flour from bran, is
flour cloth.

Thereof most worthy ; were I the fairest youth
 That ever made eye swerve ; had force, and knowledge,
 More than was ever man's,—I would not prize them,
 Without her love : for her, employ them all ;
 Commend them, and condemn them, to her service,
 Or to their own perdition.

Shep. But, my daughter,
 Say you the like to him ?

Per. I cannot speak
 So well, nothing so well ; no, nor mean better :
 By the pattern of my own thoughts I cut out
 The purity of his.

Shep. Take hands, a bargain ;—
 And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to't :
 I give my daughter to him, and will make
 Her portion equal his.

Flo. O, that must be
 I'the virtue of your daughter : one being dead,
 I shall have more than you can dream of yet ;
 Enough then for your wonder.

Shep. Come, your hand ;
(Shepherd crosses behind, between Florizel and Perdita.)

And, daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft, swain, a while, 'besecch you :—
 Have you a father ?

Flo. I have : but what of him ?

Pol. Knows he of this ?

Flo. He neither does, nor shall.

Pol. Methinks, a father
 Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest
 That best becomes the table :

Reason, my son
 Should choose himself a wife ; but, as good reason,
 The father, all whose joy is nothing else
 But fair posterity, should hold some counsel
 In such a business.

Flo. I yield all this :
 But, for some other reasons, my grave sir,
 Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint

My father of this business.

Pol. Let him know't.

Flo. He shall not.

Pol. 'Pr'ythee, let him.

Flo. No, he must not.

Shep. Let him, my son ; he shall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he must not :—

Our contract mark. *(Takes Perdita's hand.)*

Pol. Mark your divorce, young sir,

(Discovering himself.)

Whom son I dare not call.

Thou a sceptre's heir,

That thus affect'st a sheep-hook !—Thou old traitor,
I am sorry that, by hanging thee, I can but
Shorten thy life one week.

Shep. Undone, undone !—I cannot speak, nor think ;
Nor dare to know that which I know.

[Exit into the Cottage, L.H.U.E.]

Pol. And thou, fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft,—who, of force, must know
The royal fool thou cop'st with,—

Per. O, my heart !

Pol. I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briars, and
made

More homely than thy state.—For thee, fond boy,—
If I may ever know, thou dost but sigh
That thou no more shalt see this knack, as never
I mean thou shalt, we'll bar thee from succession ;
Nor hold thee of our blood : mark thou my words :—
Follow us to the court.— *(Crosses to R.H.)*
Camillo, come.—

(Camillo throws off his disguise, R.H.)

And you, enchantment,—

If ever, henceforth, thou

These rural latches to his entrance open,

I will devise a death as cruel for thee,

As thou art tender to it. Follow, sir.—

[Exit R.H.]

Per. Even here undone !—

I was not much afraid ; for once or twice
 I was about to speak, and tell him plainly,
 The selfsame sun that shines upon his court,
 Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
 Looks on all alike.—Will't please you, sir, be gone ?
 I told you, what would come of this : 'beseech you,
 Of your own state take care : this dream of mine,—
 Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch further,
 But milk my ewes, and weep.

Flo. Why look you so upon me ?
 I am but sorry, not afraid ; delay'd,
 But nothing alter'd : what I was, I am :
 Lift up thy looks :—
 From my succession wipe me, father ! I
 Am heir to my affection.

Cam. Be advis'd,—

Flo. I am ; and by my fancy : if my reason
 Will thereto be obedient, I have reason ;
 If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness,
 Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is desperate, sir.

Flo. So call it ; but it does fulfil my vow :
 Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
 Be thereat glean'd,—for all the sun sees, or
 The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide
 In unknown fathoms,—will I break my oath
 To this my fair belov'd : therefore, I pray you,
 As you've ever been my father's honour'd friend,
 When he shall miss me,—as, in faith, I mean not
 To see him any more,—cast your good counsels
 Upon his passion :
 I am put to sea
 With her, whom here I cannot hold on shore ;
 And, to our need most opportune, I have
 A vessel rides fast by.
 Hark, Perdita,—

Cam. My lord,—

Flo. I'll hear you by and by. (*Retires with Perdita.*)

Cam. He's irremovable

Resolv'd for flight : now were I happy, if
 His going I could frame to serve my turn ;
 Save him from danger, do him love and honour ;
 Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia,
 And that unhappy king, my master, whom
 I so much thirst to see ;—it shall be so.—

Sir,— (*Florizel and Perdita advance.*)

Flo. Now, good Camillo.—

Cam. Have you thought on
 A place, whereto you'll go ?

Flo. Not any yet.

Cam. Then list to me :

This follows ;—if you will not change your purpose,
 But undergo this flight, make for Sicilia,
 And there present yourself and your fair princess,—
 For so, I see, she must be,—'fore the king :
 Methinks, I see

Leontes opening his free arms, and weeping
 His welcome forth : asks there the son forgiveness,
 As 'twere i'the father's person ; kisses the hands
 Of your fresh princess, and—

Flo. Worthy Camillo,
 What colour for my visitation shall I
 Hold up before him ?

Cam. Sent by the king your father
 To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
 The manner of your bearing towards him, with
 What you, as from your father, shall deliver,—
 Things known betwixt us three,—I'll write you down :
 And, with my best endeavours, in your absence,
 Your discontenting father I will strive,
 To qualify, and bring him up to liking. (1)

Flo. I am bound to you :
 There is some sap in this,—

(1) And where you may, by letters, intreaties, &c. endeavour to
 soften your incensed father, and reconcile him to the match ; to effect
 which, my best services shall not be wanting during your absence Mr.
 Pope, without either authority or necessity, reads—I'll strive to qua-
 lify ;—which has been followed by all the subsequent editors.

Enter AUTOLYCU S, in a silken Dress, R.H.S.E.

But, O, the thorns we stand upon !—Camillo,
Preserver of my father, now of me,
How shall we do ?
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son ;
Nor shall appear in Sicily——

Cam. My lord,
Fear none of this : I think, you know, my fortunes
Do all lie there ; it shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed, as if
The scene you play were mine.

Aut. So, so :—I smell the trick of it. (*Aside.*)

Per. But my poor father—

Cam. Fear not, fair shepherdess ; he shall be safe:

Flo. Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side :
Come, dearest Perdita :—and fortune speed us !
[*Crosses to L.H.—Exeunt Florizel and Perdita, L.H.*

Cam. The swifter speed, the better.

Aut. If I could overhear him now,—

Cam. What I do next shall be, to tell the king
Of this escape, and whither they are bound,
Wherein my hope is, I shall so prevail,
To force him after ; in whose company
I shall review Sicilia, for whose sight
I have a woman's longing. [*Exit, R.H.*

Aut. (*Advances*) I understand the business, I hear
it :—the prince is about a piece of iniquity ; stealing
away from his father, with his clog at his heels.—
Well, I am transformed courtier again : four silken
gamesters who attended the king, and were reveling
by themselves at some distance from the shepherds,
have drunk so plentifully, that their weak brains are
turned topsy-turvy. I found one of them, retired from
the rest, sobering himself with sleep under the shade
of a hawthorn : I made profit of occasion, and ex-
changed garments with him ; the pedlar's clothes are
on his back, and the pack by his side, as empty as his
pockets ; for I had sold all my trumpery ; not a coun-

terfeit stone, not a riband, glass, ballad, knife, tape, glove, to keep my pack from fasting : my clown grew so in love with a new song, that he would not stir his pettitoes, till he had both tune and words ; which so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses stuck in ears ; no hearing, no feeling, but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it : so that, in this time of lethargy, I picked and cut most of their festival purses : and had not the old man come in with a hubbub against his daughter and the king's son, and scared my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.—(*Shepherd and Clown are heard speaking, R.H.U.E.*)—Aside, aside ;—here is more matter for a hot brain : every lane's end yields a careful man work. (Retires.)

Enter SHEPHERD, with a Fardel, and CLOWN with a Casket, from Cottage, R.H.U.E.

Clown. See, see ; what a man you are now ! there is no other way, but to tell the king, she's a changeling, and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me,—

Clown. Nay, but hear me :—she being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king : and, so, your flesh and blood is not to be punished by him. Show those things you found about her : this being done, let the law go whistle ; I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the king all, every word ; yea, and his son's pranks too ; who, I may say, is no honest man, neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

Clown. Indeed, brother-in-law was the furthest off you could have been to him ; and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. Very wisely : puppies ! (Aside.)

Shep. Well ; let us to the king : there is that in this fardel, will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. (*Advances, L.H.*) How now, rustics? whither are you bound?

Shep. To the palace, an it like your worship.

Aut. Your affairs there? what? with whom?—The condition of that fardel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having, (1) breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known, discourse.

Clown. Are you a courtier, an't like you, sir?

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a courtier. See'st thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it the measure of the court? (2) I am a courtier *cap-a-pé*; and one that will either push on, or pluck back, thy business there: whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My business, sir, is to the king.

Aut. What advocate hast thou to him?

Shep. I know not, an't like you.

Clown. Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant; (3) say, you have none.

Shep. None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock nor hen. (4)

Aut. How bless'd are we, that are not simple men! Yet nature might have made me as these are; Therefore I'll not disdain.

Clown. This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich; but he wears them not handsomely.

(1) i. e. estate, property.

(2) i. e. the stately tread of courtiers.

(3) As he was a suitor from the country, the Clown supposes his father should have brought a present of *game*, and therefore imagines when Autolycus asks him what *advocate* he has, that by the word *advocate* he means a *pheasant*.

(4) The allusion here was probably more intelligible in the time of Shakespeare than it is at present, though the mode of bribery and influence referred to, has been at all times employed, and as it should seem, with success. Our author might have had in his mind the following, then a recent instance. In the time of Queen Elizabeth there were Justices of the Peace called *Basket Justices*, who would do nothing without a present; yet, as a member of the House of Commons expressed himself, "for half a dozen of *chickens* would dispense with a whole dozen of penal statutes."

Clown. A great man, I'll warrant; I know, by the picking on's teeth (1)

Aut. The fardel there? what's i'the fardel?—Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel and box, which none must know but the king; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour..

Shep. Why, sir?

Aut. The king is not at the palace: he is gone aboard a new ship, to purge melancholy, and air himself: for, if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know, the king is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis said, sir; about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly; the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clown. Think you so, sir?

Aut. (*Crosses to Centre.*) Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but those that are german to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman.—An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace!—Some say, he shall be stoned; but that death is too soft for him, say I.—Draw our throne into a sheep-cote!—all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

Clown. Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an't like you, sir?

Aut. He has a son, who shall be flayed alive; then, 'nointed over with honey, (2) set on the head of a

(1) It seems, that to pick the teeth was, at this time, a mark of some pretension to greatness or elegance. So, the Bastard, in *King John*, speaking of the traveller, says:

"He and his pick-tooth at my worship's mess."

(2) A punishment of this sort is recorded in a book which Shakspere might have seen:—"he caused a cage of yron to be made, and set it in the sunne: and, after annointing the pore prince over

wasp's nest ; then stand, till he be three quarters and a dram dead ; then recovered again with aquavitæ, or some other hot infusion ; then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims, (1) shall he be set against a brick wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him ; where he is to behold him with flies blown to death.—(*Crosses to L.H.*)—But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smiled at, their offences being so capital ? Tell me,—for you seem to be honest, plain men,—what you have to the king : being something gently considered, (2) I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs ; and, if it be in man, besides the king, to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

Clown. He seems to be of great authority ; close with him, give him gold ; and no more ado :—remember, stoned and flayed alive.

Shep. An't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have ; I'll make it as much more ; and leave this young man in pawn, till I bring it you.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety :—are you a party in this business ? . (*Crosses to Centre.*)

Clown. In some sort, sir : but, though my case be a pitiful onc, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it.

Aut. O, that's the case of the shepherd's son : hang him, he'll be made an example.—(*Crosses to R.H.*)—Walk before toward the sea-side ; go : I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you. [*Exit, R.H.*]

Clown. We are blessed in this man, as I may say, even blessed.

with hony, forced him naked to enter into it, where he long time endured the greatest languor and torment in the worlde, with swarmes of flies that dayly fed on him ; and in this sorte, with paine and famine, ended his miserable life."

(1) That is, the hottest day foretold in the almanack. Almanacks were in Shakspeare's time published under this title: "An Almanack and Prognostication made for the year of our Lord God, 1595."

(2) Means, I having a gentlemanlike consideration given me, i. e. a bribe, will bring you, &c.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us : he was provided
to do us good. .[*Exeunt*, L.H.]

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Sicilia.*—*The Palace.*—*The King's Closet.*—*Table, Books, &c.*—*Two Chairs, Footstool.*

LEONTES, *Centre*, CLEOMENES, R.H. and PAULINA, L.H.
discovered.

Cleo. Sir, you have done enough, and have per-
form'd

A saint-like sorrow :

At the last,

Do, as the heavens have done ; forget your evil ;
With them, forgive yourself.

Leon. Whilst I remember

Her, and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them ; and so, still think of
The wrong I did myself : which was so much,
That heirless it hath made my kingdom ; and
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my lord ;
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,—
Or, from the all that are, took something good,
To make a perfect woman,—she, you kill'd,
Would be unparallel'd.

Leon. I think so.—Kill'd !—
She I kill'd ? I did so : but thou strikest me
Sorely, to say I did :
Now, good now,
Say so but seldom.

Cleo. Not all, good lady :
 You might have spoken a thousand things, that would
 Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd
 Your kindness better.

Paul. You are one of those,
 Would have him wed again.

Cleo. If you would not so,
 You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
 Of his most sovereign name ; consider little,
 What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,
 May drop upon his kingdom, and devour
 Incertain lookers-on.

Paul. The gods
 Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes :
 For has not the divine Apollo said
 That King Leontes shall not have an heir,
 Till his lost child be found ? which, that it shall,
 Is all as monstrous to our human reason,
 As my Antigonus to break his grave,
 And come again to me ; who, on my life,
 Did perish with the infant.

Leon. Good Paulina,—
 Who hast the memory of Hermione,
 I know, in honour,—Oh, that ever I
 Had squar'd me to thy counsel ! then, even now
 I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes ;
 Have taken treasure from her lips,—

Paul. And left them
 More rich, for what they yielded.

Leon. Thou speak'st truth.
 No more such wives ; therefore, no wife :
 I'll have no wife, Paulina.

Paul. Will you swear
 Never to marry, but by my free leave ?

Leon. Never, Paulina ; so be bless'd my spirit !

Paul. Then, good my lord, bear witness to his oath.

Cleo. You tempt him over-much.

Paul. I have done.
 Yet,—if my lord will marry,—
 Give me the office

To choose you a queen, sir ; and she shall be such,
As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take joy
To see her in your arms.

Enter PHOCION, R.H.

Pho. One that gives out himself Prince Florizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his princess,—she
The fairest I have yet beheld,—desires access
To your high presence.

Leon. What with him ? he comes not
Like to his father's greatness : his approach,
So out of circumstance, and sudden, tells us,
'Tis not a visitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need, and accident. What train ?

Pho. But few,
And those but mean.

Leon. His princess, say you, with him ?

Pho. Ay ; the most peerless piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the sun shone bright on.

Leon. Go, Cleomenes ;
Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,
Bring them to our embracement.—

[Exeunt Phocion and Cleomenes, R.H.]

Still 'tis strange,
He thus should steal upon us.

Paul. Had our prince,
Jewel of children ! seen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord ; there was not full a month
Between their births.

Leon. 'Pr'ythee, no more ; thou know'st,
He dies to me again, when talk'd of : sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that, which may
Unfurnish me of reason.— *(Trumpets sound, R.H.)*

*Enter CLEOMENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, and two
Lords R.H.—Cleomenes crosses behind, L.H.*

They are come.—

Most dearly welcome, prince !

And your fair princess,—goddess !—

Most welcome, sir!—Were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother,
As I did him.

Flo. Great sir, by his command
Have I here touch'd Sicilia : and from him
Give you all greetings that a king, at (1) friend,
Can send his brother ;
Whom he loves
More than all the sceptres,
And those that bear them, living.

Leon. O, my brother,—
Good gentleman!—the wrongs I have done thee, stir
Afresh within me.—
Welcome hither,
As is the spring to the earth!—And hath he too
Expos'd this paragon to the fearful usage,
At least ungentle, of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man, not worth her pains ; much less
The adventure of her person ?

Flo. Good my lord,
She came from Libya.

Leon. Where the warlike Smalus,
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd and lov'd ?

Flo. Most royal sir, from thence :
My best train

I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd ;
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify
Not only my success in Libya, sir,
But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety
Here, where we are.

Leon. The blessed gods
Purge all infection from our air, whilst you
Do climate here!—
What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you ! (*A trumpet sounds R.H.*)

(1) *At friend*, perhaps men's friendship. So, in *Hamlet*, we have the wind *at help*. We might, however, read, omitting only a single letter—a friend.

Enter ARCHIDAMUS, attended by two Lords, R.H.

Arch. Please you, great sir,
Bohemia greets you, from himself, by me :—
Desires you to attach his son ;—who has—
His dignity and duty both cast off,—
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.

Leon. Where's Bohemia ? speak.

Arch. Here in your city ; I now came from him.
To your court
Whiles he was hast'ning, in the chase
Of this fair couple, meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me ;
Whose honour and whose honesty, 'till now,
Endur'd all weathers.

Arch. He's with the king your father.

Leon. Who ? Camillo ?

Arch. Camillo, sir ; who now
Has these poor men in question. (1)

Per. O, my poor father !—
The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.

Leon. You are married ?

Flo. We are not, sir ; nor are we like to be ;
The stars, I see, will kiss the vallies first.

Leon. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king ?

Flo. She is,
When once she is my wife.

Leon. That once, I see, by your good father's
speed,
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty, (2)

(1) Conversation.

(2) *Worth* signifies any kind of *worthiness*, and among others that of high descent. The King means that he is sorry the Prince's choice is not in other respects as worthy of him as in beauty.

That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Dear, look up :

Though fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chase us, with my father ; power no jot
Hath she to change our loves.—'Beseech you, sir,
Remember since you ow'd no more to time
Than I do now : (1) with thought of such affections,
Step forth mine advocate ; at your request,
My father will grant precious things, as trifles.

Leon. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious mistress,

Which he counts but a trifle.

Paul. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in't : not a month
'Fore your queen died, she was more worth such gazes
Than what you look on now.

Leon. I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made.—But your petition
Is yet unanswer'd. I will to your father :
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,
I am friend to them and you : upon which errand
I now go toward him ; therefore, follow me,
And mark what way I make : come, good my lord.
[*Exeunt, R H.—Trumpets sound.*]

SCENE II.—*A Square before the Palace.*

Enter PHOCION and DION, L.H.

Dion. 'Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation ?

Pho. I was by at the opening of the fardel ; heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it : whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all commanded out of the chamber : only this, methought, I heard the shepherd say,—he found the child.

Dion. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

(1) Recollect the period when you were of my age.

Pho. I make a broken delivery of the business :—
But the changes I perceiv'd in the king and Camillo,
were very notes of admiration ; there was speech in
their dumbness, language in their very gesture :—

Enter THASIVS, R.H.

Here comes a gentleman that happily knows more :—
the news ?

Tha. Nothing but bonfires : the oracîe is fulfilled ;
the king's daughter is found : such a deal of wonder
is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers
cannot be able to express it.

Enter CLEOMENES, R.H.

Pho. How goes it now, sir ? This news which is
called true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is
in strong suspicion : has the king found his heir ?

Cleo. Most true ; if ever truth were pregnant by
circumstance : the mantle of Queen Hermione ;—her
jewel about the neck of it ;—the letters of Antigonus,
found with it ;—the majesty of the creature, in re-
semblance of the mother ;—and many other evidences,
proclaim her, with all certainty, to be the king's
daughter.—Did you see the meeting of the two kings ?

Dion. No.

Cleo. Then have you lost a sight, which was to be
seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have
beheld one joy crown another ; there was casting up
of eyes, holding up of hands ; with countenance of
such distraction, that they were to be known by gar-
ment, not by favour. (1) Our king being ready to
leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter, as
if that joy were now become a loss, cries. *O, thy mo-
ther, thy mother !*—then asks Bohemia forgiveness ;
then embraces his son-in-law ; then again worries his
daughter, with clipping (2) her : now he thanks the
old shepherd, who stands by, like a weather-bitten (3)

Countenance. (2) Embracing. (3) Corroded by the weather.

'conduit (1) of many kings' reigns :—I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it.

Pho. What, 'pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

Cleo. Like an old tale still; which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep, and not an ear open: he was torn to pieces with a bear: this avouches the shepherd's son; who has not only his innocenee, which seems much, to justify him, but a handkerchief and rings, of his, that Paulina knows.

Tha. What became of his bark, and his followers?

Cleo. Wrecked, the same instant of their master's death; and in the view of the shepherd: so that all the instruments, which aided to expose the child, were even then lost, when it was found.—But, O, the noble combat that, 'twixt joy and sorrow, was fought in Paulina! she had one eye declined for the loss of her husband; another elevated, that the oracle was fulfilled: she lifted the princes from the earth; and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

Pho. The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes; for by such was it acted.

Cleo. One of the prettiest touches of all was, when at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to it,—bravely confessed and lamented by the king,—how attentiveness wounded his daughter; 'till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an *alas!* I would fain say, bleed tears; for, I am sure, my heart wept blood.

Dion. Are they returned to the court?

Cleo. No: the Princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing, and now newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano,—thither, with all greediness of affection, are they gone.

(1) Conduits, representing a human figure, were heretofore not uncommon. One of this kind, a female form and *weather-beaten*, still exists at Hoddesdon, in Herts.

Pho. She hath privately twice or thrice a-day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

Cleo. Who would be thence, that has the benefit of 'access? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along. *[Exeunt, L.H.]*

Enter AUTOLYCUS, L.H.

Aut. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince: told him, I heard them talk of a fardel, and I know not what: but he at that time, over-fond of the shepherd's daughter,—so he then took her to be,—would not make the leisure to hear me, and this mystery remained undiscovered.—Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

Enter SHEPHERD and CLOWN, R.H.

Shep. Come, boy; I am past more children; but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clown. You are well met, sir: you denied to fight with me the other day, because I was no gentleman born: see you these clothes? say, you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born: you were best say, these robes are not gentleman born. Give me the lie; do; and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. (In centre.) I know, you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

Clown. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy.

Clown. So you have:—but I was a gentleman born before my father: for the king's son took me by the hand, and called me, brother; and then the two kings and my father, brother; and then the prince, my father, and the princess, my sister, called my father,

father; and so we wept:—and there was the first gentlemanlike tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clown. Ay; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship; and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

Shep. 'Pr'ythee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clown. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clown. Give me thy hand:—hast nothing in it?—Am I not a courtier?—I must be gently considered:—See'st thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings?—Hath not my gait in it the measure of the court?

Aut. Here is what gold I have, sir.

Clown. Well, I will swear to the prince, thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clown. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins (1) say it, I'll swear it.

Shep. How, if it be false, son?

Clown. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it, in the behalf of his friend:—and I'll swear to the prince, thou art a tall (2) fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk: but, I know, thou art no tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunk: but I'll swear it.—(*Drums and trumpets sound.*)—Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters. (3)

[*Exeunt Clown and Shepherd, L.H.*]

(1) Freeholder, or Yeoman, a man above a Villain, but not a Gentleman. —

(2) Stout fellow of your size.

(3) The Clown conceits himself already a man of consequence at court. It was the fashion for an inferior, or suiter, to beg of the great man, after his humble commendations, that he would be good master to him. Many letters written at this period run in this style.

Aut. O, sweet sir!—I have bribed him with his own money. [*Exit, L.H.*]

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in Paulina's House.*
(*Drums and Trumpets sound.*)

Enter POLIXENES, CAMILLO, PAULINA, LEONTES, PER-
DITA, FLORIZEL, ARCHIDAMUS, EMILIA, PHOCION,
HERO, CLEOMENES, LAMIA, DION, *and* THASIVS, L.H.

Paul. What, sovereign sir,
I did not well, I meant well : All my services
You have paid home : but, that you have vouchsaf'd,
With your crown'd brother, and these your contracted
Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit,
It is a surplus of your grace, which never
My life may last to answer.

Leon. O, Paulina,
We honour you with trouble : but we came,
To see the statue of our queen : your gallery
Have we pass'd through, not without much content
In many singularities : but we saw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.

Paul. As she liv'd peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon.—
Prepare
To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever
Still sleep mock'd death :—behold ; and say, 'tis well.—
(*Paulina undraws a Curtain, and discovers the
Statue of Hermione.*)

I like your silence ; it the more shows off
Your wonder : but yet speak ;—first, you, my liege ;—
Comes it not something near ?

Thus Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, when in prison, in a letter to Cromwell to relieve his want of clothing : " Furthermore, I beseech you to be good master unto one in my necessities, for I have neither shirt, nor sute, nor yet other clothes, that are necessary for me."

Leon. Her natural posture !—

Chide me, dear stone ; that I may say, indeed,
Thou art Hermione : or, rather, thou art she,
In thy not chiding ; for she was as tender,
As infancy and grace.

O, thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty,
When first I woo'd her !—

I am asham'd.—

O, royal piece,
There's magic in thy majesty ;—which has
My evils conjur'd to remembrance ; and
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee !

Per. And give me leave ;
And do not say, 'tis superstition, that
I kneel, and then implore her blessing.

Leon. O, master-piece of art ! nature's deceiv'd
By thy perfection, and at every look
My penitence is all afloat again.

Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him that was the cause of this, have power
To take off so much grief from you, as he
Will piece up in himself.

Paul. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought, the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought (1) you,
I'd not have show'd it.— (*Going to draw the Curtain.*)

Leon. Do not draw the curtain.

Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't ; lest your
fancy
May think anon, it moves.—

(*Again attempts to draw it.*)

Leon. Let be, let be.—

'Would I were dead !—but that, methinks, already,—(2)
What was he that did make it ?—See, my lord,
~~Would you not deem, it breath'd ?~~ and that those veins
Did ~~terribly~~ bear blood ?

(1) i. e. worked, agitated.

(2) — but that, methinks, already I converse with the dead.
But there his passion made him break off.

Paul. I'll draw the curtain ;
My lord's almost so far transported, that
He'll think anon, it lives.—

Leon. Make me to think so twenty years together
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness.—(*Again she attempts
to draw the curtain*)—Let't alone.

Paul. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you ; but
I could afflict you further.

Leon. Do, Paulina ;
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort.—Gull, methinks,
There is an air comes from her :—what fine chissel
Could ever yet cut breath ?—Let no man mock me ;
For I will kiss her.

Paul. Good my lord, forbear :
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet ;
You'll mar it, if you kiss it.
Shall I draw the curtain ?—

Leon. No, not these thousand years.

Per. So long could I
Stand by, a looker-on.

Paul. Either forbear,—
Quit presently the chapel,—or resolve you
For more amazement : if you can behold it,
I'll make the statue move indeed ; descend,
And take you by the hand : but then you'll think,
Which I protest against, I am assisted
By wicked powers.

Leon. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on ; what to speak,
I am content to hear ; for 'tis as easy
To make her speak, as move.

Paul. It is requir'd,
You do awake your faith : then, all stand still ;
Or those that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.

Leon. Proceed :
No foot shall stir.

Paul. Music, awake her !—Strike.—
'Tis time ; descend ; be stone no more :—approach :—

Strike all that look upon with marvel :—Come.—

(*Music.—Hermione turns toward Leontes.*)

Leon. Heavenly powers !—

Paul. Start not ; her actions shall be holy, as,
You hear, my spell is lawful :—
Nay, present your hand.

(*Music.—Hermione descends from the Pedestal.*)

Leon. Support me, Heaven !—

If this be ~~more than~~ visionary bliss,
My reason cannot hold.—My queen ? my wife ?—
But speak to me, and turn me wild with transport.—
I cannot hold me longer from those arms :—
She is warm,—she lives !

Per. O Florizel !

Leon. Her beating heart meets mine, and fluttering
owns

Its long-lost half :—it is Hermione.

Pol. O, make it manifest where she has liv'd,
Or, how stolen from the dead.

Paul. Mark a little while.—

Please you to interpose, fair madam ; kneel,
And pray your mother's blessing :—turn, good lady ;
Our Perdita is found ;—

(*Presents Perdita,—Hermione catches her in her arms.*)
And with her found

A princely husband ?—whose instinct of royalty,
From under the low thatch where she was bred,
Took his untutor'd queen.

(*Perdita and Florizel kneel.*)

Her. You gods, look down,
And from your sacred phials pour your graces
Upon their princely heads !

Leon. Hark, hark, she speaks !—

O, pipe, through sixteen winters dumb ! then deem'd
Harsh as the raven's throat ; now musical

~~As nature's song,~~ tun'd to the according spheres !

Her. My lord, my king,—there's distance in those
names,—

My husband !

Leon. O, my Hermione !—have I deserv'd

That tender name !—Be witness, holy powers,
 If penitence may cleanse the soul from guilt,
 Leontes' tears have wash'd his crimes away.
 If thanks unfeign'd be what you best require,
 Most bounteous gods, for happiness like mine,
 Read in my heart, your mercy's not in vain !

Her. No more, my best-lov'd lord : be all that's
 pass'd

Buried in this enfolding, and forgotten.

Leon. Thou matchless saint ! Thou paragon of virtue !

Per. Thus let me bow, and kiss that honour'd hand.

Her. Thou, Perdita, my long-lost child, that fill'st
 My measure up of bliss,—tell me, mine own,
 Where hast thou been preserv'd ? where liv'd ? how
 found

Thy father's court ? for thou shalt hear that I,
 Knowing by Paulina that the oracle
 Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserv'd
 Myself, to see the issue.

Paul. There's time enough for that ;
 Lest they desire, upon this push, to trouble
 Your joys with like relation. Go together,
 You precious winners all ? (1) your exultation
 Partake to every one : I, an old turtle,
 Will wing me to some wither'd bough ; and there
 My mate, that's never to be found again,
 Lament, 'till I am lost.

Leon. No, no, Paulina :
 Live bless'd with blessing others.—My Polixenes,—
 What !—Look upon my brother ;—both your par-
 dons,

That e'er I put between your holy looks
 My ill suspicion.—Come, our good Camillo,
 Now pay thy duty here : thy worth and honesty
 Are richly noted, and here justified
 By us, a pair of kings.—And, my best queen,

(1) You who by this discovery have gained what you desired, may
 join in festivity, in which I, who have lost what can never be recovered,
 can have no part.

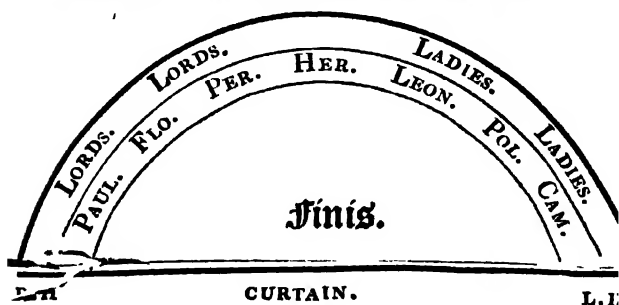
Again I give you this your son-in-law,
And son unto the king, by heav'ns directing
Long troth-plight to our daughter.

Per. I am all shame,
And ignorance itself, how to put on
This novel garment of gentility;
And yield a patch'd behaviour
That ill becomes this presence :—I shall learn,
I trust I shall, ~~with meekness~~ :—but I feel—
Ah, happy that I do :—a love, a heart,
Unalter'd to my prince, my Florizel.

Flo. Be still my queen of May, my shepherdess ;
Rule in my heart ; my wishes be thy subjects,
And harmless as thy sheep.

Leon. Now, good Paulina,
Conduct us hence ; where we may leisurely
Each one demand, and answer to, the part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first
We were dissever'd :—
Then thank the righteous gods ;
Who, after tossing in a frightful storm,
Guide us to port, and cheerful beams display,
To guild the happy evening of our day.

Disposition of the Characters when the Curtain falls.



**W: OXBERRY, PRINTER,
8, WHITE-HART-YARD, LONDON.**



MISS KELLY.

AS LUNA.

Engraved from an original drawing by J. ROGERS.

Oxberry's Edition.

ONE O'CLOCK !

OR

THE KNIGHT AND THE WOOD DÆMON ;

A DRAMATIC ROMANCE ;

By M. J. Lewis.

WITH PREFATORY REMARKS.

THE ONLY EDITION EXISTING WHICH IS FAITHFULLY MARKED
WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, AND STAGE DIRECTIONS,

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatres Royal.

BY W. OXBERRY, Comedian.

London.

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS, BY W. SIMPKIN AND
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AND C. CHAPPLE, 59, Pall Mall.

1824.

**From the Press of W. Oxberry
8, White Hart Yard.**

Remarks.

ONE O'CLOCK !

We recollect but few productions that have been more hardly dealt with by public censors than the piece before us ; it has had the ill report of them all, from the highest to the lowest ; diurnal, hebdomadal, and monthly scribes have unanimously agreed to denounce the author's " monstrosities," and the weakness of his dialogue has experienced as little mercy as the extravagance of his plot ; yet, in spite of this outcry against it, it met with a favourable reception from the public on its first appearance, and is never performed without exciting a high degree of interest. The secret of this may be told in half-a-dozen words : although the language is frivolous and the characters feeble, the story is eminently dramatic, and the quick succession of well-imagined incidents never for a moment suffers the attention to flag, or affords it an opportunity to detect the weak points of the composition. Even they who are inclined to judge most severely of Lewis's dramatic abilities, must perforce admit that he well understood how to construct an exciting plot, and to raise the curiosity of an audience, if he did not satisfy their reason. We are conscious that we shall draw forth a smile of contemptuous pity from the tribe of fastidious writers we have just alluded to, when we own that this *dramatic* talent reconciles us to a thousand imperfections, and that we have derived more pleasure from witnessing one of his melo-dramas, than from listening to twenty of those tiresome tragedies recently in vogue, in which the absence of every other good quality is thought to be atoned for by mere graces of sentiment and diction.

To raise a stupid grin at the supernatural agency of this piece may be a very easy exploit, and very worthy of those dull matter-of-fact capacities which can tolerate nothing that is removed one step beyond the sphere of actual existence ; but imaginations of a loftier order will not fail to appreciate and admire the boldness of the genius which,

spurning the dull boundaries of the visible creation, has here imagined a fiction replete with the most captivating originality, and admirably suited to the purposes of the dramatist. There is indeed no principle more inseparably entwined with our nature, or which can be appealed to with more powerful effect upon the stage, than that of a belief in the beings of another world; 'tis a feeling, or a weakness, which in a greater or less degree finds a place in the bosom of every one of us, of the enlightened as well as of the ignorant, and which requires only the aid of situation or opportunity to develope itself. As our great moralist once observed, "~~they who deny this~~ with their tongues confess it by their fears," and though we may laugh at Lewis's spirits and dæmons while we talk of them at our homes, by the cheerful fire-side, yet when we see them personified in the theatre, the laughter unconsciously becomes hushed—we believe and tremble.

The piece abounds with those perilous situations, productive of intense anxiety and breathless suspense, which constitute the great charm of such compositions; and there are few scenes in the whole circle of the drama,—scarcely even that appalling one in "*Macbeth*" after the murder of *Duncan*,—which so inspire an audience with a silent shuddering awe as does that of the Banquet in the second Act: 'tis difficult in fact to imagine that stage-effect can be carried farther, or rendered more grandly impressive. The spectator beholds a magnificent gothic hall, resounding with the "voluptuous swell" of music, crowded with youth and beauty engaged in the lively dance, and displaying in brief every object that can tend to exhilarate the mind or amuse the fancy. Gradually, and without any apparent cause, the mirth becomes languid, the music grows discordant and dies away, the dance ceases, a mysterious horror takes possession of the revelers, and a chilling silence prevails where just before the tones of mirth and melody were heard. The effect is wrought to a climax by the terrific intrusion of the Wood Dæmon, with the subsequent appalling darkness and striking catastrophe. Description, however, can convey but a faint idea of the impression which this well-contrived incident produces in representation, but we believe all who have witnessed it will agree with us in thinking that no description could surpass the reality. For ourselves, we hesitate not to confess that we have more than once been most powerfully wrought upon "~~by the~~ very cunning of the scene," experiencing in all its force

" That undefin'd and sudden thrill
 " Which makes the heart a moment still,
 " Then beat with quicker pulse, asham'd
 " Of that strange sense its silence fram'd."

In the state of excited feeling thus produced, there is little leisure to notice the absurdity of the supposition that a being in *Hardyknute's* situation could by any possibility become heedless or forgetful of the arrival of that period which both his temporal and eternal interests imperiously call upon him to remember; but, as we have already hinted, we have no particular admiration of either the characters or language of this piece, which we abandon to the wrath of the tribe of critics by profession, reserving only to ourselves the privilege of being so "childish" as to admire the plot. It would indeed be somewhat difficult to defend the introduction of a silly native of Holstein, with all our English proverbs at his fingers'-ends; or the still greater absurdity of making this booby's father satirise the introduction of quadrupeds upon the stage of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, London, in the year 1811. (vide p. 14.)* Indeed, the rock upon which Lewis's vessel split in all her dramatic voyages was the idea he weakly enough entertained that he had a talent for humorous writing, though no man's forte lay in a more opposite direction. Were there no other evidence of this, 'twould be sufficiently proved by the puerile pleasantries of the personages just mentioned, which moreover have not even the merit of originality to recommend them. In an advertisement prefixed to the first edition of the piece, the author asserted that, let the demerits of his characters be what they might, they were the creatures of his own fancy; but, we think few of our readers will hesitate to admit that *Guelpho* and *Willikind* remind them too strongly of *Solomon* and *Peter* in "The Stranger" and the *Baron of Oakland* in "The Haunted Tower;" nor would it be difficult to point out some equally close resemblances between this drama and "Deaf and

* The good taste of this becomes still more apparent, when it is recollected that the sarcasm proceeded from the pen of the very writer who three months before had constructed a piece expressly for the purpose of exhibiting these animals, viz. "Timour the Tartar."

Dumb," "The Tale of Mystery," &c. &c. There is, it is true, some approach to originality in the character of *Hardyknots*, though the hint was confessedly borrowed from that compound of beauties and absurdities, Pickersgill's "Three Brothers;" while in *Una* the force of female vanity, with the alternations of an ingenuous disposition between truth and inconstancy, are rendered pleasantly illustrative of the satirical rogue's libel who averred that

"Women, like moths, are ever caught by glare;
And Mammon wins where Angels might despair."

The songs, as Lewis's always do, rise far beyond the level of those generally met with in operatic dramas.

The "Wood Dæmon" (as this play was then entitled) was first performed at the late Drury Lane Theatre in 1807, and gave so much satisfaction to the town, that, although produced in the latter part of the season, it was repeated more than thirty times before the house closed. It may not be unworthy of notice, that on this occasion Miss Feron, now Mrs. Glossop, was introduced to the stage, as the *Mistress of the Revels*, and surprised the audience by her wonderful execution of a very difficult air. In 1811 the melo-drama was reproduced at the English Opera House, under its present title, though we believe it had undergone little alteration from the state in which it was previously exhibited at Drury Lane, beyond the transposition of one or two scenes, and a few additions to the songs and dialogue—made injudiciously, we think, for pieces in general profit more by the operation of compression than by that of expansion—and the audience were of the same opinion; therefore, after the first night, much of the novel matter was omitted. The drama in its original form was never printed, and we therefore cannot more particularly enumerate the variations between the two copies; but one of them, which our memory enables us to detect, strikes us as being extremely ill-judged: in the piece as it was originally played, *Clotilda* was the aunt instead of the sister of *Una*, which served in some measure, to account for the necessity of her narrative in the first act, though as matters now stand, its introduction is obviously absurd; for, though *Una* might reasonably enough be supposed ignorant that her aunt's late husband "was a vassal on *Hardyknots*' domains," and of other household concerns,

it is not quite so probable that she could be equally unacquainted with the affairs of her sister and companion. But then, to be sure, the audience know nothing about the matter, and are therefore the more obliged to the lady for her communication.

P.P.

Time of Representation.

The time this piece takes in representation is two hours and forty minutes.

Costume.

HARDYKNUTE.

Suit of steeled armour.—Second-dress, Brown tunic and blue pantaloons.

GUELPHO.

Drab colour doublet and short breeches.

WILLIKIND.

White doublet, pink vest and full breeches.

OSWY.

Brown tunic, buff pantaloons and russet boots.

ROLPH.

Dark coloured doublet and pantaloons.

LEOLYN.

Light blue tunic, white pantaloons.

MINSTRELS.

Grey tunic, &c. &c.

AURIAL.

• Blue satin tunic trimmed with silver, white pantaloons.

CLOTILDA.

Brown cloth short dress, trimmed with blue and white, white petticoat.

UNA.

Spangled leno dress.

PAULINA.

Blue short dress trimmed with white, white petticoat trimmed with blue.

SANGRIDA.

Red stuff dress, and brown mantle.

Persons Represented.

Hardyknute Mr. Phillips.
Guelpho Mr. Knight.
Willikind Mr. Oxberry.
Oswy Mr. Pyne.
Rolph Mr. G. Smith.
Leolyn Master Doree.
Minstrel Mr. Smith.

Aurial Miss Bristow.
Clotilda..... Mrs. Mountain.
Una Miss Kelly.
Paulina, t..... Mrs. Bland.
Sangrida Mr. Robert.

Stage Directions.

By R.H..... is meant..... Right Hand.
 L.H..... Left Hand.
 S.E..... Second Entrance.
 U.E..... Upper Entrance.
 M.D..... Middle Door.
 D.F..... Door in flat.
 R.H.D..... Right Hand Door.
 L.H.D.,..... Left Hand Door.

ONE O'CLOCK!

OR, THE

KNIGHT AND THE WOOD DÆMON.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Cottage in a Wood.—Mountains in the back ground—Moon-light—when the Curtain has risen, the Trees and Rocks open, and discover groupes of Wood Spirits—they come forward.*)

SEMI-CHORUS.

*Hist! Spirits, hist! 'tis near the hour
Which brings our awful mistress here!
'The threatening skies already lower!
The groaning woods confess their fear?*

(More Spirits ascend from the ground—a storm begins to rise!—the moon turns red.)

*Lo! sanguine clouds the moon deform!
Louder and louder grows the storm!
Deep thunders roar—red lightnings flash!
Hark!—'twas the fall of the mountain ash!—*

(Violent tempest—a black cloud descends.)

*'Tis she ! 'tis she !—far in the north
A sable cloud comes rolling forth !*

*(It opens, and Sangrida appears ; the back part
of the cloud is formed of flames.)*

*It bursts ! It bursts ! our Queen we see !
Fiends of the Forest bend the knee !*

*(Solemn Chorus, while the cloud touches the earth,
and Sangrida comes out.)*

*Pleased through the storm we saw thee sail !
Hail, mighty mistress ! Hail ! all hail !*

SOLO.—SANGRIDA.

*Hail to the Elf and the Mountain Fairy !
Hail to the Goblin of the Wood !
Hither I shaped my progress airy,
Lured by the hopes of forfeit blood !
Still on this night, to claim my right,
Hither I speed when a twelvemonth's run ;
You shall have part, the head and the heart !
Then spirits rejoice, when the clock strikes One !*

*(Sangrida sinks with a groupe of elves ; the other
Spirits retire to the trees and rocks, which close
upon them—the stage becomes light.)*

Enter PAULINA from the cottage, L.H.

Pau. So ! the tempest is over, and I may venture to peep abroad ! Bless me ! how suddenly is all calm again !—Not a sign of the storm to be seen, I protest !—And not a sign of Mr. Rolf, either !—Yet he promised so faithfully to be here before sun-rise.—But lord ! what does it signify, what those devils the men promise ?—As my cousin Jutta says, it's best to

THE KNIGHT AND THE WOOD DÆMON. 3
have nothing to do with any of them ; and truly poor
Jutta has but too good reason to say so.

BALLAD.—PAULINA.

*A wolf, while Jutta slept, had made
Her favourite lamb his prize;
Young Caspar flew to give his aid,
Who heard poor Jutta's cries :
He drove the wolf from off the green,
But claimed a kiss for pay;
Ah ! Jutta, better 'twould have been,
Had Caspar stayed away.*

*They toyed, till day its light withdrew;
When night invited sleep,
Fond Jutta rose; and bade adieu,
And homeward drove her sheep,
But ah ! her thoughts were changed, I ween,
For thus they heard her say;
" Ah Jutta, better 'twould have been,
Had Caspar stayed away !"*

Enter ROLF, L.H.

Rolf. Ha ! well said and well sung, my little black-bird !—(*She turns away*)—Hey-day ! what's in the wind now ? Is this my reception after running in such haste to——

Pau. Truly, Mr. Rolf, I can't see, that you've made any such great haste ! To keep me waiting here——

Rolf. Now, how can you be so cantankerous ? I only stayed till the storm should be over.

Pau. Very fine ! Tell me of the storm indeed ! Sir, I'd have you to know, if you had been a true lover, the thunder would have roared in vain : you'd have been deaf to all sounds but the voice of your mistress, and the brightness of *my* eyes would have totally prevented your seeing the lightning.

Rolf. Faith! then, your eyes must have prevented me from seeing at all! Mercy on me! What volumes of flame! What peals of thunder! and would you believe it, Paulina? Our old Seneschal asserts, that the same storm happens regularly every year on the same day and at the same time; on the sixth of August, exactly one hour before day-break.

(Here Leolyn is seen to cross the mountains in great alarm from R.H.)

Pau. The sixth of August!—Oh! my dear, dear Rolf, forgive my peevishness! Heaven be thanked, that you waited till the storm was over: why, you might have been torn in a thousand pieces!

Rolf. Torn in pieces? What, by the brambles and briars?

Pau. By the Wood-Dæmon and her imps, Rolf; for this storm was raised by them to a certainty.

Rolf. Nonsense, nonsense!

Pau. Nay, it's a fact. Ever on the sixth of August for the last nine years, has a dreadful storm arisen in Holstein, which as constantly has been followed by the disappearance of a child, never again to be seen or heard of: and who but the Wood-Dæmon could have an object in stealing these poor children? Answer me that, Rolf?

Rolf. Pish! the Wood-Dæmon, indeed!

Pau. Nay, what's more, one of the children stolen was the infant lord of these very domains, on whose disappearance they became the property of your present patron, the valiant Hardyknute. Aye, you may shake your head; but it's certain, that the Countess Alexina saw the Wood-Dæmon steal her son from his cradle with her own eyes!

Rolf. With her own eyes! aye; how was that, pray?

Pau. Why, you must know, that——

Enter LEOLYN, hastily, L.H.U.E. and kneels to Paulina.

Pau. How now? What would you, pretty lad?

THE KNIGHT AND THE WOOD DÆMON. 5

How terrified he seems! How pale!—What alarms you?—Answer! Speak!—(*Leolyn points to his lips.*)—Oh! heavens!—Rolf, dear Rolf! He surely means, that he is dumb!

Rolf. Alack, poor fellow!—By his dress he must be a gypsy.

(*Leolyn shakes his head with an earnest look.*)

Pau. No, no! He denies it! and that fair complexion—those blue eyes, so melancholy, so mild—my life on't, Rolf, he has been stolen by gypsies and has just escaped from them.—(*Leolyn nods assent.*)—Yes, yes! I was right! 'Tis so. And what then want you! Food?

Rolf. Cloathing?

(*Leolyn points to the cottage, and hides himself under Rolf's cloak.*)

Pau. Concealment?—(*Leolyn nods assent.*)—Indeed? and from whom—(*Noise without, R.H.U.E.*) Oh! look, Rolf! Look!

(*The Gypsies appear traversing the mountains from R.H.*)

CHORUS.

This way! this way! this way!

This way he surely fled!

Late in the night,

He began his flight;

We'll find him alive or dead!

(*Leolyn expresses terror—the Gypsies disappear, L.H.*)

Pau. They are Gypsies! they are surely his pursuers!—Rolf, what must be done?

Rolf. If they find him here, he's lost: they are numerous, and could easily force him from us.

Pau. Then we must hide him in the cottage! Come; come, pretty lad! away!

Rolf. The cottage will be suspected—will be searched—I have it! the hollow in yon oak!

Pau. 'Tis the very place! away with him!—

(Leolyn thanks them hastily and is going; but returns, lays his finger on his lips, and kneels in supplication.)

Rolf. What, betray you? Boy, you are helpless and in distress! She is a woman, and I was for twelve years a sailor!—*(Leolyn embraces them, and then runs to the oak.)*—Right, right! now he's certain, he may trust us.

(He lifts the boy on the tree, who hides himself in the hollow.)

Enter the GYPSIES, R.H.U.E.

CHORUS.

*This way! this way! this way!
This way he surely fled!
Late in the night;
He began his flight,
We'll have him alive or dead.*

ROLF and PAULINA.

Now, what seek ye? Gypsies, say!

CHORUS.

*'Tis a youthful runaway!
Far he cannot yet have run;
Answer, damsel, saw yon none?*

PAULINA.

*Just when ruddy morn was breaking
Past my door a gypsy sped:
Tears declared, his heart was aching;
O'er yon distant hills he fled.*

ROLF and PAULINA.

*Search the cottage! search it freely!
But though gypsies, be not rude:
Use a lady, pray, genteely,
As well-mannered gypsies should.*

CHORUS.

Well! we'll search the cottage freely!

ROLF and PAULINA.

But though gypsies be not rude.

CHORUS

*Fear not! we'll behave genteely,
As well-mannered gypsies should—*

*(The Gypsies enter the cottage, R.H. Leolyn
shows himself.)*

ROLF and PAULINA.

*Calm thy fears thou little stranger;
Doubt not we'll our words fulfil!
Spite of threats, and spite of danger,
We'll defend thee!
We'll befriend thee!
Hush! they come!—lie close and still!*

*(Leolyn hides himself; the Gypsies return from
cottage.)*

CHORUS.

*Well; we've search'd the cottage vainly!
Come now, damsel, tell us plainly,
Fled the boy o'er yonder hill?*

PAULINA.

*Across yon mountains speeding
His painful steps he prest :
His feet were weak and bleeding :
He must have stopped to rest.*

CHORUS.

*Now then away! Pursue! Pursue! ...
Thanks, strangers, thanks!*

ROLF, PAULINA and CHORUS.

Adieu! adieu!

[*Exeunt Gypsies over the mountains, R.H.*

Pau. At length we've got rid of them!—Now then, come forth, poor little trembler!—(*Leolyn descends and expresses gratitude.*)—Nay, nay, sweet boy, no more!—But alas! how pale and faint he seems! Surely he needs refreshment: wait here a moment, Rolf, and I'll return to you.

[*Exit with Leolyn into the cottage, R.H.*

Rolf. This boy comes of honest parents, or I'll never trust a countenance again. Well, well; if he has had foul play, I warrant we'll ferret it out; and as soon as my lord returns—Now Paulina.

Re-enter PAULINA from cottage.

Pau. Alas, poor heart! I've set food before him, and he is eating with such good-will, that it's quite a pleasure to see him!—But now, Rolf, what's to be done! Should the gypsies suspect the trick, and return—

Rolf. By the mass, it's not unlikely; therefore mark me, Paulina, when you come to the castle—

Pau. I must go there directly: for your old Sene-

THE KNIGHT AND THE WOOD DÆMON. 9

schal, who fancies himself a great poet and musician, is preparing a festival, in honour of the Count's approaching nuptials, and *I* am to be the chief performer.

Rolf. Good ! then mind me : bring the boy with you !—the Count himself is not yet returned from his expedition against the gigantic Knight of the Black Rock ; but in the meanwhile apply to his bride, the lovely Una ; solicit her protection, and—

Paul. Oh ! with all my heart ; I can speak to the lady Una without fear, for you know, Rolf, the other day she was but a peasant like myself, and might have been a peasant still, if by good luck the Count had not rescued her from the giant Hacho, and instantly fallen head over heels in love with her himself.—Adieu, dear Rolf, and in an hour expect me with the boy at the castle. [*Exit into the cottage, R. II.*]

Rolf. Now, go thy ways, for the kindest lass, that ever gladdened the heart of a sailor ! a sailor, said I ? no, no ! I've done with the sea for ever.—I've got a comfortable birth in the Count of Holstein's service, and when my lord marries his lovely peasant-girl, Paulina and I will make a second couple—my good little Paulina !—Never shall I forget, when I went my last voyage, how she travelled all the way to Lubeck on foot to bid me farewell, and how she hung on my neck and wept at parting.

BALLAD.—ROLF.

*On Baltic billows rode my ship,
The boatswain loud was calling !
On mine Paulina prest her lip,
And said, while tears were falling,
" In foreign climes, oh ! think on this !
Your heart, let nought deprave it :
But bring me back my parting kiss,
As pure as when I gave it !"
Oh ! that kiss ! that sweet, sweet kiss
The kiss, she gave at parting,*

ONE O'CLOCK! OR,

*In pain and grief
Still brought relief,
And kept the tear from starting.*

*In breeze and battle five long years
I did a seaman's duty!
When pleasure call'd, I clos'd my ears,
And turn'd my eyes from beauty.
The wanton's tale of boasted bliss
I heard, but ne'er believ'd it;
And back I brought that parting kiss,
As pure as I received it.
Oh! that kiss! that sweet, sweet kiss! &c.*

[*Exit, L.H.*

SCENE II.—*The Castle-Hall.*

UNA, *discovered.*

Una. Well! it's very strange, and very provoking!—instead of russet, I wear the richest robes; instead of a cottage I dwell in gilded chambers; a few days will make me a countess, and the wife of the handsomest knight in all Europe: and what pleases me more than all, every woman in Holstein is ready to die with envy at my good fortune! and yet with all this I am not happy!—Poor Osway! he was so good, so tender—he loved me so long, so sincerely—and *I!*—Oswy, Oswy, never shall I forget *you*; never shall I forgive myself!

Guel. (*Without, L.H.*) I tell you, Madam Clotilda, there's no bearing it, and it's very ungrateful of you.

Una. Hark! 'tis the old Seneschal—now what's the matter, Guelpho?

Enter GUELPHO, L.H.

Guel. Nay, it's only the old story lady; your sister, Madam Clotilda, has made me lose my temper, that's all.

THE KNIGHT AND THE WOOD DÆMON. 11

Una. What has she been doing?

Guel. What she does from morning till night ; finding fault with my lord, and affecting to be displeased at your marrying him. Surely never was there known such ingratitude ! you and your sister were two humble villagers ; Hacho, the terrible giant of the Black Rock carried you both off ; and, what would have become of you heaven only knows, if Count Hardyknute hadn't arrived in the very nick of time, rescued you from the giant, and offered yourself his hand ; and in return for all these services is my lord to be looked down upon by an ungrateful——

Una. Hush ! Guelpho, hush !

Guel. Nay, damsel ; I say it not in your disparagement. You deserve your good fortune ! for you are a mighty pretty-behaved young body, and when I read my verses, you never go to sleep ; a very great virtue, and which I find very few people to possess. But it puts me in a fury, when your sister speaks ill of our valiant master, especially when he has just done the whole province such an essential service by taking prisoner the giant Hacho, and demolishing his fortress.

Una. And a terrible task it was.—Mercy on me ! if he had failed.

Guel. Oh ! bless you ! the count never fails in any thing. How else, from being a poor unknown warrior, could he have become the rich and powerful Lord of Holstein ?

Una. An unknown warrior ?

Guel. Aye, truly ; and what he was originally, no one can tell you. He first distinguished himself by saving in battle the life of our feudal sovereign, the King of Denmark ; at whose court he formed so strict a friendship with Ruric, the last Count of Holstein, that when Ruric died, he bequeathed his domains to his friend, in case his only son should die in infancy.

Una. An infant son, say you ? and what was that infant's fate ?

Guel. You shall hear. One night the castle was

alarmed by the shrieks of the widowed countess. We ran to her chamber; we found her weeping and tearing her hair; and the cradle—alas! the cradle was empty! the terrible Wood Dæmon had stolen away the child.

Una. And know you for what purpose?

Guel. Too well! too well! I shudder to tell you—for the purpose of devouring it!

Una. Horrible! and does the Dæmon then devour none but children?

Guel. Not in Holstein; but in the neighbouring provinces, it seems, she's not so dainty: there all is fish that comes to her net; and she has such an amazing appetite, that I warrant, she'd swallow even an old maid.—But dear! dear! how this son of mine loiters! the preparations for this evening's festival are not half ready; and there's no going on without Willikind.

Una. What! a festival, Guelpho?

Guel. Yes, lady, and such a festival too! First, there's to be a grand ballet of the seasons; then there's a splendid banquet; then there's a cantata of my own composition, both words and music, called Bacchus and Ariadne: Ariadne by Signora Paulina, being her first appearance on any stage; and I mean to represent the Jolly God myself.

Una. That will be charming!

Guel. Then as soon as the count arrives, my son Willikind is to deliver an oration, and then——

Una. Willikind deliver an oration, my good Guelpho!

Guel. Why, he begged so hard, that I couldn't say him nay, and after all he's my own flesh and blood;—which is very strange, considering that he's so stupid.

Una. Well! he'll not remember a word of it.

Guel. And so I told the puppy; but there's no use in talking to him. He's so cursed conceited! He ~~thinks~~ thinks himself the wisest, wittiest—aye, and the handsomest fellow living; though hang me if the puppy

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hasn't got a face like a hatchet! I can't think how he came by it; his mother was a beauty; and as to myself, any body who looks at us can see that he don't take after *me*, that's certain.

Una. And then his old proverbs, Guelpho! oh those eternal proverbs, which he never understands, generally misquotes, and always misapplies.

Guel. And then his perpetually talking about himself—"I did this!" and "I did 'tother!" and "I was going!"—

Wil. (*Without, L.H.*) Holla! holla! down with the drawbridge! It's *I*!

Guel. *I*, indeed! *I*! aye; that's Willikind, sure enough.

Enter WILLIKIND, L.H.

Wil. So Lady Una! so father! I'm afraid you thought me long in coming; but, you know, that's my old fault: as the old proverb says, I'm always "just in pudding time;" always a great deal too late.

Guel. There now! a great deal too late, and just in pudding time! Do, prithee, simpleton, leave off those confounded proverbs, or learn to apply them properly.

Una. Hush! hush!—Now tell me Willikind; the count—

Wil. He's safe, and so am *I*!—(*Crosses to centre.*)—Yet I was at the battle, I'll assure you—But I'm not wounded, Lady Una, so pray do not faint,

Una. Faint! I was not dreaming of such a thing.—But did you *really* venture into the battle?

Wil. Aye, truly, and had one of the highest stations in the army.

Una. Indeed! and where were you posted?

Wil. On the top of one of the tallest trees in the whole province.

Una. Oh! oh!

Wil. Why, you see, I know how much distress you'd all be if *I* met with any accident; so for *your*

sakes, as soon as the fight began, I stepped out of the battle into a tree. That, you know, was getting out of danger ; as the old proverb says, " Out of the frying-pan into the fire."

Guel. Oh, dear ! oh, dear ! there's a way of getting out of danger !

Wil. And there, father, I saw such fighting ! And there the count overcame the giant of the Black Rock ! and there—the giant's a taller man than I am, but then he's nothing like so well made ; and then the giant's prisons were opened ; and then out came a crowd of knights and princesses in chains ; and then says the count, (bowing his body thus in a very graceful manner, which, by the bye, he learned from me)—" Still wear those chains," said he, " till they are loosened by the fair hands of my Una."—Now, when he said, " fair hands," I saw one of the princesses look extremely hard at mine.

Guel. Aye, to be sure ! and how far off is the count ?

Wil. Oh ! he'll be here in an hour, knights, princesses, treasures, dwarfs, giant, and all.

Guel. Bless me ! and we have not rehearsed my Grand Dance of the Seasons ! and the procession's not arranged, and—run, boy ; run for the Miller's Lad, who is to act Spring : I'll call Summer and Autumn myself.—Your pardon, lady ! (*Going, L.H.*)

Una. Well, master Guelpho, I wish your ballet all possible success ; but I'm afraid, with such animals for performers—

Guel. Animals indeed ! I wish from my heart they were really animals, for then I should be sure of succeeding, and if my performers can but get half as much applause as has been obtained by some animals, I'm sure, I, as an author, shall think myself greatly obliged to them. Besides, when Orpheus brought out the first grand ballet that ever was produced, who were his actors and actresses, pray ? Birds, beasts, every soul of them !

Wil. Orpheus ! Orpheus ! and who was Orpheus ?

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Guel. Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! what a sad thing it is to live with ignorant people! who was Orpheus, quotha? Listen, boy! listen, and edify!

(Crosses to centre.)

SONG.—GUELPHO.

*Old Orpheus played
So well, 'tis said,
That whenever he touched his fiddle,
Wild beasts and flocks,
Streams, woods, and rocks
Danc'd about to his hey-diddle-diddle.
Here figured out
A tower so stout:
There figured in a fountain:
While a sea-port town
The dance led down,
And went back to back with a mountain.
Sing tweedle-dum!
At his strum-strum-strum
Forests and fields cut capers!
Sing tweedle-dee!
Oh! was not he
The prince of cat-gut scrapers?*

*See, ranged in pairs,
Twelve dancing bears
Go as fast as ever they can go:
A lively pig
Performs a jig,
And a graceful goose a fandango.
While a smart he lamb,
Introduced by a ram,
To a fair young whale advances;
And making a leg,
Cries—"Miss, may I beg
Your fin for the two next dances."
Sing tweedle-dum; &c.*

*Now rage inflames
 The Thracian dames,
 Though he brings such charming strains out,
 They lay him low
 With his own fiddle-bow,
 And uncivilly batter his brains out.
 Than his possess
 No musical breast
 More taste, or genius riper ;
 Yet in spite of his harp,
 And his flat and his sharp,
 Poor Orphy at last paid the piper.
 Sing tweedle-dum, &c.
 [Exit duncing, L.H.]*

Wil. Hist, Lady Una, I've a secret to tell you ! Look in my face ! Don't you see there a kind of pathetic melancholy—a certain melting expression ?

Una. Why, to say the truth, Willikind, I never saw a face that expressed less. But if it could express any thing, what would it express now ?

Wil. That my heart—heigho!—that my heart—I can't help blushing—is a victim to the tender passion !

Una. You're in love ? That's quite right ; and who is the happy—

Wil. Ah ! don't indulge that flattering hope ! *You* are not she, damsel. *You* are my lord's betrothed ; and, therefore, though I know your affection for me—

Una. Mine ? I assure you—

Wil. I know what you are going to assure me ; I know that you're ready to sacrifice wealth and dignity for me.

Una. I'm sure, I know no such thing.

Wil. Still duty to my lord forbids my giving you any hope : though really I am very sorry for you ; I am, indeed.—

Una. An impertinent—

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Wil. However, at least my heart isn't gone out of your family ; the object of my love is your widowed sister, the fair Clotilda.

Una. My sister!—(*Aside.*) How angry this will make her!—Well, Willikind, you have all my good wishes, and I hope you'll not find her cruel.

Wil. Why, with this person and address, I think there's little danger of cruelty. However, at all events, I've another match as good in my eye.

Una. That's being provident.

Wil. Yes, yes ; I always take care to have more chances than one ; because, (as the old proverb says) "Between two stools one's certain of coming to the ground," you know.

Una. True ; and I hope, you'll come to the ground, and verify the old proverb.

Clo. (*Without, L.H.*) In the gallery, say you ?

Una. Hark ! she comes.

Wil. Nay, I've no time to declare my passion now. So I'll only just give her a significant glance, a soft sigh, or so. Mum ! she's here.

Enter CLOTILDA, L.H.

Clo. Now then, dear Una, I come for the last time.

Wil. (*Putting himself in her way.*) Charming Clotilda !

Clo. (*Passing him.*) Your servant, Willikind, your servant !—Tell me Una—

Will. If you'll forgive me leaving you at present—

Clo. Oh, good fellow, only go, and I'll forgive any thing

Wil. Kind Clotilda ! I go then.

Clo. (*Impatient.*) With all my heart.

Wil. (*Aside.*) I go with all her heart ! Was there ever such a tender creature !—Adieu then ! adieu !—(*Aside.*)—that last tender glance did her business !

[*Exit, L.H.*

—*Clo.* Well ! certainly of all men on earth that booby

is the most intolerable? Now then, dear, dear Una; tell me for the last time, is your heart quite hardened? Will you marry this odious Count Hardyknute, and break your vows to the amiable Oswy?

Una. Dear sister, all that you can urge in Oswy's favour my own heart repeats me twenty times in the day, and twenty times more forcibly.—But when I am with the count, an indescribable emotion—a secret charm so strongly enthralls me that—

Clo. A charm indeed! that charm is his wealth, his power—

Una. And grant, it were so: can you reasonably expect me to sacrifice for the son of a poor harper a rich and potent sovereign, who is besides a great hero, and the handsomest man in the whole province?

Clo. Cruel, ungrateful Una!

Una. Nay, sister, it matters little what I do; nothing pleases you, since you lost your dumb favourite, your little Leolyn.

Clo. Now there again, Una! Dumb!—when you know well, that he's not dumb, and that a famous physician assured me that at nine or ten years old the boy would recover his speech by some violent exertion, for that he was only tongue-tied! Dear, dear Leolyn! Ah, were he but here now—*Here*, did I say—in the power of Hardyknute? Oh, no! for the world's wealth would I not have him here!

Una. No? and wherefore—

Clo. Hush!—Softly!—You shall now know my reasons for dreading this count, whom all others love and admire. But be secret—

Una. As the grave.

Clo. Know then, my late husband was a vassal on these domains. A month had not elapsed since the last count's death, when one winter's night—the storm was loud—the snow fell thick—the hail clattered against the casements—I was alone—Suddenly, amidst the pauses of the tempest, I heard the voice of complaint at my cottage-door! I flew to open it!—Her dishevelled hair streaming in the blast, and her

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thin night-clothes damp and heavy with the falling snow, there stood the widowed Countess Alexina, and clasped her shivering baby to her bosom.

Una. Good heavens !

Clo. "Save him," she cried ; "I fear for his life ; I fear that Hardyknute is a villain, and that poison from *his* hand has already sent my husband to the grave. Fly then, Clotilda ! oh ! fly, and save my child !" The danger alarmed me—I trembled—I hesitated—when the child raised his blue eyes, past one little arm round my neck, and hid his chilled cheek in my bosom. I hesitated no longer ; I sank on my knees ;—"Sweet cherub," I exclaimed, "while I have life, I'll live to guard thee !" I swore to love him dearly as my own child ; and I have kept my oath, heaven knows that I have kept it.

Una. And the countess—

Clo. Regained the castle, as privately as she left it, and spread the report, that the child had been stolen by the Wood Dæmon. But Hardyknute, who, by Count Ruric's bequest, then succeeded to these domains, believed not the tale ; he sought for the boy every where, but I eluded his vigilance. Soon after the countess died, and then did I become Leolyn's *only* mother !

Una. Leolyn ?

Clo. Yes, Una ! that little tongue-tied Leolyn, whom the gypsies stole from me, and in search of whom we were wandering when seized by the giant Hacho ; that very Leolyn is the rightful Lord of Holstein.—Now, then, you know all ; know, that this villain Hardyknute—

Una. Nay, dear Clotilda : I only know, that the countess *suspected* him of crimes, but not that he committed them. Oh ! 'tis impossible ! He seems so kind, so benevolent ! Besides, my gratitude for his services—

Clo. Gratitude ? Una, Una ! 'Tis your ambition, your vanity—

Una. Ah ! good Clotilda, chide no longer, since you must chide in vain—(*The Bugle sounds.*)—and

hark! the warder gives the signal, that the count's banners are descried advancing—oh! let me hasten to the loftiest tower, and delight my eyes with the glories of my triumphant hero! Come, sister, come.

[Exit, L.H.]

Clo. Go then, vain, inconstant girl: be great, be envied, and be wretched: go, and be a fresh example, that cloth of gold often *hides* a wounded heart, but never *heals* it.

BALLAD.—CLOTILDA.

*No form was so fair, and no heart was so light
As Ellen's, the villager's daughter: .
The Lord of the Glen, he was charmed at her sight,
And a ring set with rubies he brought her.
"To-morrow," he whispered, "when matins are rung,
A priest shall be waiting"—thus said he;
And the villager's daughter, she smiled and she sung,
"To-morrow, then, makes me a lady!"*

*Now Ellen has been but a fortnight a bride;
Rich jewels her robes are adorning:
But diamonds and satin in vain seek to hide
Her grief for her haughty lord's scorning.
His love, it was cooled; from his castle he rode;
No farewell to Ellenor said he;
But he left her forlorn with reproaches to load
The morning, which made her a lady.*

Guel. (Within, L.H.) This way, friends! this way, if you please.

Clo. Now then; what makes old Guelpho seem so gay?

Enter GUELPHO, L.H.

Guel. Oh! Lady, here are the rarest follows arrived—

Clo. And what are they?

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Guel. Nay, they shall tell you that themselves!—
Come in, friends; come in.

Enter OSWY, KARL, and RUPERT, L.H.

Guel. (Aside to them.) Salute her very respectfully; her good word is worth having in this castle.

Oswy. (Aside.) Oh heaven! 'Tis she!

Guel. 'Tis madam Clotilda, the sister of my lord's intended bride.

Oswy. (Aside.) His bride? then my worst fears are verified.

Clo. Now then, strangers; who are you, and whence come you?

GLEE.—OSWY, KARL, and RUPERT.

*Minstrels three,
Lady, are we :
Hither we come from over the sea,
With jest and glee,
And minstrel-sie
From sorrow and care your souls to free.*

OSWY.

*Songs of love
Your heart shall move!*

KARL.

*Songs of war and of chival-rie
Shall swell on your ear!*

TRIO.

*Then welcome us here,
And music and mirth shall your guerdon be.
For minstrels three, &c.*

Clo. Minstrels, you seem masters of your art, and

doubtless, will be welcome to those, whose hearts are more disposed to mirth than mine—Gaelpho, take good care of them.

Guel. Nay, madam Clotilda, you need not bid me do that : why, they are the very men, whom I wanted to complete my orchestra—Follow, friends ! Follow ! this way—this way. [*Exit with Karl and Rupert, R.H.*]

Oswy. She is alone !—Clotilda—

Clo. (*Turning.*) That voice—'tis he ! 'tis surely Oswy !

Oswy. Clotilda, I am distracted—judge on my return to our village what I suffered on hearing, that yourself and Una had disappeared a month before—wild with alarm I set forth in search of you ; my enquiries were long fruitless : at length rumour told me that the Count of Holstein was on the point of marrying a peasant girl ; and the report of her beauty convinced me that she must be Una. Oh ! tell me, Clotilda, is she detained here by force or inclination ? Is Una faithless, or is the count a tyrant ?

Clo. Unfortunate Oswy, how shall I answer you—Hardyknute has offered his hand—

Oswy. And Una—

Clo. Alas ! Una has accepted it !

Oswy. Oh ! false, false girl !—and can she then so soon have forgotten—

Clo. No, Oswy, no ; she gladly *would* forget you, but she cannot. Hardyknute has dazzled her eyes, has enchanted her fancy, but her heart is still your own

Oswy. Then lead me to her. Let me fall at her feet : let me implore her—

Clo. At present that were impossible—too many eyes observe her : but she ever passes the hour of noon alone in a retired pleasure-garden—thither will I soon conduct you, and perhaps the sight of your affliction, of your despair may—Some one comes : our further conference may create suspicion—Farewell, dear Oswy, till I send for you, the beauties of this castle and gardens may beguile your time—Now then away, and count upon Clotilda's friendship. [*Exit, R.H.*]

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Oswy. The beauties of these gardens?—Ah! in that moment when Una became faithless, nature lost all her charms for Oswy!

SONG.—OSWY

*Lucid streams so gently flowing
Spread their chrystal charms in vain!
Gales o'er beds of roses blowing,
Ah! you but increase my pain.*

*Since my mistress bade me term her
One, who knows not faith to keep,
Gales have only breath, to murmur,
Streams have only drops to weep. [Exit, L.H.*

SCENE III.—*The outside of the Castle, with a drawbridge in the back ground.*

GUELPHO, PAULINA, and Peasants discovered.

Guel. (Forming the peasants into groupes.) There now! Very well—Paulina, no giggling! Be serious and graceful, and make me your model—Now then, you all dance on—

Enter WILLIKIND, L.H.

Wil. Yes, and now you may all dance off, for there can be no ballet to-night—Poor little Spring has got the meazles!

Guel. Bless my soul!—But is there no expedient—

Wil. There is! I have it!—To oblige you, I'll personate Spring myself.

Guel. Psha! Psha!

Wil. Why not? Every body says, that I'm extremely blooming!

Guel. Do hold your tongue, booby! I declare I'm so vexed—

Paul. Now only hear me. Master Guelpho—you

see yon little gypsy boy? He came to my cottage this morning, and I warrant, will answer your purpose excellently: he plays to perfection on the guitar, and can dance, I doubt not—hark ye, little friend!—step hither!

Enter LEOLYN with a guitar, R.H. He salutes the company.

Guel. My pretty lad, (he looks the very thing!) we want you to take a part in a grand ballet this evening. Can you dance?—(*Leolyn plays and dances.*)—Excellent! He'll do! he'll do.

Wil. Yes, yes—this puts all to rights again; and now (as the old proverb says) “All’s the fat’s in the fire!” Every thing’s just as it ought to be.

Guel. You’ll soon learn your part; but you must be very attentive—(*Leolyn makes signs of assent.*)—Why don’t you speak then?

Pau. Ah! poor fellow! He don’t know how to speak!

Wil. No? No? *Guel.* what an ignorant little boy! Why, when *I* was no higher than that, *I* could speak as well as—but then to be sure, *I* was a genius!

Pau. Aye; but this poor lad is dumb.

Wil. Yes, yes; this poor lad is dumb!

Guel. (*Out of patience.*) Oh! I wish from my heart that you were *dumb* too!

Wil. Dr you? How cruel to society.

(*Leolyn makes signs.*)

Guel. What does he mean now?

Pau. My life on’t, he means, that though he can’t speak, he can write.

Guel. Indeed! then inform us, my boy, who you are, and what brings you hither—there’s a pencil for you—

Wil. (*Crossing to Leolyn.*) And there’s a bit of ass’s skin: it’s very useful, and I’m never without ass’s skin about me. You needn’t return it; I give it you as a keep-sake; and now, whenever you look at that ass’s skin, you’ll always be sure to think on me.

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Guel. Aye, I warrant him! Now then, what has he written?—*(Reads.)*—“*I was stolen from my mother, by gypsies, from whom I have just escaped. I am now wandering homewards: have pity on me, kind gentlefolks.*”—Aye, marry will we, and help you to find your mother into the bargain—but now to business! To your places, girls! What, giggling again, Paulina? Fie, fie, fie! As I said before, you all dance on—

Enter CLOTILDA, L.H.

Clo. Guelpho, are the minstrels—Heavenly powers! Leolyn!—My child—my darling!

(She embraces him.)

Guel. Leolyn? Bless my heart! Madam Clotilda's lost child, I protest.

Clo. *(In rapture.)* Una, Una! Come down, I say!—Kiss me again and again, my dearest! Oh! I'm the happiest creature.—*(Trumpet sounds.)*—Hark! what's that?

Enter ROLF on the bridge, R.H.

Rolf. Down with the draw-bridge: the count approaches. *(The draw-bridge falls.)*

Clo. The count?

Guel. Now, boy! now for your oration! I hope you're perfect in it!

Wil. I warrant you!

(All hasten over the drawbridge from L.H.)

Clo. We are undone! If Hardyknute once sees the boy—Una! Why, Una, I say!

Enter UNA from the Castle, L.H.

Clo. Save him! Oh! save him, save him!

Una. Leolyn here? Dear, dear Leolyn!

(Embracing him.)

Clo. Here! In Hardyknute's power! What must be done, Una? Oh! think of something quickly!

Una. Nay, be calm: perhaps the count may not recognize——

Clo. He will! he must—his likeness to his parents—but above all, this bloody arrow stamped by nature on his wrist, a mark well known to Hardyknute—and hark! they are at hand! Oh! I'll away with the boy this instant! (*Going, L.H.*)

Una. Stay, stay! your flight would excite suspicion——

Clo. (*Wringing her hands.*) It would so!—It would so!

Una. You would be pursued, brought back——

Clo. And then his ruin is certain!—Oh! dear, dear boy——

Una. I have it! In my chamber there's a closet concealed in the wall, and possibly unknown even to the count himself. Hide the boy there, and affirm that he's gone back to the gypsies.

Clo. Right! Come, come, my darling!—Yet hold!—If Hardyknute should suspect—should search—(*Trumpet, R.H.*)—He comes—he comes!—Fly Una, fly, oh! fly! [*Exeunt, L.H.*]

Al Procession enters over the bridge, R.H.—GUELPHO, WILLIKIND, ROLF, PAULINA, Peasants and Warriors—Knights and Ladies in chains—Dwarfs, bearing gigantic armour—HACHO, held by four Squires, and struggling to break his chains.—When all are arranged in front, Hardyknute appears on the bridge in armour.

CHORUS.—(*While he descends.*)

*Shout, Holstein, shout! with joy and pride,
Behold your lord approaching nigh;
And spread the hero's fame as wide,
As waves can waft, or winds can fly.*

RÉCITATIVE.—HARDYKNUTE.

*Nay, cease my people ! though our foe's in chains,
Small glory by his fall the victor gains :
He needs must conquer, who his faulchion draws,
For virtue's vengeance, and in beauty's cause !*

SONG AND CHORUS.

HARDYKNUTE.

*Tell me, my friends: let every man reply,
Who boasts a heart with human feelings stored;
What would you do, should injured virtue fly,
To claim redress, and safety from your sword !*

CHORUS.

*Wage the fight
In virtue's right,
'Till life's last drop were poured !*

HARDYKNUTE.

*But oh ! what would you do, brave warriors, say,
Should you behold the maid your soul adored,
By lawless ruffians seized and borne away,
While heaven and you for aid her shrieks implored.*

CHORUS.

*Wage the fight
In virtue's right,
'Till life's last drop were poured.*

Gue! Now, boy ! Now for the oration ! I'll prompt you—don't be afraid.

Wil. (L.H.) I afraid indeed !—(Crosses to *Hardyknute*.)—Hem, hem, hem !—“Most mighty lord !

which shall I praise most, your valour in peace, or your virtues in war? In war, I behold in you a perfect Nero!"

Guel. Hero.

Wil. "Hero! Your countenance produces on your foes the effect of—of—of—"

Guel. Of Medusa's head!

Wil. "Of a goose's head!"

Guel. (*Out of patience.*) Oh dear!

Wil. "Oh dear! So that—so that—when I behold you—(Prompt father, prompt!) I feel—I feel—"

Guel. I feel tempted—

Wil. "I feel tempted—"

Guel. To exclaim—

Wil. "To exclaim"—

Guel. Oh! was there ever such a blockhead?

Wil. "Oh! was there ever such a blockhead."

Har. Really? Is that in the speech, Guelpho?

Guel. Dear heart, no, my lord!—(*Crosses to Har.*)—but I'll read you the speech myself—"Most high and mighty—

Har. It needs not, good Guelpho. If I deserve praise, let me read it in the eyes of my subjects. Not that I conquered, forms my glory; but that I conquered in the cause of justice: sceptres are only valuable, when extended to bless; and if ever I sighed to possess unbounded power, it was that I might confer unbounded blessings!

Wil. (*Aside.*) I couldn't have said it better myself!

Har. Then speak no more of thanks or gratitude! If my people are happy, I am rewarded amply: life is only dear to me, while it enables me to protect you; and when I die, be this my purest praise and proudest epitaph, "Here lies the sovereign of a happy people."

Wil. Oh! fine, fine! Oh! eloquence, what a treasure art thou; and how truly says the old proverb—"Fine words butter no parsnips!"

Har. But where is Una? Why comes not my lovely bride?

CHORUS.

*She comes, she comes in all her charms
With sparkling eyes and open arms.*

DUO—Enter UNA, L.H.

- Una. Once more these eyes behold thee
 Returned from conquest's goal!
Har. Once more these arms enfold thee,
 Fair sovereign of my soul!
Una. (Crowning him with laurel.)
 Behold this wreath victorious;
 This wreath thy brow shall wear.
Har. Ah if this wreath is glorious,
 'Tis that you placed it there.
Duo. While on thy { features } gazing,
 { laurels }
 { My looks my love declare! }
 { Thy fame I seem to share! }

CHORUS.

*Now swell the Chorus, praising
The hero and the fair.*

(Una unbinds the knights and Ladies—Hachō breaks from his guards, and threatens Una. but is seized again, and thrown on the ground —Una and Hardyknute are exalted on the bucklers; while Hachō lies at their feet, and the rest form a groupe round them)

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The stage is filled with brilliant clouds; in the centre of which sits Auriol, (the guardian genius of Holstein) extending his spear towards Una, who is sleeping on a bank, R.H.*

AURIOL, (*Speaking.*)

*While here you sleep, by noon-tide heat oppress,
Lo! Holstein's guardian quits the realms of rest,
By warning dreams your mental sight to clear—
Rise, mystic visions; shadowy forms, appear!*

CHORUS. (*Behind the scenes.*) Appear—appear!

(The cloud beneath Auriol opens; Leolyn is seen kneeling and chained to a brazen pillar; near him stands Sangrida, grasping a bloody dagger.)

Auriol. *In mystic chains this castle's heir you see,
Chains, from which none but you his limbs can
free!
On you his fate depends, his hope relies;
Dare, and he lives! be timorous, and he dies!*

Chorus. *Dare, Una, dare!*

(The clouds on each side open; the shade of Ruric appears on L.H. side; that of Alexina on R.H.)

Auriol. *The shades of those, who gave him birth,
behold!
Oh! save their son; Una, be bold! be bold!
A mother's love endures beyond the grave;
A mother pleads: Oh Una, hear, and save.*

Chorus. Hear, Una, hear!

(The clouds open above, and show on each side of Auriol four children in white, crowned with flowers, and all pointing to a wound upon the heart.)

Auriol. 'Twas almost "One!"—the assassin's dagger gleamed!

On the Wood Dæmon's shrine their heart-blood streamed!

Like them this castle's heir is doomed to bleed,

Unless his hands from chains by thine are freed.

Then scorn all selfish doubts; subdue all dread;

Free thou the living; he'll avenge the dead.

Chorus. Dare, Una, dare!

Auriol. Footsteps approach! Away! the spell I break!

Una, from magic dreams awake, awake!

Chorus. Wake, Una, wake!

(The children disappear on both sides; Leolyn, Sangrida, Ruric, and Alexina sink; the spirits ascend, and the clouds dispersing, the stage now represents a flower-garden surrounded with bowers of gilt trellis.)

Una. (Waking in a fright, and throwing herself on her knees.) All good spirits guard me!—Bless me, where am I? The garden—these bowers—simpleton that I am; after all then it was only a dream! Poor Leolyn's danger was the last thing in my thoughts, when sleep surprised me on yonder bank; old Guelpho told me this morning a strange story about a terrible dæmon, who is said to steal away children; and here in my dream I have confused them all toge-

ther in the strangest manner: yet, in truth, it was so terrible, that I tremble still!—Oh, my good lord!

Enter HARDYKNUTE, L.H.

Har. My love! my Una! for a few minutes I have broken from my council, to tell you once more, how ardently—But why is this? you are pale! you look terrified! Safe under my protection, what dangers can alarm the betrothed of Hardyknute?

Una. In truth, 'twas a mere trifle—an idle dream; at the moment the impression was terrible, but now all is forgotten: I see *you*, and feel that I am safe—that I am happy!

Har. Oh that you were so! but no, Una, no; you are not happy. That air of hesitation, those anxious eyes, which fear to encounter mine, betray too plainly that some mystery—something which you would fain conceal from me.

Una. Nay, now, my lord, you wrong me. I have told you all; have laid my whole heart before you. You know, that Oswy loved me even from my childhood, and that till I knew *you*, I believed it impossible that *I* should ever love any but Oswy. I own, that he is in all things your inferior: *you* are a sovereign, *he* a poor Harper's son; in every talent, in every merit you rise far above him: but I cannot forget that he gave me his heart, and that *I* have broken it; but I know well, that my falsehood must have made him wretched; and while I remember that Oswy is wretched, can I be quite happy myself?—Oh, no! poor Oswy; never, never!

Har. (Aside.) Confusion! In vain does the magic charm exert its influence: in vain does her sex's vanity dazzle and mislead her senses. Her heart is still faithful, and bids defiance to my spells. *(Aside.)*

Una. You frown, my lord? you turn from me?—~~that~~ if I have displeased you—if your love for me has ~~ceased~~ ceased to exist—

Har. Ceased?—Ah! be assured, Una, ~~that the~~

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heart which has once borne your chains can never break them, never! In the moment when I first beheld you, I felt that I beheld in *you* the mistress of my fate: I have sworn to love you through existence, and here at your feet I solemnly repeat that oath; while I have life I can live for none but Una.

AIR.—HARDYKNUTE.

*When I gaz'd on a beautiful face,
Or a form which my fancy approv'd,
I was pleas'd with its sweetness and grace,
And falsely believ'd that I lov'd.
But my heart, though I strove to deceive,
The imposture it would not allow;
I could look, I could like, I could leave;
But I never could love—'till now!*

*Yet though I from others could rove,
Now harbour no doubt of my truth!
Those flames were not lighted by love;—
They were kindled by folly and youth.
But no longer of reason bereft,
On your hand, that pure altar, I vow,
Though I've look'd, and have lik'd, and have left,
That I never have loved—'till now!*

Enter CLOTILDA and OSWY, L.H.U.E.

Clo. (To Oswy.) Here is the place. At this hour the count is accustomed to give audience to his counsellors, and we are certain to find Una here alone; now then, Oswy, exert all the eloquence of love; awaken her from her vain-glorious dream, and convince her that—

Har. Now, fair Clotilda—

Clo. Good heavens! the count—

Har. What brings you hither, and who accompanies you?

Clo. My lord—I came—I wished—your pardon;

I thought you had been engaged elsewhere, or should not have intruded.

Har. Since it procures us your presence, I rejoice at your mistake. But what youth is yonder? By his garb he should be a minstrel.

Clo. He is so: a wandering minstrel, and one who excels in his art.—But we intrude; permit us to retire.

Har. By no means; Una is partial to the lays of minstrels, and all her tastes are mine: we'll try his skill. But where then is his harp?

Oswy. 'Tis near at hand: with your permission—
(*Goes to the back of the stage, L.H.U.P. and makes a sign: two servants bring in the harp, and retire, L.H.*)

Una. (*Aside.*) Heavenly powers! that voice—'tis he! Yes, yes, 'tis Oswy!

Har. Now then, good fellow!—Be seated, fair Clotilda: here is your place.

Clo. My lord, you honour me—(*In a low voice to Oswy, as she passes him.*)—Be on your guard, for Heaven's sake!

Oswy. Fear not!

Har. (*Seated on the bank, R.H. between Una and Clotilda.*) Now begin.

BALLAD,—OSWY, on L.H.

Oh! nature is sweet when the sun gilds each feature;

And sweet is the nightingale's lay in the grove;
And sweet are the bean-fields in blossom; but sweeter
The lips of a virgin avowing her love.

I once knew a maid, of form so rare,
That for beauty with hers could none compare;
And this maid had a lover, a fonder was ne'er;
And the youth was true as the maid was fair.

Sing, twang twang lango dillo!

Sing, lango twang dillo twang dee!

Oh! bring me a branch of the willow;
The willow's the wreath for me.

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*Oh, light are the slumbers of Sylphs upon roses ;
 And light is the blue-bell that waves on the wall ;
 And light is the down that on ether reposes ;
 But, maiden, thy heart was still lighter than all.
 That she never would change, how oft she said,
 'Till her life it should fail, or his love should fade ;
 And yet ere a twelvemonth its circle had made,
 The maiden was false, and the youth betray'd !
 Sing, twang twang lango lillo, &c.*

*(At the end of the song a servant enters, L.II.
 and whispers Hardyknute.)*

Har. I come !—(*The servant goes off* L.II.)—Min-
 strel, your voice and instrument please me well ; but lie
 upon your ballad. A damsel fair and false ? Oh, 'tis
 impossible ! Lovely women never can be in the wrong,
 and mistresses are never faithless except when lovers
 are undeserving.—My Una, for one hour I must leave
 you ; Oh, how unwillingly ! Meanwhile, good min-
 strel, be it your task, to beguile her time with some
 more pleasing ditty. Paint to this fair one a passion
 the tenderest and the warmest ; a passion which sees
 no beauties on earth, except in the object beloved ; a
 passion which knows no bounds, except the end of
 life ! Paint this truly ; paint this strongly ; and then
 add, that such is the passion which burns in *my* heart
 for *her* ! [*Exit*, L.II.]

Clo. At length he leaves us !—He's out of sight—
 Now then, Una, have you not guest already ?

Una. Oh, yes, dear sister, I guess but too well what
 you would tell me ! 'Tis Oswy, who now—

Oswy. Yes, 'tis Oswy ; the wretched Oswy, whom
 the assurance of your falsehood has driven to despair !
 —(*Crosses to Una.*)—Nay, listen to me, Una ; turn
 not away ; hear me, I implore you not to violate those
 vows which you have so often sworn, nor to barter
 for empty rank and gaudy splendour, the affection
 of one, who would not have exchanged *yours* for the
 interest of the wide universe. Break your vows, Una,
 and with them you break my heart.

Una. (Greatly agitated.) Oswy, in pity—I conjure you, I implore you—I know not what to say or do!

Oswy. Nay, speak, dear Una : let me at least hear my destiny from your own lips ; say then, will *you* be the falsest of women ? will you make *me* the most wretched of men ?

Una. (Giving him her hand.) No, Oswy, no ; my heart—my unshaken affection——

Enter ROLF with servants, R.H. bearing presents.

Rolf. Lady !—(*All start in confusion.*)—Indeed ! so close ? (*Aside.*)

Clo. (Recovering herself.) Now then, friend, your business ?

Rolf. (Kneeling to Una.) Lady, the Count of Holstein intreats you to honour him by wearing this chain of jewels to which his portrait is suspended.

Una. Jewels ? Oh, the fathers !

Rolf. These costly robes also, which were found in the fortress of the Black Rock, are intended for your use. (*Aside.*) There's something suspicious about that minstrel ; I'll apprise my lord and—(*To the servants.*)—follow me. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Una. (Having put on the chain.) Well, I never saw any thing so beautiful !

Clo. Oh vanity, vanity !

Oswy. Una, you were saying—

Una. (Still admiring the jewels.) Why, yes, Oswy, I was saying, that though my regard for you is unaltered—(how they glitter)—still gratitude to the count—(they'll be the very thing with my green velvet robe and petticoat)—still gratitude, I say, Oswy, gratitude—

Oswy. You have said enough, Una, and I will trouble you no more. Farewell ! I go with a breaking heart ; but till it *quite* breaks, that heart shall never cease to love you ; and should you ever need a refuge, remember, that in spite of all your perjury, the arms of Oswy shall be ever open to receive you.

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Bless you, Una, bless you, bless you! (*Going, R.H.*)

Clo. Cruel girl! and will you then suffer him to go?

Una. No, Oswy, no; your reproaches, your tears are not to be supported. They have recalled me to myself; the illusion is dispelled; and I now feel that the wealth of worlds could never repay me for the loss of your affection. Then let us fly this instant; away, Oswy, away! I'll follow you through the world.

Oswy. (*Falling at her feet.*) Heavenly Una!

Enter HARDYKNUTE, L.H., with attendants.

Har. How, at her feet?—Insolent minstrel!

Una. The count here?

Clo. Lost! undone!

Una. Rise, Oswy, rise, and fly!

Har. Oswy? Nay, then, I guess the rest. Perfidious girl! and have you then dared to bring into my very castle—

Una. Oh, no! In truth, I knew not of his coming. I am innocent, indeed I am; and Oswy too is innocent, unless it be a crime that he loves me too well:—then for pity's sake spare, oh, spare—

Har. Una, retire. Who waits? Conduct the lady to her chamber.

Una. I go, my lord! But poor Oswy—his life—only promise that you will not—nay, frown not; I obey!—Oswy, farewell!—Oh! heavens! farewell—for ever! [*Exit with attendants, R.H.*]

Har. And you, presumptuous Harper, who dare still to lift your hopes to the bride of the Count of Holstein, hence from my domains this instant, and thank my scorn, which cannot stoop so low as to trample on a worm so wretched!

Oswy. I shall obey your bidding; but ere I go, know, haughty lord—

Har. (*Furious.*) How?

Clo. Oh, heed him not, good my lord!—he is

wretched—he is distracted—he knows not what he says !—Oh, silence, Oswy, silence !

TRIO.—HARDYKNUTE, OSWY, and CLOTILDA.

Oswy. *Doubt not, I know my danger !
Blood must your wrath assuage !*

Har. *'Tis well, thou daring stranger,
That scorn o'ercomes my age.*

Clo. (To Oswy.) *Oh ! heed my friendly warning !*
(To Har.) *Oh ! curb your fury, scorning
So mean a war to wage !*

Har. *Let Me your wrath assuage.
Begone then, slave, or fear me !*

Clo. (To Oswy.) *Nay, silence, friend !*

Oswy. *Yet hear me !
No threats my soul shall bend !*

Oswy and Clo. *Oh ! love, thou best consoler,
To aid { my } cause, descend !
 { his }*

Har. *How dares this harping stroller
With Holstein's lord contend ?*

TRIO. *The bonds of reason slighting
Pride, fury, love, } uniting,
Fear, pity, hate, }*

Clo. *All in my breast are fighting,
And join my soul to rend.*

[*Exeunt Hardyknute R.H. and Oswy, L.H.*

Clo. For all this I'll not despair. 'Tis certain Una still loves Oswy in her heart, however vanity may mislead her in his absence. She was even on the point of following him ; and, perhaps, if he could but obtain another interview. Aye but how is that to be managed ?

Enter PAULINA and ROLF, L.H.U.E.

Paul. No, Rolf, I couldn't have believed that you

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would have the heart to do any thing so ill-natured. A lover yourself, and yet betray a lover? Poor dear good-looking young man!—It was monstrous of you, Rolf, and that's the truth of it.

Rolf. And haven't I told you twenty times that I'm heartily vexed, and what can a man say more?—Madam Clotilda, deign to listen; for *you can* listen sometimes; as to Paulina, *she* can do nothing but talk.

Clo. Now, good fellow, be brief, what would you say?

Rolf. Why, truly, that I have committed a blunder, and should be glad from the very bottom of my heart to have it in my power to repair it.—In short, 'twas I who discovered the disguised minstrel to the count: but if I had known him for an injured lover, I'd rather have bitten my tongue in half than have suffered it to blab a syllable on the subject. Now then, Madam Clotilda, if in reparation I can render this poor Oswy any service——

Clo. Worthy Rolf, you may render him the greatest! Only introduce him secretly into the castle, keep him there concealed till midnight, and then conduct him to my apartment. Follow him without delay; this ring will assure him of your fidelity, and——

Pau. Oh, haste, Rolf, haste; he's not yet out of sight.

Rolf. 'Tis enough! Farewell, Madam Clotilda, and depend on our best services. [Exit, L.H.]

Clo. Kind friends, I thank you, and so farewell—
Now then to Leolyn. [Exit, R.H.]

SCENE II.—A Gothic Chamber.

Enter WILLIKIND, L.H.D.

Wil. What can they have done with him? The joy's not to be found high or low, and without him here can be no ballet, that's certain. My adored

Clotilda says that he has run away again, and gone back to the gypsies : but I saw her carry him into this room, and I am positive that he must be hid somewhere near it.

Clo. (*Without*, L.H.D.) Nay, I know no more about him than yourself.

Wil. That's she, and she's coming hither. Suppose I should hide myself, and watch her? No, there's a brilliant thought! Well, to be sure, my invention never fails me at a pinch.—Mum!

(*Retires*, R.H.U.E.)

Enter CLOTILDA, followed by GUELPHO, L.H.D.

Clo. Now, good Guelpho, be satisfied ; I have not seen him these two hours ; and I am terribly afraid that he has run away again with his old associates, the gypsies.

Guel. Heaven forbid ! In that case, what would become of my grand ballet ?

Clo. Oh ! you must substitute something else in the place of it.

Guel. As if any thing else could be half as good ! Madam Clotilda, pray, have a little respect for an author's feelings ! To be sure, there's my grand *Cantata* of Bacchus and Ariadne—

Clo. 'Twill be the very thing, and, I dare say, is much better than the ballet.

Guel. Why, as to that, you shall judge yourself : luckily I have the principal scene in my pocket, and—

Clo. (*Aside.*) Oh, mercy on me, now, there's no stopping him !

Guel. Aye, here it is ! Hem ! hem ! hem !

Clo. (*Aside.*) I believe I had better let him read his verses at once, and then he'll go away.

Guel. I suppose you know that Ariadne—

Clo. Oh, Lord ! I know nothing at all about her !

Guel. Don't you ? then I'll tell you her whole story from beginning to end.

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Clo. Marry, hang the story ! Do read away, and have done.

Guel. (*Aside.*) Dear, dear, how impatient she is to hear my verses !—Now then, you are to suppose me that unfortunate princess, just deserted by her lover, and wandering on the sea-beat rock in her night-gown, with a white pocket-handkerchief in her hand—thus she begins : (*Reading.*)

“ *My love ! my love ! oh ! gentle zephyrs say
Did Theseus, god-like Theseus, walk this way ?
Sadly I pace these sands his loss deploring,
In yonder tent who lately left me snoring.
But oh ! ye gods ! What object shocks my eyes
Far o’er the waves his distant vessel flies !
To leave me here the rogue’s intention sure is !
Oh ! rage, distraction, vengeance ; fire and furies !*”

Clo. Very fine indeed, Guelpho.

Guel. Then comes the song. (*Reading.*)

“ *Return, return, false youth, I pray !
Return to your infant !
Alas ! you fly, and bear away
My heart and my portmanteau !
Ah ! if forc’d yourself to leave me,
Why of all my clothes bereave me ?
Why alone desert me here ?
Surely there had been no sin in
Leaving me a change of linen,
And a tall stout halberdeer !*

Now she’s going mad !

“ *I’m seized by distraction ! my brain sure is
turning !
My blood is in flames, and my bosom is burning !
So either I’ll fly,
Post-haste to the sky,
Or plunge in the mouth of Mount Ætna and die !*

(Singing in the Ætna and die !

Bravura style) Ætna and die !

Or plunge in the mouth of Mount Ætna and die !

And die ! and die ! and die ! and die !

[Exit in a rapture, L.H.D.]

Clo. At length I have got rid of him ; and now for my captive.—But as his heart is bent upon seeing the festival to-night, I'll fasten the door to prevent his escaping—*(She locks the door, and then removes a pannel of the wainscot—Leolyn comes out, L.H. and embraces her—she brings a basket from the side-scenes, and puts it into the secret closet, and then desires Leolyn to return to his concealment—he refuses, and explains that he wants to go to the dance.)* What ? you wish to be present at the festival ? Oh, 'tis impossible ? Dear Leolyn, think of that no more, I intreat you ! Ask not what I cannot grant.

(A loud knocking at the door, L.H.)

Clo. Hark ! some one comes ! away, away !—

(Leolyn enters the closet and she closes the pannel ; after which she unlocks the door,)

A SERVANT enters, L.H.D.

Ser. Lady, the count requests—

Clo. I come, friend, I come. *[Exit servant, L.H.D.]* I think the boy is in safety here ; yet I may as well lock the door after me at all events. *[Exit, L.H.D.]*

Wil. *(Coming forward.)* So, so !—Just as I thought ; but, to be sure, I never am mistaken.—Hist, hist !—My little friend !—*(He pushes open the pannel, and Leolyn comes out)*—Ha, ha ! I've found you out, you see ! Come, all's ready for the ballet.—*(Leolyn expresses that Clotilda has forbidden his going.)*—Oh, never mind your mother's anger, we'll all beg for you : and besides, she's so fond of me, that she can deny me nothing. Come, come, let's away !—Bless my heart !—Why, she has looked us in. What's to be done now ?—*(Leolyn opens the window.)*—the window ?—No, I'm much obliged to

you. I've no inclination to break my neck.—(*Leolyn declares that he will venture.*)—Oh, aye, *you* may do very well to risque it; but if *I* were to be killed, only think what a loss it would be to the world at large! (*Leolyn laughs at his cowardice, and exit through the window.*) Aye, aye! away with you, and go directly to my papa; d'yc hear? I declare he's at the bottom of the tower already. Now, what will be the best for me to——

Har. (*Without, L.H.D.*) Nay, Una—Ha! the door is locked. Guelpho, the key!

Wil. Oh! mercy on me!—the count, and coming hither! If he finds me locked up in his mistress's chamber, he'll certainly suspect that—What shall I do? Where shall I go? the closet? the best place that could be thought of! Oh! Willikind, Willikind, Willikind! What the old proverb says, may be justly said of thee, "Thou hast a head, and so has a pin!"
(*Hides himself in the closet.*)

Enter HARDYKNUTE and UNA, L.H.D.

Har. Nay, Una, attempt not to deny it—Oswy was at your feet: he prest your hand in transport to his lips; the answer, which his suit had received, could not have been an unkind one.

Una. Well then, my lord, I confess it. His tears affected me so strongly, that at the moment I forgot every thing, save that I possess the power to comfort him; your arrival fortunately prevented my yielding to the weakness of my heart; and now, my lord, be assured, that I am sensible of the whole folly of my conduct.

SONG.—UNA.

*Ah! believe, I speak sincerely;
Here I wish to pass my life:
Fancy's mirror shows me clearly
All the bliss, that waits your wife.*

ONE O'CLOCK! OR,

*Every knee its homage shows her;
Wealth and pomp her will obey;
Oswy's poor, and—psha, sir! no, sir!
That's not what I meant to say.*

*Though his eyes exceed in splendour,
Summer-skies so bright, so blue:
Though his heart be true and tender,
(None so tender, none so true;)
Though his tears so much distress me,
When he weeps, my heart gives way;
Though I love him—Nonsense! Bless me!
That's not what I meant to say.*

Wil. (Having half opened the pannel, and beating time to Una's song, when it is finished, forgets himself and cries)—Bravo!

(He closes the pannel hastily.)

Har. What was that?

Una. (Alarmed.) My lord—(Aside.)—'Twas surely Leolyn.

Har. By heaven, there is some one hid behind the wainscot—you tremble! You are alarmed!—Nay, then come forth, intruder, or—

Una. (Detaining him.) Stay, my lord, stay! For goodness sake—

Har. Unhand me, or I swear—

(Breaks from her, and makes towards the closet.)

Enter CLOTILDA, L.H.D.

Clot. (Falling at his feet.) Mercy! Oh! Mercy! Mercy!

Har. Clotilda—What means—

Clot. Hear me! the person in that closet—

Har. There is a person then—'Tis Oswy, the Heir of Oswy!

Clot. No, on my life! 'Tis a young creature, a mere boy—

Har. A boy! By heaven, I'll see this boy!

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Clo. You shall see him! you shall see this darling of my soul! This being, on whom I have so long doated. His features may perhaps recall others, which you have often seen: but when you behold his sweet simplicity—

Una. His blooming beauty—

Clo. Surely, oh! surely, you will not have the heart to injure him. Come forth, sweet innocent—come, my soul's darling.

Wil. (*Coming out of the closet.*) Here I am, my darling.

Har. Willikind? What can all this mean?

Clo. (*Aside.*) The boy is not there: I breathe again!

Har. Speak, Clotilda; is this your soul's darling? is this your blooming beauty?

Clo. (*Aside.*) What shall I answer? I must perforce carry on the deception.

Har. Can it be on Willikind, that you have so long doated?

Clo. Why—I confess—I was always—rather partial to Willikind.

Wil. Oh! always! only she never told her love, but kept it concealed in her bosom, like a pearl in an oyster!

Har. Love you? It's very strange!

Wil. Oh! pardon me; nothing so common! It happens every day.

Har. Nay then, Clotilda must secure you instantly; she shall marry you to-morrow.

(*Eyeing her with suspicion.*)

Clo. Marry him? I?

Una. (*Aside.*) My poor sister! What a scrape she has got into!

Har. Why he's the darling of your soul; the being on whom you have so long doated.

Clo. Very fine; but still—

Har. Come, come; give him your hand!

Clo. My lord—I really—

Har. Nay, no denial, or I shall suspect—

Clo. (Aside.) I could cry for vexation!—(*To Wil likind.*)—Well then—if I must—there—take it!

(*Angrily.*)

Wil. Oh! rapture!—and will you indeed be mine

Clo. Yes, yes, I tell you! Do, hold your tongue.

Wil. Ah! I cannot believe my happiness! then repeat the soft assurance; still repeat it, and—

Clo. He'll drive me mad! Don't I tell you, that I adore you—booby!

Har. Nay, no wonder that he doubts your love, for you certainly express it rather whimsically—now Guelpho?

Enter GUELPHO, L.H.D.

Guel. Now, my lord! all's ready; the dancers are waiting in the great hall, and don't be angry, madam Clotilda; your little boy is among them.

Har. Her boy? Clotilda! Una! There is a boy then it seems! What mystery—Guelpho, lead to the great hall this instant! Una, come!

[*Exit with Una and Guelpho, L.H.D.*]

Clo. Now then all is over! The strong resemblance—the bloody arrow—oh! he's lost! he's lost!

(*Going, L.H. Willikind puts himself in her way.*)

Wil. Fairest Clotilda—

Clo. Torment of my life, what is it you want now?

Wil. Your fair hand!

Clo. My hand? Take it!

[*Slaps his face, and Exit, L.H.D.*]

Wil. (Rubbing his cheek.) Now that's a favour! a great favour! When a lady condescends to take innocent liberties with a gentleman, he ought always to consider it as a very great favour—I wish, she hadn't hit quite so hard, though.

[*Exit L.H.D.*]

SCENE III.—*A Gothic Hall—the centre of the back scene is occupied by a large painted window—A marble staircase R.H. conducts to two doors above. A banquet is displayed.—A throne is on R.H.S.E.*

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CLOTILDA, ROLF, PAULINA, and a crowd of vassals on L.H. GUELPHO is busied in arranging the spectators. Flourish of trumpets, while the scene opens.

Guel. Now don't press so forward, good people : there's no room for the dancers—you, man, with the long nose ; stand back, sirrah, or your scone shall feel—as for you, Paulina, you are always in the way.

Pau. I protest, I only—

Guel. Well, well ! only don't talk, and interrupt ! Bless my heart ! It's very fatiguing to be an author : come, come, there ; that will do.—Oh ! here comes the count.

Enter HARDYKNUTE and UNA, L.H.

This way, my lord ! here is the throne, on which the seasons are to present their offerings to you.

Har. To me ? no Guelpho ; let them be offered to her, without whom the seasons have no charms for me.

(Hardyknute and Una seat themselves on the throne, R.H.)

Guel. Now then for the ballet—come along dancers—now then, music strike up, if you please.

(A ballet is performed by the four Seasons and their followers : each makes an offering to the Count—When Leolyn, who personates Spring, presents a wreath of flowers, Hardyknute starts up suddenly, and the music stops.)

Har. *(Dropping the wreath.)* Ha ! what form is this ?

Clo. *(In alarm, aside.)* The likeness has struck him !

Har. Clotilda, is this your son ?

Clo. Yes—no—I knew not what I say.

Har. Nay, 'tis no matter—your pardon, pretty lad, give me your wreath—*(In receiving it, he detains Leolyn's hand.)*—By heaven, the very mark !

Clo. (Aside.) He has seen it! Oh! we're undone, that's certain.

Har. (Aside.) Is it possible?—'Tis well! Let the dance go on.—*(The Dance is resumed, during which the principal persons retire to the banquet—by degrees the music becomes languid and confused, and at length the dance ceases abruptly—Una, Clotilda, Guelpho, Rolf and Paulina come forward severally, all in evident dismay.)*

FINALE.

Clo. What can this mean?

Guel. Who can she be?

Pau. Oh! have you seen—

Rolf. Say, did you see—

Guel. None saw when she entered!

Rolf. She's silent as death!

Una. To speak when I ventured
Her look stopped my breath!

Pau. I trembled!

Una. I shuddered!

Clo. My heart froze with fear!

Rolf. Who is she?

Guel. What means it?

All five. Peace! Peace!—the count's here!

(On Har-lyknute's advancing, the music ceases.)

Har. (Speaking.) Una, my love! Why have you left the banquet so abruptly?

Una. My lord—have you not seen her?

Har. Her?—Whom?

Una. Look there, my lord! Look there!—

(The crowd opens—a female habited in black and covered with a thick veil appears in the back ground.)

Har. (After a cry of horror.) Answer!—the month—

Guel. 'Tis August.

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Har. And the day is—

Guel. The sixth, and—

Har. Ha! I had forgotten—but now I remember
—I know—Lead on—I follow thee! (*Draws.*)

(*The stranger ascends the staircase, R.H. followed by Hardyknute: they pass through one of the doors above.*)

The Music recommences.

Clo. *What can this mean?*

Rolf. *What did he say?*

All five. *Oh! what a scene
Of doubt and dismay!*

(*A loud burst of thunder—sudden and total darkness—Hardyknute, pale and wild, with his sword drawn, rushes down the staircase.*)

All. *Hark! Hark! What has happened? Oh! say,
my lord, say!*

(*Thunder again—the great window bursts open, and Sangrida appears in a car surrounded by dragons.*)

Full Chorus. 'Tis the *Wood Dæmon!*

San. Remember!—(*Pointing to Leolyn, who in terror is kneeling near Hardyknute.*)

Una. I die!

Clo. (*Rushing towards Leolyn, whom Hardyknute at that moment grasps by the arm.*) My child!

San. Remember! (*She ascends in a shower of fire.*)

Chorus. *Fly, sorceress, fly!*

END OF ACT II.

ONE O'CLOCK! OR,

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A state bed-chamber—on L.H. side a large chimney with a fire burning on the hearth—in the back scene is an alcove with a bed in it; on L.H. side of the alcove is a portrait of Count Ruric in armour, and on R.H. side, one of the Countess Alexina: both are concealed by curtains—near the fire stands a table, and an old-fashioned chair with a high back.*

Enter CLOTILDA, LEOLYN, (who has his guitar in his hand) and GUELPHO, (with a lamp) R.H.D.

Guel. Nay, madam Clotilda, where's the use of talking to me? I repeat it; the Count has ordered, that the boy should sleep in this room, and no other.

Clo. And for that very reason I'm anxious that he should *not* sleep in this room. Now, pr'ythee, good Guelpho, find him a bed elsewhere unknown to the Count, and—

Guel. I tell you, it's quite impossible, and I dare not disobey my lord's orders. The room's a good room; the bed's a good bed; and here the boy must pass the night, that's positive.

Clo. Then here I'll pass the night myself; for I'll not trust him out of my sight, and that's positive too.

Guel. As to that, I've no orders; and truly, you'll do well to look sharp after the boy, for that horrible demon certainly licked her lips at the sight of him. So I'll leave you the lamp, and an excellent fire; and now good night to you, madam Clotilda.

[*Exit, R.H.D.*

Clo. (*Seating herself by the table.*) I'm certain, some mischief is intended. Why this room of all others? It was the Countess's bedchamber, and ~~for~~ curtains conceal her portrait and Count Ruric's—first, let me lock the door. So! But is there no private entrance? Nay, 'tis no matter; for my eyes shall not be

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closed to-night, I'm determined—(*Leolyn asks if she will not go to rest.*)—No, my treasure! the bed is intended for your use; here I sit, and here I shall sit till morning. Go to your rest, sweet boy, and so good night.—(*Leolyn explains that he is not sleepy, takes his guitar, and offers to play and dance.*)—Aye, surely, my love, if it will amuse you; and it will help to keep me awake besides.

(*Leolyn dances—Clotilda endeavours to keep awake, but at length falls asleep. Leolyn kisses Clotilda's hand softly, lies down between the table and the fire, and falls asleep. The lamp goes out—a pause: after which a large pannel opposite to the fire-place is let down gently, the inside of which forms a ladder. Hardyknute (wrapped in a black cloak and masked) appears, holding a dark lanthorn.*)

Har. All is hushed! Now then to secure my victim.

(*He descends, closes the pannel, and advances towards the bed.*)

Har. Not in the bed? Perhaps not in the chamber? Has then Guelpho disobeyed—Clotilda, by my soul!—the boy too, near her!—and both asleep, it seems!—Could I remove him without noise—I would spare her life—but if she wakes, she dies!—(*He moves the light before her eyes, while his dagger is placed against her heart.*)—No! she sleeps soundly! Now then!—(*He takes the boy in his arms without waking him, and bears him towards the alcove—Clotilda rises, and steals silently towards the door. She reaches it; but the noise which she makes in unlocking it, alarms Hardyknute. He turns, throws down the boy and the dark lanthorn, and with a loud cry rushes to stab Clotilda.*)

Har. Ha! Traitress!

Clo. (*Rushing out, R.H.D.*) Help, help!

Har. Death and confusion! 'She has escaped me!

Clo. (*Without, R.H.*) Murder—murder!

Guel. (*At a distance, R.H.*) Where—where?

ONE O'CLOCK! OR,

Har. The castle is alarmed!—They will shortly be here!—This at least gains time.—(*Locks the door.*)—Now little wretch for thee!—(*The boy flies from him and clings to the table.*)—Nay, 'tis in vain that you struggle!

(*Noise at the door, R.H.*)
Guel. (*Without, R.H.*) The door is locked within!

Clo. (*Without, R.H.*) Burst it open! Oh! the child! the child!

Har. Thou'rt mine! Away then!

(*He springs upon the bed with the boy in his arms, pulls a large golden tassel which fastens up the drapery, and the bed sinks—the door is burst open—Clotilda, Guelpho, and Servants rush in, R.H.D.*)

Clo. Now seize him, friends! Seize the villain, who—(*Looking round she utters a loud shriek, and sinks upon the floor.*)—Oh! Heaven! he's gone.

Guel. Who is gone! Speak?

Clo. He's gone, he's gone! the villain has run away with the child. He was surely sleeping on the bed, and—

Guel. Run away with the child? By the mass, he has run away with the bed too! Why, there's a thief for you.

Enter UNA, R.H.D. in a night dress, holding a lamp, with female Attendants.

Una. What has happened? Dear sister, dear Clotilda—

Clo. Oh! Una, Una! A ruffian has stolen away the boy!

Una. Stolen him?

Guel. Aye, truly, and a four-post bedstead besides! there must be magic in it that's certain! I'll be bound, the Wood Dæmon.

Clo. Yes, yes! A dæmon; but 'tis a dæmon in human shape!—Come, Guelpho, come! lead me to the Count.

Guel. The Count indeed? Why surely, madam Clotilda, you can't suspect—

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Clo. Nay, good old man, torture me not with questions! My heart is breaking! My brain is turning!—To the Count, to the Count!—oh! heaven!—away, away!

[*Exeunt, R.H.D.*]

(*The stage becomes quite dark.*)

Una. My senses are all bewildered; could then Hardyknute—no, no! 'tis impossible! Clotilda's suspicions must have been unjust—my dream, my dream. It was prophetic—the child—the Wood Dæmon—I was told, that no hand but mine could save him! But by what means? How has he disappeared? Perhaps by examining the chamber—yonder curtain may conceal—heavens! What do I see?—(*Withdrawing the curtains and discovering the portraits.*)—the very forms which visited me in my dream!—And on the frames are inscribed Ruric—and, Alexina!—his parents! Leolyn's parents!—My head whirls round!—I must rest awhile!—(*Places the lamp on the table, and reclines against the great chair.*)—Hold! did not Clotilda say, that the child was sleeping on the bed?—then surely some mystery—(*She enters the alcove.*)—Could I discover—ha!—the floor moves!—hush—hush—

(*She hastens back to extinguish the lamp, and conceals herself behind the great chair*)

Har. (*Speaking below.*) Good! all is once more dark and silent!—(*The Bed rises again with him.*)—So! My victim is in the fatal cavern, and this enchanted key secures his chains: now then let me regain my chamber, for Clotilda doubtless will hasten thither to demand justice against the mysterious robber—(*During this speech, he lets down the pannel.*)—Yet hold! my lanthorn fell from my hand: it bears the crest of Holstein, and may betray its owner.—'Twas hereabouts, that I dropt it, and—(*Feeling for it he grasps Una's veil.*)—Ha! a spy?—(*Una hastily disengages herself from the veil which he still holds; she fastens the other end round an arm of the chair, and hastens to conceal herself in the alcove.*)—Perish!—(*He strikes his dagger into the chair.*)—

ONE O'CLOCK ! OR,

How is this?—Fool that I was ! 'Tis but Clotilda's veil left hanging on a chair—still I cannot find my lanthorn !—the fire must aid me.

(He places the key upon the table, and endeavours to rekindle the almost extinguished fire.)

Una. Who can he be?—Perhaps, when the embers blaze I shall be able to discern his features.—*(Advancing softly, R.H.)*—No ! the precaution of a mask forbids—what is that?—a massy key lies by him on the table!—doubtless, the key of Leolyn's prison!—could I but obtain it—but then if he should miss it—should search—I have found the means!—His back is turned!—Now then ! Softly, softly!—*(She steals towards R.H.D. takes out the key, substitutes it for Hardyknute's, and hastens back to the alcove.)*—'Tis done ! the key is mine !

(By this time the fire burns brightly.)

Har. That blaze will surely enable me—Lo ! where lies the object of my search—*(He lights the lanthorn, and takes the key from the table.)*—Now then away ! All's safe !

(He goes out through the pannel, R.H. which he raises after him.)

Una. I have the key ! I know the way, which leads to Leolyn's prison ? Now then I'll summon Clotilda, the Count, the domestics—no, no ! In the mean-while the ruffian may return—may murder him—Oh ! let me employ the precious moments of his absence to rescue the dear child !—*(Going to the alcove.)*—How—the bed will not move !—Is it the floor—or the columns—or here—Alas, alas ! I seek the secret spring in vain !—*(The bell strikes twelve.)*—Hark ! 'tis midnight !—I'll fly for assistance, and—guard me, good angels ! they move ! the pictures move !—*(With the first stroke of the bell a blue light illuminates the portraits, which become animated ; the pedestals, on which they stand, move forwards ; they kneel, and clasp their hands.)*—They kneel !—they supplicate !—Speak !—What must I do ? Ha ! They point to yon golden tassel ! 'Tis there then, that the secret spring—blessed spirits, obey you !—*(She seizes a blazing firebrand, springs*

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*upon the bed, and draws the tassel.)—Leolyn, Leo-
lyn ! I will rescue thee or die ! Away !
(The bed sinks with her, while the portraits re-
turn to their places.)*

SCENE II.—*The Castle Hall.*

Enter ROLF and OSWY, R.H.

Rolf. Thus far we are safe : but now be cautious
how you tread ; we are near the Count's apartment.

Oswy. Then why did you not choose some other
passage ?

Rolf. Nay, we must needs traverse this hall, in or-
der to reach the wing, in which Clotilda's chamber is
situated—but we run no danger. 'Tis now past mid-
night, and ere this all in the castle are retired to rest.
Only make no noise, and—Ha ! a light moves this
way.

Clo. (Without, R.H.) Nay, I'll take no denial !

Oswy. Clotilda's voice ? Doubtless, she comes to
meet us—let us on.

Guel. (Without, R.H.) Well, well ! Only be pa-
tient, and—

Rolf. Our old Seneschal is with her ; and if he
should know, that I have introduced you into the
castle without his knowledge—we must conceal our-
selves behind this pillar, and wait, till she can get rid
of the old man—they come ! Away—softly, softly !

[Exeunt, L.H.]

*Enter GUELPHO with a lamp, followed by CLOTILDA,
R.H.*

Guel. Disturb the Count at this time of night ? If
you would but wait 'till morning—

Clo. Not an hour, not a minute, Guelpho ! See him
I must, and that directly, or I shall go distracted.

Guel. Well, well ! I'll call him then—but dear
heart ! where's the necessity of putting yourself in such

a flurry ? the child's gone, *I* know that as well as *you* ; but do *I* therefore make such a riot and a rumpus ? An't *I* as cool and as composed, as if nothing in the world were the matter ?

Clo. Yes truly, and well you may be : *I* never yet met with any one who couldn't bear with perfect fortitude the misfortunes of other people. Now, good Guelpho, delay no longer but—

Guel. Well, well, well ! Do only have a little patience, and I'll bring you the Count's answer—(*Aside.*)—Such bouncing ! such heat ! *I* protest she's a very bonfire in petticoats. [*Exit, R.H.*]

Clo. And yet when *I* see the Count, what proofs can *I* bring against him ? *I* can but say, that *I* suspect the masked villain to be either himself or his agent ; and who will heed the suspicions of a poor unknown villager ? Yet at least if he refuses to restore the child, I'll fly to the throne of our feudal lord, and make known—But Hardyknute will not suffer me to quit the castle ! oh ! heaven ; *I* shall lose my senses !

Rolf. (*Advancing, L.H.*) She is alone ! Hist ! Clo-tilda—

Clo. Rolf, is it you ? Ha ! *I* had forgotten ! The minstrel, is he with you ?

Oswy. (*Advancing L.H.*) *I* am here ! Dear Clo-tilda, what alarms you ?

Clo. A ray of hope breaks in upon me ! Oh ! surely, *Oswy*, it was heaven, that sent you hither at this moment ! The boy is stolen from me ; my steps will doubtless be watched ; but *you* may easily quit the castle, may perhaps preserve—at least may revenge—

Har. (*Without, R.H.*) Hoa ! Guelpho ! Lights there !

Clo. 'Tis the Count ? Return to your concealment : when he is gone, you shall know, what you have to do—away. [*Exeunt Rolf and Oswy, L.H.*]

Clo. Could *I* but persuade him that the boy is really my own child—he then would have no motive for detaining him—it shall be tried—he's here !

Enter HARDYKNUTE in a night-gown, R. H.

Har. Now, dear Clotilda ; what alarm—

Clo. (Falling at his feet.) Hardyknute—Oh ! Hardyknute ! my child ! Oh ! give me back my child ?

Har. I give him back ? Clotilda ! Are you distracted ?

Clo. Almost, almost !—then give him back to me. He is mine, indeed he is ! Your suspicions are unfounded ! he is *not* the son of—

Har. (Eagerly.) Of whom ?

Clo. (Checking herself.) Of any one who interests you—oh ! then in pity restore him, and—

Har. I'll do my utmost ! My officers shall search—

Clo. Your officers ? You have him yourself ! yourself !

Har. I ? Reflect, Clotilda : there can be no reason why I should wish—

Clo. (Off her guard.) There is a reason, and you know it but too well ! You know, that while that boy lives—(*Perceiving her imprudence.*)—No, no, no ! There is no reason ! None in the world ! and therefore dear good Count—but why do I plead to this barbarian ? I'll away ! I'll appeal to your liege-lord, the king of Denmark ! If there's justice on *earth*, I'll find it, and if there's none—Oh ! tremble murderer, for there's surely justice to be found in *heaven* !

SONG.—CLOTILDA.

Mark me ! I'll make thee tremble !

Mark me ! and still dissemble,

Still spurn my bleeding heart !

But at that awful hour

When sleep employs its power

And sheds a balmy shower

To soothe the Bosom's smart.

Mark me !

*Then, then that King of Terrors,
 Conscience shall stamp thy errors
 In lines of blasting flame !
 While fiends thy couch surrounding,
 With screams thine ears confounding,
 Each ruthless deed shall number,
 And scarce the sylph of slumber
 By shrieking out my name !* [Exit, L.H.]

Har. It must be so ! that boy is the lost son of Ruric ! Oh ! were there no other motive for his death—but my fatal bond—the dreadful penalty of its forfeiture—Ha ! at that thought how my blood curdles ! Ages of agony crowd before me ! the earth vomits flames to blast me ; snakes hiss in my ears, and crush me in their loathsome folds ! No, no ; there's no retreating ! and even might I still retract, could I bear to exchange wealth and power for obscurity and contempt ? Could I endure to resume my native deformity of person ? Could I resign Una ? Never, never ! Before the clock strikes "One," my dreadful task must be performed ! away then ! Leolyn, Leolyn ! the dagger aimed at *your* bosom most gladly would I plunge in my own, could I but sink into the grave as pure from guilt, as *thou* wilt ! [Exit, R.H.]

Oswy. (*Advancing, L.H.*) At length he's gone—how passion seemed to shake him ! 'Twas surely the remembrance of some dreadful crime.

Rolf. But Clotilda too is gone—come on then, we must seek her in her chamber.

Enter PAULINA, L.H.

Pau. Hist—Rolf ! Where is the minstrel ?

Oswy. Here, damsel ; what would you ?

Pau. I come from Clotilda. She fears, that she is watched, and that her seeing you herself might betray your being in the castle—but she prays you to convey this narrative to the king of Denmark, and hasten hither again with all speed.

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Oswy. But during my absence will not Una—

Pau. Clotilda pledges herself, that on your return you shall find the nuptials still unperformed.

Oswy. 'Tis enough—I go this instant.

Rolf. Not so fast—there's no passing the gates until morning: 'Till then return to your concealment in my chamber, and by sleeping prepare yourself for to-morrow's journey.

Oswy. Oh! For me to sleep now would be impossible.

Rolf. I warrant you!—the skies may frown, and the thunder may roar; but one thing only can keep the wearied pilgrim from sleeping.

Pau. And that is—

Rolf. A guilty conscience.

GLEE.—OSWY, PAULINA, and ROLF.

*Sailor boy! sailor boy!—Sleep, my sweet fellow,
O'er thy rocked vessel, when thunderbolts roll;
Wild though the ocean rave, loud though winds bellow,
Calm be thy bosom, for pure is thy soul.
Hushaby, hushaby, poor sailor boy!
Let not the tempest thy slumber destroy;
No terrors of conscience thy bosom annoy;
Then hushaby, hushaby, poor sailor boy.*

*Shepherd-boy, shepherd boy! while your sheep tend-
ing,
If thou art pure as the lambs that you fold,
Heed not the snow-storm, for angels descending,
Shall spread their white pinions to guard thee from
cold,
Then hushaby! hushaby! poor shepherd boy! &c.
[Exeunt, R.H.]*

SCENE III.—*A necromantic Cavern with a burning lamp. In the back is a grated door with steps, standing open: above is a gallery—in the centre is*

an altar, round which curl two enormous snakes, on whose head rests a large golden platter. On the altar stand several candlesticks not lighted—on R. H. side is an open pedestal, the height of a man, on which kneels the brazen statue of a giant, who supports a clock on his left shoulder, and points to it with his right hand. The clock marks half-past twelve—on L. H. side is a rock with a grated entrance below, fastened by an enormous padlock and a chain which hangs from a brazen pillar on the top of the rock. To this pillar Leolyn is seen chained, while his guitar lies by him. Una is seen traversing the gallery, guiding herself with her firebrand—Leolyn rises, prays, endeavours in vain to break his chains, and falls down again in despair. Una enters through the door in the back ground.

Una. I seek him in vain!—My firebrand too is exhausted!—Ha? Protect me, heaven! What dreadful place is this? Yon hideous forms—these ponderous chains—I see a thousand objects of terror; but the only object which I wish to see, appears not.—(As she turns from the rock, Leolyn perceives her, and endeavours to attract her attention, but in vain.)—An altar? and on it lies a dagger—crimsoned with gore!—My blood runs cold! Oh! ere my strength fails me, let me fly—(Going; when Leolyn strikes his guitar.)—Hark! those sounds—'twas surely Leolyn!—Joy, joy! See, where he stands! Courage, my dear one; I fly to save you—alas! 'tis in vain that—Oh! blessed recollection! the key, the key!—(She opens the padlock; the chains fall; Leolyn hastens down, passes through the grated door, and embraces Una—both kneel, and return thanks to heaven.)—Now then, let us away, before your gaoler returns to intercept us. Come, and once safe within the castle—(Leolyn expresses alarm.)—You shudder at that word. Is it, then, then, that the ruffian—(Leolyn points to the portrait which she wears round her neck—How, this—the Count?—Oh! was then Clotilda's

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dreadful assertion true?—Tell me—while I can still hear you—tell me for what purpose—(*Leolyn takes the dagger from the altar, and points it at his heart.*)—To murder you?—and this very man in a few days should be my bridegroom!—My blood freezes—my eyes grow dim—I expire!

(*Una faints; Leolyn endeavours to revive her.*)

Har. (*Above, with a dark lanthorn.*) How's this? the trap let down? Doubtless in my haste I neglected to secure the spring, and the bed sunk with its own weight—No matter! Let me on!

(*He disappears—during this speech, Leolyn (aware of his approach) conceals himself behind the rock—Una revives, and endeavours to quit the cavern, when Hardyknute shows himself at the door in the back ground.*)

Una. (*Starting back.*) Hardyknute? Where shall I fly?—Protect me, blessed angels!

(*She hides herself within the open pedestal, R.H.*)

Har. (*Entering.*) Hail, magic horrors! Scene of my crimes and sufferings, hail! Midnight is past: I dare delay my dreadful task no longer—(*He arrays himself in a magic bonnet and robe, takes a wand from the altar, and performs incantations.*)—How is this? Tardy fiends, why obey you not my call? My charm then must be strengthened!

INCANTATION.—HARDYKNUTE.

*Ye who in flames reside,
Who swim the sulphur-tide,
Dæmons of blood and pride,
Answer my voice!*

Dæmons. (*Under the stage.*)

We hear! we hear! we hear!

UNA.

*What horrid sound
From gulphs profound
Thus cleaves the ground !
I die with fear.*

Dæmons.

We hear ! we hear ! we hear !

HARDYKNUTE.

*Thus round the flames I go !
Thus spells around I strow !
Soon human blood shall flow ;
Dæmons, rejoice !*

Dæmons.

We hear ! we hear ! we hear !

(During this Chorus a stream of blue fire issues from the jaws of the snakes, and a gigantic golden head rises in the centre of the altar.)

San. (*Within, L.H.*) Hardyknute ! Hardyknute ! Spies are near !—

(A loud crash of discordant music : the head and the flames vanish.)

Har. (*Furious.*) Spies ? Where ? In what place ? —(*While with his dagger drawn he goes towards the rock, Una (uttering a loud shriek) rushes out, and endeavours to reach the door : but he closes it, seizes her, and drags her forward.*)—Perish, intruder !—Distraction—'tis Una.

Una. (*Wringing her hands.*) Alas, alas !

Har. Wretched girl, how hast thou dared—But

well I know your object in venturing hither! you come to rescue Leolyn? that hope was vain; one key alone can loose his magic fetters, and I feel that key still resting against my heart. But hadst thou succeeded—tremble to learn, what would have been thy fate!

Una. Spare me, Hardyknute!

Har. Thou hast forced thyself into my secrets; thou knowest too much to be suffered to know no more! Una, I was not always what you see me: at my birth nature and fortune conspired to curse me. I was proud, and a peasant; voluptuous, and born deformed; poor, and the rich trampled on me; hideous, and the lovely turned from me with disgust. Pride, passion, vengeance, all fired my soul to madness, and I sealed a dreadful compact with the Wood Dæmon.

Una. (*Shuddering.*) You? you?

Har. She chained success to my footsteps; she rendered me invulnerable in battle; she endowed me with perpetual youth and health; and she cast over my person a magic charm to dazzle all female eyes, and seduce all female hearts. I was rich, potent, beloved, and wretched! for, oh! to that fatal bond was annexed a penalty——

Una. No more, no more!

Har. On the seventh of each revolving August I bound myself to bathe yon mystic shrine with human blood. But I ever chose those victims whom childhood secured from guilt, and who had nothing to dread in dying but the pangs of death: eight children have bled beneath my dagger: Leolyn must be the ninth; but, hadst thou rescued him, Una, *thou* must have supplied his place.

Una. I? I, whom you once loved?

Har. Whom I still love dearer than my existence! Gladly would I lay down my own life to preserve thine. But look at that magic clock: should it strike "One," and yet no victim have perished on yon altar, I become for ever the Wood Dæmon's slave. To end *thy* life, were but to end an illusive dream,

and for *thee* to die, were to wake in eternal happiness : but for *me*, for *me* ! oh ! think what would be *my* fate ; think—what I dare not utter.

Una. Oh ! sounds of terror !

Har. You know my former crimes : now behold a new one ! Yes, *Una*, I swear it, had the boy escaped thou must have perished before that clock struck “ One.” How is this ? the chain fallen ?

[*Exit hastily into the rock.*]

Una. (*In despair.*) And he *has* escaped ! Oh that I had not ventured thither ! Oh that I had not suffered the boy to fly !

Har. (*On the rock.*) Gone ? Escaped ? Ha ! traitress !

(*During these speeches, Leolyn comes from his lurking-place, and takes Una by the hand, as if to tell her something.*)

Una. Still here ? I'm safe then !—My lord ! my lord ! *Leolyn* is—

(*Leolyn kneels, implores her silence, and hides himself within the pedestal.*)

Har. (*Entering.*) Speak ! *Leolyn* is—

Una. (*After a moment's hesitation.*) He is—he is—he is safe within the castle.

Har. You have pronounced your doom.

(*Seizing her.*)

Una. Hold ! oh ! hold ! 'Tis not yet the fatal hour ! Fifteen whole long minutes are still wanting : grant me but five of them—but three, but one ! Grant me but time to pray—(*Kneeling.*)—I'll pray for you !

Har. Be it so ! five minutes are yours ; but those expired, hope for no moment more : I am lost, if you ever hear that clock strike “ One.”

Una. (*Wringing her hands.*) Wretch that I am ! *Oswy*, *Oswy* ! thou art terribly avenged !—(*Leolyn puts a slip of writing (the same, which was given him in the first Act) into her hand, and then begins to climb the statue, which supports the clock.*)—A writing ? Oh ! let me examine—“ The clock shall strike, and you shall hear it ! Gain but a few minutes, and you,

THE KNIGHT AND THE WOOD DÆMON. 65

are safe!—*Shall strike! Ha! See, where he climbs! Can he mean?—He does, he does, and there is hope again!*

Har. (*Snatching away the writing.*) Give me that scroll.

Una. Oh! heavens!

Har. How?—"the clock shall strike, and you shall hear it."—Indeed?—"Gain but a few minutes and you are safe."—Ha! then not a moment must be lost! and hark!

(*Discordant music—the candles on the altar light, and the snakes pour out blue flames.*)

SANGRIDA.—(*Within, L.H.*)

My prey! my prey!

No more delay!

'Twill soon strike "One" my prey! my prey!

Har. I'm summoned! Come!

Una. But one moment—

Har. You plead in vain—

Una. Mercy! mercy!

Har. None, none! (*Dragging her up the stage.*)

Una. Now Leolyn, now!—(*Leolyn at this moment stands on the statue's shoulder, and extends his arm towards the clock.*)—Distraction! He cannot reach the clock!

Har. The clock? Ha! He dies then!

(*He throws down his wand, and snatches the dagger from the altar. In the mean while Una reaches the wand to Leolyn, who pushes forward the hand of the clock with it, and it strikes "One!" Hardyknute starts back in horror.*)

Leo. (*Recovering his voice by a violent exertion.*) The clock has struck! the clock has struck!

San. (*Rushing from behind the rock, L.H. and stabbing Hardyknute.*) Thou'rt mine.

(*He falls into the arms of four fiends, who come from behind the altar, to which they bear him,*

the snakes twist themselves round him; Sangrida stands over him, and they all sink—the statue and the rock disappear; the cavern vanishes; and Leolyn and Una find themselves in the great hall of the castle, which is illuminated. Clotilda, Oswy, and Vassals with torches come forward.)

Una. Oswy!

Oswy. Dearest Una!

Una. (*Falling at his feet.*) Pardon, oh! pardon me! (*He rises and embraces her.*)

Clo. My child! my treasure! kneel, vassals, kneel! behold your long lost prince! behold the Count of Holstein!

(*All kneel except four of the vassals, who raise Leolyn on their bucklers; Clotilda having previously placed a diadem on his head.*)

GRAND CHORUS.

Hail, Lord of Holstein! Hail! All hail!

Finis.



MISS FURNACE

AS JOSEPHINE BARNABEE

Oxberry's Edition.

KENILWORTH.

A MELO-DRAMA.

WITH PREFATORY REMARKS.

THE ONLY EDITION EXISTING WHICH IS FAITHFULLY MARKED
WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, AND STAGE DIRECTIONS,

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatres Royal.

BY W. OXBERRY, Comedian.

London.

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Remarks.

KENILWORTH.

The historical romance, from which this play is taken, is a combination of several occurrences in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, in direct violation of the period at which they took place—but so skillfully put together, as to make one of the most interesting compositions that have emanated from the pen of its great master. There is probably from this circumstance far more difficulty in compiling a correct drama from this work than has been experienced in the arrangements of other plays from the same source—in as much as the historical associations of the reader are frequently disturbed by introductions—both in time and situation—palpably incongruous—and by the necessary compression, for the purpose of dramatic effect, of character and incident highly pleasing, as well as prominent, in the romance itself.

Where so many characters are brought into action it was found impossible to render all of them conspicuous—and the chief display of it, as well as the interest dependant upon it, has been confined to that of the Queen and Amy—no other plea can be urged for this apparent dereliction—and the spectator will naturally, or should, bear this in memory, when he beholds the great statesman of Elizabeth, Lord Burleigh, simply introduced as her attendant—her own relation, Hunsden, dwindled into a train bearer, and her protegee, Sir Walter Raleigh, little more than an automaton.

The character of Queen Elizabeth will be found more fully displayed than any other—and necessarily so—it stands in history so distinguished that it would be impossible to pass it over slightly—every reader is acquainted with its peculiarities—and the least deviation from history would be subject to censure.—In the present instance it is developed in a more extensive light than in any other play in which it is introduced—as combining the dignity, yet familiarity—passion, yet gentleness—refinement, yet vulgarity—the acuteness, discernment, quaintness and

general peculiarities that distinguished the mind and manners of the extraordinary woman. These nice distinctions have been chiefly gleaned from the very masterly character of her drawn by the novelist—aided by sketches collected from the interesting memoirs by Lucy Aikin—and the general authorities of Holinshed, Camden and others.

The character of Amy is entirely fictitious, as nothing is heard of her in history, but her death—and of course nothing is either added to or detracted from, the enchantment thrown around “her fair love” by the author of the romance.

Of the general construction of the drama it is only necessary to say, it is a compilation from the novel,—from a play of the same name printed at Edinburgh—and from another acted and published in London,—aided by several judicious introductions from the pens of two of our leading dramatists.—The principal deviation from the novel consists in the alteration of the catastrophe, which was originally suggested by a great literary character of the Northern Capital to the Proprietors of Covent-garden Theatre, at the time they had in agitation a play on the subject.

Costume.

EARL OF LEICESTER.—First Dress.—Black doublet, scarle cloak, black and buff trunks, trimmed with gold and scarlet.—Second Dress.—White common doublet, cloak and trunks, trimmed with silver.

EARL OF SUSSEX.—Blue doublet, trunks and cloak, trimmed with gold and yellow satin.

LORD BURLEIGH.—Crimson velvet trunks, doublet, and purple robe.

LORD HUNSDON.—Black dress, trimmed with gold and scarlet

LORD OXFORD.—Black ibid, silver and light blue.

EARL OF SALISBURY.—Green ibid, ibid.

SIR HENRY LEE.—Brown ibid, trimmed with gold.

SIR THOMAS BOYCE.—Green ibid, ibid.

SECRETARY.—Black ibid.

WALTER RALEIGH.—Light coloured ibid, trimmed with silver.

NICHOLAS BLOUNT.—Puce coloured doublet, trunks, and blue cloak.

RICHARD VARNEY.—First Dress.—Brown doublet and white pantaloons.—Second Dress.—Crimson velvet dress, trimmed with gold.

EDMUND TRESSILIAN.—Brown dress, trimmed with light blue.

ANTONY FOSTER.—Leather doublet, brown trunks, and black stockings.

MICHAEL LAMBOURNE.—First Dress.—Blue doublet and trunks.—Second Dress.—Scarlet dress trimmed with silver.

SOLDIERS.—Grey old English dresses.

ARCHERS.—Green ibid.

QUEEN.—First Dress.—Crimson and silk velvet gown, rich gold trimming, gold tissue petticoat, crossed sleeves, jewelled—high ruff tissue cuffs, and splendid stomacher, rows of beads, gold crown, and tiara of pearls, gold tissue shoes, and gold tassel cord round the waist.—Second Dress.—Sylvan green silk velvet, silver trimming, aiguillettes and tassels, rich gauntlets, close ruff, and silver crown lined with green silk.—Third Dress.—Same as First dress, with the addition of a splendid regal robe of crimson velvet, with ermine trimming and tippet, and gold trimming with bullion cords and tassels.

AMY.—First Dress.—Pink satin dress, ornamented with pearls—pearl head dress, satin shoes, stomacher, ruff and cuffs.—Second Dress.—White drapery, and gauntlets.—Third Dress.—Splendid court dress and robe.

COUNTESS OF RUTLAND.—Splendid court dress, ruff and cuff

JANET.—Blue cotton gown, edged with point lace, and black, cap stomacher, &c.

CICELY.—Peasant's dress, with ruff, cuffs, and stomacher.

Persons Represented.

Drury Lane, 1824.

<i>Earl of Leicester</i>	Mr. Wallack.
<i>Earl of Sussex</i> ..	Mr. Thompson.
<i>Lord Burleigh</i>	Mr. Pope.
<i>Lord Hunsdon</i>	Mr. Powell.
<i>Lord Oxford</i>	Mr. Gibbon.
<i>Earl of Shrewsbury</i>	Mr. Plumstead.
<i>Sir Henry Lee</i>	Mr. Povey.
<i>Sir Thomas Bowyer</i>	Mr. Webster.
<i>Secretary</i>	Mr. Colson.
<i>Walter Raleigh</i>	Mr. Mercer.
<i>Nicholas Blount</i>	Mr. Gattie.
<i>Richard Varney</i>	Mr. Archer.
<i>Edmund Tressilian</i>	Mr. Penley.
<i>Antony Foster</i>	Mr. Terry.
<i>Michael Lambourne</i>	Mr. Browne.
<i>Wayland Smith</i>	Mr. Harley.
<i>Giles Gosling</i>	Mr. G. Smith.
<i>Lawrence Goldthread</i>	Mr. Hughes.
<i>Gregory</i>	Mr. Honnor.
<i>Everard</i>	Mr. Foster.
<i>Babington</i>	Mr. Randall.
<i>Pages to the Queen</i>	Masters Colbourne.
 <i>Elizabeth (Queen of England)</i>	 Mrs. Bunn.
<i>Amy, (Countess of Leicester)</i> ..	Mrs. W. West.
<i>Countess of Rutland</i>	Miss Boyce.
<i>Janet Foster</i>	Miss S. Booth.
<i>Accely</i> ..	Miss Povey.

*Lords and Ladies at Court—Pages—Pursuivants—Heralds—
Standard Bearers—Guards—Archers, Morriens, &c.*

KENILWORTH.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The interior of the Black Bear Inn, at Cumnor. GILES GOSLING, LAWRENCE GOLD-THREAD, and Guests discovered, drinking. TRESILIAN sitting alone at the fire.*

GLEE.

*Of all the birds on bush or tree,
Commend me to the owl,
Since he may best ensample be
To those the cup that trowl.*

*For when the sun hath left the west,
He chooses the tree that he loves best,
And he whoops out his song, and he laughs at his
jest :
Then though hours be late, and weather foul
We'll drink to the health of the jolly, jolly owl.*

*The lark is but a bumpkin fowl,
He sleeps in his nest till morn;
But my blessings upon the jolly owl,
That all night blows his horn :*

*Then up with your cup till you stagger in speech,
And match me this catch, though you swagger and
screech:*

*And drink till you wink, my merry men each,
For though hours be late, and weather foul
We'll drink to the health of the jolly, jolly owl.*

Giles. Well my merry guests, as long as I am host of this good inn, the Black Bear at Cumnor—so long will I drink and sing with all true gallants, who are willing to find their own music, and pay for my liquor.

Enter CICELY through D.I.

Now, what would'st thou daughter Cicely?

Cicely. Marry father, there's a strange gentleman at the gate, would ask whether you sell good ale.

Giles. And what answer does he expect? Does the man of enquiry think I would say *no*? tell him there are but four miles betwixt this and Oxford, and if my ale did not convince the heads of the scholars, they'd soon convince my pate with a pewter flaggon.

*Enter MICHAEL LAMBOURNE through D.I. and
Exit Cicely.*

Mich. Ha! call you that Oxford logic, eh, mine host?

Giles. Aye, sir guest!

Mich. Come then, a table—then let the consequence be a quart, and your good help to drink it.

(Lays his sword and pistols upon the table, and sits.)

Giles. Aye, were it a gallon.—*(Seeing his pistols.)*—You ride well provided, sir;—from the low countries belike?

Mich. Aye, I have been high and low, broad and wide, far and near—but have you no friends in foreign parts, you'd fain hear tidings of?

Giles. *(Giving a jug of ale.)* Not I, sir, since ranting Robin of Dry Sandford was shot at the Brill.

Mich. No friend? No kinsman?

Giles. Why, aye: one wild slip of a kinsman, no

left us in the last year of Queen Mary,—but he is better lost than found.

Mich. His name, I pray you?

Giles. Michael Lambourne, my sister's son.

Mich. What ! the gallant cavalier who was thanked at the head of the army, for his bravery, at Venlo ?

Giles. It could hardly be my nephew, for he had scarce the courage of a hen partridge.

Mich. The youth I mean was a likely fellow—and had a hawk's eye after a pretty wench.

Giles. And the look of a dog with a bottle at his tail,—besides being branded on the left shoulder, for stealing a silver caudle cup from Dame Snort, of Hogsditch.

Mich. Branded ! S'death ! wert thou not mine uncle, I should swear thou lied'st like a knave ! my shoulder is as unscarred as thine is !

Giles. What ! Mike ! and is it thou in good earnest ? I thought so ; for I know no other would have taken the interest in thee to tell the bouncers thou hast about Venlo and—but thou always had'st a traveller's talent.

Mich. Well, I care not for thy welcome, while I carry this which will buy one. (*Pulls out a purse*)

Giles. Put up thy money ; my sister's son shall be called to no reckoning in my house, for supper or for lodging. But is thy purse as well come by, as it seems well filled ?

Mich. I got it where it grew : in the new world, the Eldorado, where the urchins play at cherry pit with diamonds—wenches thread rubies for necklaces—the pantiles are pure gold, and the pebbles virgin silver.

Gold. (*Rises and joins them.*) By my credit, friend Michael that were a profitable coast to trade to.

Mich. The profit were unutterable, and thou may'st trade there, Master Lawrence Goldthread, if thou be'st the mercer of Abingdon, and the same brisk boy who used to help me to rob the Abbot's orchard here.

Gold. The same : and as brisk too, I warrant.

Mich. Then turn thy ready money into a tall ship ; let thy warehouse of goods under hatches ; put fifty

fellows on deck, with myself to command them ; hoist top-sails, and hey for the new world !

Giles. Take a fool's advice, Goldthread ;—tempt not the sea, she is a devourer, and would swallow Lombard street as easily as I would a poached egg. But come, I'll have a repast ready, to which, in honor of my scape grace nephew's return, I will invite all present.—(*To Tressilian.*)—Come, sir, I hope you'll favour us ; it touches my reputation, that men should be merry in my house : there be watchers abroad, who put evil mark on strangers who pull their hats upon their brows.

Tres. (Rising.) There is no treason, surely, mine host, in a man enjoying his meditations under the shadow of his own bonnet. You have lived longer in the world than I have, and must know there are thoughts like spirits that will haunt us in spite of ourselves : however, those who are moody, like myself, should not disturb the happy.—I will drink a round with you.

Giles. I thank you, sir—here nephew Michael.—Aye, now they are talking of their old companions in wickedness.—(*Lambourne and Goldthread come forward.*)—I'll tell you, sir, a prank or two of Mike's.

(*Walks aside with Tressilian.*)

Mich. Why what a head-roll of unlucky acquaintance have you read me. And so, swashing Will of Wallingford—

Gold. Died the death of a fat buck, being shot by the duke's park keeper, at Donnington.

Mich. And Prance of Padworth—

Gold. Pranced off ! Goodman Thong and a ten-penny cord know how.

Mich. And Hal with the plume—

Gold. A pursuivant's warrant robbed us of his company.

Mich. Then I needn't ask after Tony Foster, whom they christened Firc-the-saggot, for kindling the pile round Latimer and Ridley, when no man else would lend a light to the hangman, for love or money.

Giles. You mustn't call him Fire-the-faggot now, unless you would brook the stab; he married a Protestant, and is now master of the abbot's palace and orchard, which you used to rob.

Gold. There's mystery in that, mine host; there's a fair lady in the case. I'm told he scarcely lets the light of day look on her.

Giles. Aye, that strange lady—no one knows whence she comes, and every one wishes to know why she is so mew'd up. You've seen her, Master Goldthread?

Tres. Indeed! pardon me!—(*Suppressing his agitation.*)—I have no interest—but our host says you have seen her—may I ask her description, Master Mercer?

Gold. She was young and beautiful—but—I had little time to look, before Tony, with a cudgel in his hand, suddenly came up and asked me why I didn't keep the public road.

Mich. And did'sn't speak to her, as well as see her? thou hast lost the rarest opportunity!

Gold. Take it thyself, then, bully Mike—yonder is the enchanted mansion, lady and dragon, all at thy service.

Mich. Wilt thou bet a piece of Holland against these five angels that I go not up to the hall, and force 'Tony Foster to introduce me to the lady.

Gold. I accept your wager—

Tres. I would gladly pay halves of your risk to accompany you.

Mich. Nay, an it please you to see a trout tickled, I care not how many witness my skill.

Giles. Well, drink ere you depart, for your welcome at the hall will be somewhat of the driest. Should you get into peril, send for me, Giles Gosling, the head-borough.

Mich. (*Touching his sword.*) This is my head-borough—so let's along, sirs.

[*Exeunt all but Giles and Tressilian through D. v.*]

Tres. Mine host! a word with thee! who is this

Tony Foster? and why such mystery made of his female inmate?

Giles. Is the door shut? He was a papist, violent and cruel in Queen Mary's reign—is now a precise and formal protestant in Elizabeth's. He was servant to the abbot of Abingdon, is now master of his master's palace: he was poor,—is rich, and—with due reverence be it spoken—the devil only knows how.

Tres. This adds to my determination to see the man.

Giles. Well, well, you go in bad company to seek worse.

Tres. Perchance this lady is held unlawfully his prisoner. And when is danger more honourable than in a good cause, or peril more worthy of praise than when it is fearlessly encountered to ensure the safety of the oppressed, and in endeavouring to raise the fallen and the helpless.

[*Exit Tressilian and Giles, L.H.D.*]

SCENE II.—*Postern Gate, leading to the Manor House.*

Enter VARNBY, with key, followed by GREGORY, L.H.

Var. Take this key, open the postern, then go back to our horses, and wait, at the cottage you wot of, my lord's arrival.

Greg. And will not your worship, Master Varney, go round to the front gate?

Var. Groom, is it thine to ask what my lord's friend will do? Begone—an' he knew thy insolence!

Greg. He will not know it unless your worship tell him—or those strangers haply; for there are two skirting the avenue, who may overhear us.

Var. I will take note of them; away I tell thee.—
[*Exit Gregory, L.H.*]—Some drunken and be-
drunked townsmen, haply, who have mistook the
place—Abingdon—I will observe what caution is pre-
sented here.

[*Exit L.U.S.E.*]

Enter LAMBOURNE and TRESSILIAN, R.H.S.E.

Mich. May I ask why you have shewn yourself so desirous to accompany me?

Tres. Simple curiosity! where be your motives to this enterprize?

Mich. Did I not look for pleasure or profit, I had not stepped astride within this manor; for I promise you, I hold not our visit without some danger—But here we are in the forbidden ground, and must make the best on't.

Tres. That portal stands kindly open to the shrubbery.

Mich. In then, though the avenue seems dark as a wolf's mouth. *[Exeunt into Postern gate.]*

Var. (Comes forward.) Be ye whom ye may, ye're safely caged my masters.—*(Locks portal and takes out the key.)*—There was a tone of voice from one of them came o'er my ear like the accents of an old acquaintance—yet I caught no distinct sound but that of “curiosity”—Curiosity! if that bring ye hither, powerful as it may be, it will require a stronger force to get ye safely hence—this outlet is secure—I'll to each other avenue, and then, unless you should be devils, ye escape not. *[Exit, R.H.]*

SCENE III.—*A dreary avenue leading to the mansion, to which is a porch, with a wicket and a heavy knocker.*

Enter TRESSILIAN and LAMBOURNE, L.H.

Tres. Thy friend hath indeed chosen a fortified and gloomy habitation:

Mich. Somewhat like the entrance of a county jail, where I once—pshaw, but that's no matter, Foster seems to live in a den befitting such a fox.

(Knocks thrice upon the wicket.)

Tres. Thou art determined they shall hear thee, friend.

Voice. (*From the wicket.*) How now ! what want ye ? and on whose account ?

Mich. On business of the state—to speak with Master Foster.

Tres. How will you make that good.

Mich. How would a soldier go on, were he always to consider how he should come off.—(*Door opens.*)—See the door opens—with your worship's leave.

(*Goes in.*)

Tres. Now honour and justice aid me.

[*Exit after him.*]

SCENE IV.—*The old hall in Cumnor Manor House.*

Enter a stern looking domestic, followed by LAMBOURNE and TRESSILIAN from L.H.D. and crosses to R.H. As they follow, she stops them by a motion of her hand, then exit through R.H.D.

Mich. Well, I must say, good Fire-the-faggot, that were it not for one's valour's sake, and Master Goldthread's piece of Holland, I would rather be swilling the claret with Giles Gosling, than be here—but however, Master Tressilian, here we are, and must not despair.

Fos. (*Without.*) Strangers, say you, enquiring for me ?

Mich. That's Foster, sure enough.

Fos. And where are these importunate visitors ?—(*Enters R.H.D.*)—At a late hour and by strange means admitted. Ye seek for Foster—ye behold him—say, what would ye, gentlemen ?

Mich. Nay, look not stern, man, surely you've not forgotten your friend and comrade Michael Lambourne.

Fos. Ha ! Michael Lambourne !—and what dost thou expect from this intrusion ?

Mich. A better welcome than I am like to get—and

to learn by what device, for fairly it could never be, thou cam'st possessed of Cumnor Manor House.

Fos. Tell me, thou jail rat—thou wert a cunning gamester once—tell me the odds then, that I do not hurl thee from yonder window, to the moat beneath it.

Mich. Twenty to one.

Fos. And why?

Mich. Because you dare not on your life lay finger on me—thou know'st it, Foster—and were there not that cause, yet am I younger and stronger than thyself, and have a double portion of the fighting devil in me, though may be not thy quality of the undermining fiend who finds covered ways to his purpose, hides halts beneath pillows, and as the players say “puts ratsbane into porridge.”

Fos. Nay, be not wroth—I jested with thee Michael, but whom hast thou there?

Mich. A gentleman, of whom my uncle at the Bear gives excellent report.

Fos. Sir, for some moments I would ask your stay in this apartment—I've a word for Lambourne's private ear—but do not quit this chamber on your life.

Tres. Why?

Fos. There might be danger.—(*Tressilian puts his hand on his sword.*)—Nay, thy sword avails not—I tell thee once more, not to leave this hall for the interior—thy way out, no one will hinder—a moment hence Lambourne shall see thee safe—come Michael!

[*Exit, R. H. S. B.*

Mich. Quit not thy guard for all his saying, sir—I know him.

Tres. Where is thy safety then in following?

Mich. (*Drawing a dagger.*) Here.

[*Exit after Foster.*

Tres. And can it be, that among ruffians, she, once dearer than a whole world, to this torn lacerated heart, resides and willingly, the victim of a wretch! but no, no, no! pray heaven my information may be false, false as—Oh, memory, hence! torment not him who

scorns himself as he will soon be scorned by others, for stooping still to love—well, be it so—my heart, and soul, and faith are her's alone—nor will I leave pursuit of the object of my purest, most devoted affection, though henceforth she can be to me but a thing to weep over. I cannot bid the bright star again sparkle in the sphere from whence it has shot—but I will save thee from thy betrayer—be here or where thou wilt, I will dedicate my life to restore thee to thy parents and to thy God. Hark! what noise?

(Muffles himself up in his cloak.—Amy opens the folding-doors in the centre, and advances playfully towards Tressilian.)

Amy. Nay, nay, you go not—after I have waited for you so long, do you come to my bower to play the masquer. You may well hide your eyes—you are arraigned of treason to true love, and must answer it at the bar of fond affection with face uncovered—how say you, guilty or not guilty?—*(She draws the cloak from his face, and on seeing him starts astonished.)—*Tressilian!

Tres. Alas! Amy, you need not fear me!

Amy. Fear you! why should I fear you? or wherefore are you come to my dwelling uninvited, sir, and unwished for?

Tres. Your dwelling, alas! is a prison your dwelling? Guarded by one of the most sordid, but not a greater wretch than his employer.

Amy. This mansion, sir, is mine—mine while I choose to inhabit it—and if 'tis my pleasure to live secluded, who shall gainsay it?

Tres. Your father, madam; your broken-hearted father, who sent me in quest of you, with that authority he cannot exert in person. Behold his letter, written while he blessed those pains of body, which some what stunned his agony of mind.

Amy. Pains said you? Is my dear father ill then?

Tres. So ill that your utmost haste may not restore his health—but all shall be instantly prepared for your departure.

Amy. (*With hesitation.*) Tressilian, I cannot, must not—dare not, leave this place—at least, not now—return to my father, tell him within twelve hours I will—obtain leave to come to him—tell him I am well, and happy, if I could think he was so, and that his poor Amy is now greater than she dare name.

Tres. Indeed !

Amy. Go, good Tressilian—I have injured thee too, but believe me I have power to heal the wounds I caused.

Tres. Oh heavens !

Amy. Yes, yes, I robbed you of this childish heart which was not worthy of you, and I can repay the loss with honour and advancement.

Tres. Do you say this to me, Amy ? Do you offer me idle pageants of ambition, for the peace you robbed me of ? Yet I come not to upbraid but serve and free you.

Amy. Have I not said I'll come—haste with the news—I'll come as sure as there's light in heaven—that is, when I have gained permission.

Tres. Permission ! to visit your father on a sick bed—perhaps his death-bed—Permission ! and from whom ? a villain ! who under the disguise of friendship, stole thee, basely stole thee from thy good father's roof.

Amy. He whom thou speak'st of wears an honour'd sword, as sharp as thine ; nay, sharper, vain man. Go ! do mine errand to my father, and when he sends again, let him select a messenger more welcome.

Tres. Tell me, for thy reproaches move me not—yet tell me—has he a husband's right ?

Amy. Stop thy unmannered tongue ! To no question that derogates from my honour, will I deign answer.

(*Crosses to L.H.*)

Tres. Thou say'st enough in refusing to comply—with thine uninfluenced free and natural will, thou canst not choose this state of slavery. Nay, start not—bound by some spell, entrapped by art, thou may'st be here detained, but in the name of thy excellent, thy—

I repeat it, thy broken-hearted father, I command thee follow me. *(Approaches her.)*

Amy. Help, help! save me, save me!

LAMBOURNE and FOSTER rush on R.H. Tressilian stands on the defensive.

Fos. What have we here? Lady, what make you out of bounds? Retire! there's life and death in this. And you, sir, leave the house, before my dagger and your worship become acquainted. Draw, Michael, I say, and rid us of the knave.

Mich. Not I, on my soul, Master Fire-the-faggot.

Fos. *(Very firmly and aside to Mich.)* Hark ye, friend Michael—forget that name and the passage that relates to it, if you would not have our newly revived comradeship die a violent and sudden death, I can and will prefer thee to the service of my patron. Now, as you know me firm, do as I bid ye, and remember—'tis Anthony Foster who is now speaking to thee.

Mich. Well, well.—*(Crosses to Tressilian.)*—Harkye, comrade, you must depart. Vanish.

Tres. Away, base groom! And, madam, fare you well! what life is left in your father's bosom, will depart at my mournful tidings. *[Exit, L.H.S.E.]*

Amy. *(Following.)* Tressilian! say no scandal—be not rash!

Fos. Her's proper gear! Go to your chamber; lady—go!

Amy. *(Haughtily.)* Not sir, at your command.

Fos. Pardon this freedom, lady, but you must!

Amy. Must! this shall be answered sir.

[Exit, M.D.]

Fos. Answered! I fear so—marry and which way—curse on that meddling coxcomb—see him hence Lambourne, as thou would'st hope to thrive by what I have proposed thee, while I go pacify yon headstrong lady. Haste, draw thy sword, Michael, and after him.

[Exit M.D. after Amy.]

Mich. I'll see him safe out of Flanders, but as for

hurting a man I have drank my morning's draught with, damme that's clear against my conscience.

[*Exit, L.H.S.E.*]

SCENE V.—*View of Cumnor Manor House,—A door in flat R.H. practicable.*

Enter TRESSILIAN, L.H.

Tres. 'Tis the villain Varney who stole her from her home: would I had him hand to hand, that, he avoids. The only means then left me to save this lovely victim, must rest in her father's appeal to the violated laws of his country. Sure I have lost my path—no, yonder postern, though not the one by which I entered, may—(*Tries the postern but finds it fastened.*)—which way then?

Var. (*Opening the postern and coming forward.*) Not this way, stranger, till I know whence thou comest, and who thou art.—'Tressilian!

Tres. Varney!

Var. What make you here, sir?

Tres. Nay, Varney, what make you here? Are you here to triumph over the innocence you have destroyed, as the vulture comes to batten on the lamb; or are you come to encounter the incited vengeance of an honest man—draw and defend thyself.

Var. 'Thou art mad, Tressilian, I swear to thee by every oath that priest can make, or man can utter, the lady hath received no injury from me. Be satisfied—thou know'st I can fight.

Tres. I have heard you say so, sir, but wish some better evidence.

Var. 'Tis here then.

(*They fight—Varney is disarmed and falls.*)

Tres. Give me instant means of relieving the victim of thy treachery, or take thy last look of creation's blessed light—nay—

(*As Tressilian is going to stab Varney, Lam-*

bourne rushes in L.H.U.E. and strikes up Tressilian's sword.)

Mich. Ha! come, come, comrade, more than enough is done—put up your fox—my uncle and the Black Bear growl for us.

Tres. Off! Abject! darest thou come between me and my enemy.

Mich. Abject! Abject! this shall be paid for with cold steel, when another bowl of sack has washed out the memory of former fellowship—meantime begone—we are two to one.

Tres. (*Throwing gold to Mich.*) There, caitiff, is thy wages for work, not fellowship, thou shalt not say thou wert my guide unpaid for. As for you, sir, we shall meet again where there are none to come betwixt us. [*Exit, R.H.*]

Var. Now, sirrah, whence came you—why call that madman comrade?

Mich. I came from Foster.

Var. Wherefore?

Mich. Not for thanks! else I had gone away without mine errand.

Var. Pardon, I did not mean to slight thy service—here's gold.—(*Gives purse.*)—Is Foster, too, thy comrade?

Mich. Sworn friends, as haft to knife. In short, I am retained to serve one Master Varney—who commissioned him to seek a trusty squire.

Var. True—behold thy master, and having preserved his life, for which I'll make thine prosper, the next piece of service I require from thee is to follow yon gallant—see where he takes earth, and bring me word to the mansion. Remember, to deceive were death—act truly, and thou shalt be nobly dealt by.

[*Exit through postern.*]

Mich. Nobly indeed By Heavens it rains nobles—we may have them for gathering, and if I earn not my share of such glittering dew-drops, may my sword melt like an icicle. [*Exit R.H.*]

SCENE VI.—*A splendid apartment in the Manor House.**Enter AMY and JANET R.H.*

Ja. Nay, dear lady, threat not my father, for tho' rough in speech, he means you better than some whose words are kinder.

Amy. Varney for instance—that all accomplished, outside of a friend—my lord esteems him ; but I could tell that of him would lose him favour.

Ja. Do not so, good lady : leave him to Heaven, which in its own time punishes the wicked.

Amy. And must I keep terms with a mean retainer, wife as I am of his master and his patron, ? but hark—surely I heard a signal—no—yes—tis his footsteps—my dear—dear lord—(*Rushing to door L.H.*)—Pooh ! 'tis but Richard Varney.

Enter VARNEY L.H.

Aye, lady, tis but Richard Varney—yet even the first grey cloud should be acceptable, because it is the messenger of the blessed sun.

Amy. Comes he to night ? then—Janet we must be brave.

Var. You scarcely will have time ; he's close at hand, and ere he comes—if I dare, lady, I would ask—
(*Janet is about to retire.*)

Amy. Janet do not leave us.

Var. 'Tis of secret import.

Amy. Stay close at hand, but out of earshot—[*Exit Janet, R.H.*]*]*—Now, sir, be brief.

Var. You have this day seen Tressilian.

Amy. I have—what then ?

Var. I do conjure you, by all of good you hope for, let not my lord suspect—

Amy. Suspect ! Tressilian came from my dear father, who is ill—nay, he said dying. Oh ! why stays

thus my Lord, whose leave I wish, to see and cheer my parent.

Var. Your father's illness must be sudden then: a messenger sent by my lord and now returned, left the good Knight on horseback in the field, cheering his beagles with the wonted lay. Tressilian forged this news—he hath his reasons.

Amy. You have a courtly conscience, Master Varney, and your verucity will not impede your progress, in the world—such as it is—but Tressilian's conscience is of another mould: the world thou speak'st of has not, what could bribe him from truth and honor.

Var. Nay but lady I—

Amy. For this my father loved him—for this I would have loved him—if I could: and wherefore shall I not speak his worth before my husband's friend—before my husband's self—before the world.

Var. And with this openness would you tell my lord Tressilian has discovered your residence, so anxiously concealed, and had an interview?

Amy. Aye, sir, and every word that passed between us.

Var. And yet a husband who has his secrets and who so strictly guards you—

Amy. Thinks me worth guarding: and when I'm weary of my seclusion here, I shall tell it to himself: and if I blamefully have kept one secret from him 'twas upon your account, bold man—but listen—'twas his horse's tread entering the court yard. (*Crosses to L.H.*)

Var. It cannot be so soon.

Amy. Nay, stay me not—'tis he.

Var. Yet what I spoke in duty—you will not turn to prejudice and ruin of my— (*Seizing her robes.*)

Amy. Content thee man, content thee—quit my robe, thou art too bold detaining me—Away! fear not—I think not of thee. [*Exit L.H.*]

Var. Keep in that frame of mind, till thou shalt learn how much thou hast to fear. Thou know'st not yet thy mad ambitious lord, nor shalt thou Varney, till thou'rt in his power. [*Exit L.H.*]

SCENE VII.—*Exterior of the Black Bear Inn at Cumnor.*

Enter TRESSILIAN and GILES GOSLING from door in flat.

Tres. Nay, but my gentle host, I'm ill at ease : your potent sack makes you too free and you intrude on me.

Giles. I know my time and place as well as e'er a merry landlord in England.—Intrude quotha ! there may be worse intruders, good sir guest ; my hang dog kinsman is watching you, and has asked which way you ride. I know he means mischief when he looks so pleasantly. You have done something to offend somebody, and you'll be way laid and taken advantage of, somewhere on your journey.

Tres. Thou art a true man, and I'll deal frankly with thee. These men are but the agents of a more powerful villain than themselves.

Giles. You mean master Richard Varney ?

Tres. The same, mine host.

Giles. Then for safety's sake look well to yourself : your horse is ready, here's your score and you shall come and thank me in better time.

Tres. I thank thee heartily. This gold will pay thy score ; give the remainder to pretty Cicely thy daughter.

Giles. She shall taste thy bounty, sir. Go not that way,—this will lead you to a stable more remote than where you left your steed.

Enter CICELY from Cottage.

Here, Cicely—she will direct you.—I bade her wait you—she never betrayed man, woman or child.

Tres. And may man never have the ingratitude to betray so kind a damsel ; but thou look'st pale.

Cic. With need, sir. No less a man than Master Richard Varney, who has hired my cousin, is speaking

angrily where he little thought I heard of you, sir, they wait your going forth.

Tres. (*Drawing his sword.*) S'dearth!

Giles. It shall not be—the lady you would serve perhaps might suffer—Nay, nay, I pray you.

Tres. Come, sweet Cicely. Doubt not mine host, but I will requite thy courtesy.

[*Exit with Cicely* R.H.]

Giles. Requite—well let him—an he never do, I shall be still requited better here, than by an Archbishop's reckoning—(*Laughter* L.H.)—How now! my guests are mad; and to say the truth they've made me rather noncompos—(*Laughter again*)—well said boys, now they wont hear my young friends footsteps, 'who I hope will tread as soft as if he trod on eggs for boards.—(*Laughter again*)—Now, by Queen Bess they're coming; and, 'tis well he's gone—

Enter LAMBOURNE, GOLDTHREAD and GUESTS from House.

Mich. Here's a gallant, sit sulky in his room, and not come for his share of the wager.

Gold. Which I am so ready to pay him—Host, where is he?

Giles. Gone! taken his horse; left his reckoning, and begged his part of the wager might be laid out in a jollification.

Gold. Like a true gentleman as he is.

Mich. Gone! by my hilts then I'll fetch him back.

Giles. Stir, an' ye dare.

Mich. Stand out of the way, old round about.

[*Exit* R.H.]

Giles. Gentlemen he's gone off, lest you should ask for his share to be spent.

Gold. Fie Lambourne—Eh! where is he?

Giles. The roystering rogue!—help me to seek him friends.

Guests. Aye—come. (*Cicely screams without* R.H.)

Giles. My daughter Cicely!

Enter CICELY struggling with LAMBOURNE R.H.

Cic. Father ! Good neighbours—is it not a shame to be so treated ?

Giles. Hark ye Sir Michael or Sir Fool—when next they thank your valourship at the head of an army at Venlo, tell them among other exploits of your bravery in the house of your uncle, to his unoffending daughter, and add, that if it were not for contempt of thee, and respect for my guests, I'd treat thee like the braggart knave thou art.

Mich. O, there's no harm in kissing a pretty wench, but come Master Lawrence, let's have a merry stave and then we'll go in and finish our flaggon.

FINALE.

SOLO.—EVERARD.

*See the smoking bowl before us,
Mark our jovial happy ring ;
Round and round take up the chorus
And in raptures let us sing.*

CHORUS.

*A fig for what is past—forget it,
Silly, silly anger's vain ;
Let pride and sour ill nature fret it
We the gen'rous goblet drain.*

SOLO.—GILES GOSLING.

*What is tittle ? what is treasure ?
What is reputation's care ?
If we lead a life of pleasure
'Tis no matter how or where.*

CHORUS.

A fig for what is past, &c.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A superb room in Cumnor House.*

LEICESTER and AMY seated on a couch. JANET, FOSTER, and VARNEY discovered, attending.

Lei. We thank you, friends; and most our pretty Janet; and will for awhile relieve you of attendance.

[Exeunt Varney, Foster, and Janet, L.H.]

Amy. I have seen my noble earl visit this obscure and secret bower, in all his knightly array and ornaments, and I would fain sit in one of his princely halls, and see him enter dressed in sober russet, as when unknown he won his Amy's heart.

Lei. The sober russet shall be donn'd to-morrow.

Amy. Aye—but shall I go with you to see how the richness of your dwelling will suit your peasant's habit?

Lei. One day, yes love; nor can'st thou wish that day more ardently than I do—but as yet it cannot be.

Amy. But why? this more perfect, uninterrupted union, which you say you wish, and which the laws of heaven and man alike command—

Lei. You talk of what you do not understand—
 who toil in courts ascend a mountain of loose sand,
 nor dare make halt, till some projecting rock assures
 a resting place; I am not yet secure, and at present
 to own my marriage would be certain ruin.

Amy. Let me then share the secret with my father—they tell me he is ill.

Lei. They ! Who ? has not Varney informed you he follows his wonted exercise ? Who then has dared create these thoughts ?

Amy. O, no one has dared—but, my lord, may I not be assured, by mine own eye-sight, of my father's health ?

Lei. Be contented, love, thou canst not now have communication with thy father, or his house—were there no stronger reasons—yon Cornish man, your former suitor, Trevanion, or Tressilian, or whatever his name may be, haunts it, and would know all.

Amy. (*Impressively.*) My father is an honourable man—and if we can pardon ourselves the ill we have wrought Tressilian, I will wager the coronet I am one day to share with you, he is incapable of returning injury for injury.

Lei. I will not trust him—by my honor I would rather the foul fiend should intermingle in our secret, than this Tressilian.

Amy. And why, my lord ?

Lei. Madam, my will should be sufficient—speak not of him.

Amy. Then, what if I had seen him ?

Lei. If you had you would do well to keep that interview as secret as what is spoken at confessional—I seek no one's ruin ; but he who thrusts him on my secret privacy, were better look well to his future walk ; the bear brooks none to cross his awful path.

Amy. (*Terrified.*) Awful indeed !

Lei. Nay, trust me, thou'rt pale, my love ; forgive my warinth, and ask aught else, involving less than fortune, fame and life—hast thou no other wish ?

Amy. Nothing, my lord—my love ! something I would have told you—but your anger has driven it from my recollection.

Lei. Reserve it till a future hour then ; go to thy chamber, and barring what I dare not, cannot grant, if I refuse thee any other boon, it must be more than England can fulfil.

[*Exit, L.H.*]

Amy. What means this palpitation—sinking terror! I am a wife—I am no cast away—nor yet betrayed—yes, wife to England's hope—Yet I am a daughter—but I reflect that I deceived my father, and as a present punishment for past ingratitude, am bound in fetters, which restrain me from tearing the dark veil from his honoured sight, and cheering him with
 "Father, I am innocent!" [Exit, R.III.]

SCENE II.—*Garden Front of Cumnor Manor House.*

Enter VARNEY, R.H. •

Var. Dark as my purpose is, it leads to utter downfall on the one hand, or sure prosperity on the other. In a moment of Baccharalian madness, I made an avowal of love to this lady—I was repulsed—and have hated myself ever since, almost as sincerely as I hate her in whose power it places me. 'Tis in each courtier's mouth, the queen adores the earl—had he no wife, he might be king of England, and then the generous Leicester—

Enter LEICESTER, R.II.

Lei. Soliloquizing Varney! and my name pronounced!

Var. Pardon, my lord—but when my patron's honour, and his wife's fame—

Lei. No more—until thou say'st—who is the object of pursuit—upon whose track, as I learn, some of my tenants have been despatched.

Var. Did not my lady say Tressilian had—

Lei. Tressilian! fiends! No—she but hinted—but it cannot be—she dare not—

Var. Her openness of mind I'm sure would tell you all that she knew; indeed she promised it—and when he came, while you were absent, sir—

Lei. Tressilian came—and thou not strike him dead!

Var. I drew on him, my lord, and he on me—and had not my foot slipped, he had not been again in your lordship's path.

Lei. Sacred heaven !

Var. I thought their meeting had been all in honour, and that she would have told—

Lei. I will return—

Var. In heaven's name, my lord, think you may be yet too late to meet the queen, who now holds court at Woodstock. Tressilian by this time may be there.

Lei. Should he or Amy's father seek the queen—

Vm. No danger—I believe Tressilian thinks your Countess my wife ; and if I dare propose so bold a hazard, such report among the courtiers might—

Lei. Hold ! my Countess, for an instant mistaken for the wife of Varney !

Var. Nay, gracious lord—

Lei. Shame on thy speech, and my too ready ear—
(*To himself*)—the king of England !

Var. 'Tis what most men already stile you ; but I'll back to Cunnor and take such precautions that the Countess ne'er again shall see Tressilian. My lord, my lord—pray let your quickest speed bring you to meet her majesty.

Lei. Follow me then—what fell contending passions tear me—My wife ! my Amy—love another ! but yesterday I thought Elizabeth and Royalty the sum of human happiness—and now—were I already rob'd—the hand of England's glory grasped in mine ; Globe, Sceptre, Throne, all within my power, I would resign to be but that Tressilian. [*Exeunt* L.H.]

SCENE. III.—*The Court at Woodstock.*

The QUEEN on the Throne.—Nobles, Ladies, Guards, Maids of Honour, &c. &c.—Flourish of Trumpets.

Queen (*With a memorial in her hand.*) My Lord of Sussex, we have read this suit, and will give instant hearing.

Lei. (*Without R.H.*) Reptile, retire,—and learn the hand that raised can crush thee.

Enters L.H.D. followed by Sir THOMAS BOWYER.

Queen. Why how now, Bowyer ? thy courtesy seems strangely timed.

Bow. (Kneels.) My liege Sovereign, I came but to ask whether in discharge of my office, I am to obey your Highness' commands, or those of the Earl of Leicester, who publicly menaced me for denying entry to one of his followers, in obedience to your grace's precise orders.

Queen. S'dearth, my lord, what means this ? we have thought well of you, and brought you near our person, but not that you might hide the sun from other faithful subjects. Who gave you licence to contradict our orders, or controul our officers ? I will have in this court—aye—and in this realm, but one mistress and no master ! Go, Bowyer, you have done the duty of an honest man. My lord, look to it, he sustains no harm, or as I'm christian woman and crowned queen, I'll hold you dearly answerable.

Sus. (To Raleigh.) My Lord of Leicester has for once his merits.

Queen. What I say to my Lord of Leicester, I also say to you, my lord of Sussex. You must also ruffle in the court of England, at the head of your proud followers.

Sus. My followers, gracious lady, have indeed ruffled in your cause against rebellion—but I knew not that your highness—

Queen. Do you bandy looks and words with me, my lord ? methinks you might learn of my Lord of Leicester, the modesty to be silent, at least under our censure. My grandfather and my father suppressed such retinues ; and think you because I wear a coif, their sceptre has in my hands become a distaff ? I tell you no king on earth will less brook his court to be encumbered by overgrown power, than she who now speaks with you ! My Lord of Leicester, and you my

Lord of Sussex, I command you to be friends, or by the crown I wear, you'll find an enemy too strong for both of you.

Lei. Madam, you who are the fountain of honor, know what is due to mine. The terms on which I stand with my Lord of Sussex have not been of my seeking.

Sus. Let Leicester say—in what I ever injured him, that I could not justify on foot or horseback.

Lei. My hand too is as ready as that of any man whoever wrote himself Ratcliffe.

Queen. My lords, no more—ha, ha! these are no terms fitting this presence. Sussex, I intreat—Leicester, I command you—what stubborn both! Sir Henry Lee, have a guard in readiness. Once more, my lords, I bid you both join hands, and—s'death, he that refuses, shall taste our tower fare, 'ere he see our face again! I'll lower your proud hearts ere we part, and this I promise on the word of a Queen.

Lei. A prison might be borne, but to lose your grace's presence, were to lose light and life at once. Sussex your hand.

(*They meet in the centre of the stage and join hands.*)

Queen. (*Rises and comes forward*) 'Tis well—Nay Sussex, speak not, this is as it should be. Now to this memorial: my Lord of Leicester, you have a gentleman in your household, called Varney. He hath seduced the daughter of a good old knight, Sir Hugh Robsart, of Lidcote Hall, and she hath fled with him. My Lord of Leicester are you ill, that you look so deadly pale, or is it possible, can fear of my displeasure, have wrought so deeply on you? think not, noble Dudley, we blame thee for the folly of thy retainer; we know thy thoughts are otherwise employed. He who would climb the eagle's nest, my lord, cares not who are catching linnets at the foot of the precipice.

Sus. (*To Raleigh.*) Mark you that? what would have sunk a retainer of mine ten fathoms deep, will make him float more easily.

Ral. Nay, wait my lord.

Queen. But is there more in this than we now see—or than you, my lord, wish we should see? where is this Varney? who saw him?

Bow. (*Advancing.*) An't please your grace—it is the same I now refused.

Queen. An't please me! but it does not please me, that he should pass saucily into our presence, or that you should exclude from it, one who came to justify himself from an accusation. You think yourself a marvellously great man, because but now we chid a nobleman on your account: but after all we hold you but as the lead weight that keeps the door fast. 'Call this Varney hither. There is one Tressilian also mentioned in the petition, let them both come before us.

Sus. Madam, they are here.

Enter VARNEY, L.H.D. TRESSILIAN, R.H.D.

Queen. (*To Varney.*) Is it true, Sirrah, you have seduced to infamy, a young lady of birth and breeding, the daughter of Sir Hugh Robsart, of Lidcote Hall?

Var. There have been some love passages betwixt myself and Mistress Amy Robsart.

Queen. Love passages! thou art a marvellously impudent knave! art thou married to the girl?

Var. Yes.

Lei. Thou false villain! (*Aside.*)

Queen. Nay, nay, my lord, we will by your leave, stand between this fellow and your wrath. Did your master, my Lord of Leicester, know of this fair work?

Var. Gracious madam, to speak heaven's truth, he was the cause of all.

Lei. Thou villain! would'st thou betray me?

Queen. Ha! ha! speak on—speak on—here no commands are heard but mine—(*To the lords.*)—fall back my lords—and now do you speak on.

Var. He hath of late so given his thoughts to meditation on a certain packet.

Queen. What packet, and from whence?

Var. From whence, madam, I cannot guess, but I am so near to his person, that I know he has ever since worn suspended round his neck, and next to his heart, a small lock of hair.

Queen. Thou art a prying knave to watch thy master so closely ; but what colour might the braid of hair be that thou speak'st of ?

Var. A poet, madam, might call it a thread from the golden web wrought by Minerva ; but to my poor thinking, it was paler than even the purest gold—more like the last parting sunbeam of the softest day in spring.

Queen. Why you are a poet yourself. Master Varney ; but I have not genius quick enough, to follow your rare metaphors. Look round these ladies—is there—is there here in this presence, any lady, the colour of whose hair reminds thee of that braid ? for I would fain know, what kind of locks are like the thread of Minerva's web—or the—what was it ? the last rays of the May-day sun.

Var. I see no tresses in this presence worthy such similes—unless where I dare not look on them.

Queen. How, sir knave, dare you intimate—

Var. Nay, madam, it was the beams of the May-day sun, that dazzled my weak sight.

Queen. Go to, go to—thou art a foolish fellow. Look ye Master Tressilian, a bolt lost is not a bow broken, and since Varney's married, I cannot aid your suit.

Tres. Madam, it should sleep, and with it my revenge, but that I hold Varney's word no warrant of the truth.

Var. Madam, my sword—

Queen. Peace you knaves, both—know you where you are ? my Lord of Leicester will you warrant, that he hath married this same Amy Robsart ?

Lei. To the best of my belief she is a wedded wife.

Tres. Gracious madam, may I request to know under what circumstance this alleged marriage—

Queen. Out Sirrah ! alleged marriage ! have you

not the word of this illustrious lord ? but thou art a loser—or think'st thyself such at least ; and thou shalt meet indulgence. My Lord of Leicester, I trust you remember we mean to taste the good cheer of your Castle of Kenilworth : and we pray you bid our good and valued friend, the Earl of Sussex, to bear us company.

Lei. If he will honour me—

Sus. My health, madam, of late hath—

Queen. I know it Sussex, and you shall have our physician, and that we may see he does you good, we do command you follow us to Kenilworth. And now, my lords, another word with you—Tresilian and Varney are near your persons—see they attend us too. Here break we off my lords—Varney, thy wife must be at Kenilworth, forthcoming at our order. Master Tresilian, you will be near at hand. Let this be looked to—my Lord of Sussex, and you my Lord of Leicester, together with Lord Burleigh, we require your presence, at the privy council, to be held forthwith, where we debate on matters of importance. The rest retire and wait awhile our pleasure.

[*Flourish of Trumpets.—Exeunt Queen, Leicester, Sussex, and Burleigh, R.H. Lords and Ladies, R.H.S.E. Banners and Guards, R.H.U.E.*]

Var. My plan will ripen. I'll now to Cumnor o'the instant, fast as my swift steed will bear me. Bring her to Kenilworth ! Oh no, that would spoil all—how to prevent it—aye—the drug—she must be indisposed—and then, my lord, his anger soon will pass, when I've done for him what he wishes, without the courage for its execution—but for me I'll not be servile without recompence ; and when my master's at the giddy height, which I must help him to, I'll cast him down, unless the humble footstool he now treads on, be equal with his throne. Nay, I know that of him, wou'd e'en now shake his credit with the queen, and cast him lower than the poor worm, Varney. Now then to horse—ambition, hatred, love of power, all strike their stings as deep into my bosom, as I

will plunge my rowels into thy side—on good horse,
on, the devil urges us both forward. [*Exit*, L. II.

SCENE IV.—*The Avenue Entrance as in Act I.*

Enter WAYLAND, disguised as a pedlar, with a basket of wares, R. II.

Way. It's not the first time I have ventured hither with my wares, but never yet have found a purchaser, except indeed, pretty Janet, the daughter of ugly old Cerberus. I think I shall pass in this garb and do my master's errand unsuspected—now to obtain some notice.

SONG.

*Come, girls, girls, buy of my finery,
Ribbons and Laces, so fine and so gay ;
Pins, needles, bobbins and twinery,
All that holiday beauty display.*

*Come boys, each call his fav'rite here,
My pack is too heavy, my pocket too light ;
And if of my goods, you my budget will clear,
I'll stay and dance with you the rest of the night.
Come girls, girls, &c.*

Enter JANET, from Gate.

Jan. Pedlar, I have bought of thee and found thee honest. I and my lady will buy again, if thou wilt convey this token to Cicely, the daughter of Giles Gosling, in the village, and say her friend Janet would see her about what she knows of.

Way. 'Tis my place of lodging—I'll go quickly—but will you not first buy, or ask my lady—

Jan. No—for were it not too much to ask, I should beseech you to seek a certain gentleman—

Way. I know the man you mean—the young Tresilian is his name—he sent me hither to watch over, to preserve—in short, if possible, to see your lady.

Jan. I fear she will not see you ; if she could—

Way. Give her this ring, fear not, this way, she has some friends at work—may seem to buy—and should I gain admittance, you shall thank your kindness to your lady's cause.

Jan. (Aloud.) Well pedlar, I'll shew these goods, but I am sure my lady wants them not.

[*Exeunt Wayland, singing, and Janet, through the Postern Gate.*]

SCENE V.—*A Hall in Cumnor House.—Side door, L.H.S.E. and centre door.—Couch, R.H.S.E.*

Enter AMY, R.H.

Amy. How weary am I of this solitary grandeur ! of what value are these pearls, with which I deck my tresses ? when I put but a fresh rose-bud in my hair, at Lildcote Hall, my good father would call me to him, that he might the more admire me—the kind old curate too, and poor Tressilian—but it avails not now to think of him.—(*A distant bugle, L.H.*)—Hark ! it is Leicester ! it is my noble Earl ! it is my Dudley ! every clang of his horse's hoof, sounds like a note of lordly music.

Fos. May it please you, madam, Richard Varney hath arrived, having ridden at speed, and craves to speak with your ladyship instantly.

Amy. Varney ! and to speak with me—pska !

Enter VARNEY, L.H.S.E.

Well, sir, your tidings from my lord ? good heavens ! no answer—can he be ill ?

Var. No, madam, no—permit, I take breath—besides, we're not alone, and my lord's message is to yourself.

Amy. Leave us then—remain with your daughter in the next apartment, and within call.

[*Exit Foster, L.H.S.E.*]

Var. My lord regrets that he cannot repair to Cumnor, for the reason, that the queen is now on her journey, to pay the long-talked-of visit to his Castle of Kenilworth.

Amy. Indeed! and brought you no letters from my lord, intimating this to me?

Var. My noble master's situation at court will prevent your ladyship visiting Kenilworth, as the Countess of Leicester, and a circumstance has occurred to render it still more impracticable.

Amy. And what is that, sir?

Var. Your ladyship must know what the world in general believes of your situation.

Amy. And what may it be, sir?

Var. They say you left your father's house—but I shall offend you if I go on.

Amy. Nay, go on; I must learn to endure the evil report, which my folly has brought on me. I am accounted, I suppose, the paramour of Leicester?

Var. Men say other names; and such report hath reached the queen; from the share I had in uniting you to my lord, they impute even to me, feelings which I could never entertain; and such in open court, the queen accused me of; and has ordered that your ladyship on such account, meet her forthwith at Kenilworth. But my lord's letter will explain all.

(Gives her the letter.)

Amy. *(Reads.)* "Conjure—reasons—honour—life—bear at Kenilworth the name of Varney."—*(Is going towards the door—Varney stops her.)*—Stand from the door, sir, I command you. What ho! without there! Janet alarm the house! Foster break open the door! I am detained here by a traitor! Use axe and lever, Master Foster! I will be your warrant.

Enter JANET and FOSTER. L.H.S.E.

Ja. In truth's name, what ails your ladyship?

Fos. What in the name of satan have you done.

Var. Nothing—only conveyed my lord's commands—which if the lady list not to obey—

Amy. (*With energy.*) Now, by yon heaven, Janet, the false traitor lies in his throat! Look at him, Janet—in his garb he shows the outside of a gentleman, yet comes to say, it is my wedded lord's commands that in the public court at Kenilworth, before our maiden queen and England's peers, before my earl himself, I should acknowledge him—*him* there, that menial lacquey, as my lord and husband; for ever furnishing against myself, great heaven! whenever I would assert my right, such weapons, as would hew my claim asunder, e'en from the very root on't, and destroy my name as honoured matron among English nobles!

Var. Yet there are reasons—must they be exposed—must my lord's confidence—

Amy. It is misplaced, let me go Janet—were it the last word I have to speak I would repeat he had his own vile ends to answer—Wou'd I were a man! for only space enough, to make thy craven tongue confess it's villainy! hence! thou art my scorn so much that I am ashamed to have been angry with thee.

Ja. Oh! lady, could this passion lead to good—

(*Foster leads Varney to front of stage and the following dialogue is spoken very slow.*)

Fos. How is this, Master Varney? I thought the devil ambition had been your master. Here are treachery and lust to share his empire; art thou possest with a legion?

Var. No matter, Foster—'twas a false step and must be redeemed by a bold one—hark'ye, thou shalt bear a cup to yonder lady—fetch me that flask I left in thy hall—'tis a choice cordial of my own preparing, 'twill soothe the bitter agony of that haughty countess.

Fos. A choice cordial of thy brewage—be cup-bearer thyself.

Var. (*Seizing his arm.*) Anthony Foster! as thou valuest thy title to this mansion and its lands, thou hadst better obey; for if thy lease be recalled and the star-chamber summon thee—

Fos. You place ruin before me—and if I do thy bidding—

Var. A fair woman sleeps to wake at heavens pleasure, and Anthony Foster has the freehold of Cunnor manor.

Fos. The devil is busy within me.

Var. Listen to his counsel—he seldom comes empty handed—and thou hast profited by them ere now.

Fos. It shall be done.

Var. Thou art discomposed—thy hand shakes—this way—(*Crosses to L.H.*)—come a cup of wine will warm thee—and I will give thee other reasons, and tell thee what to say—come, come man.

(*Drags him off L.H.S.E.*)

Amy. I have unmasked him—cold-blooded calculating knave—Oh! Janet, there is no safety for me here—I will escape from Cunnor.

Ja. Whither! how!

Amy. I know not how, or where, or by what means but I am certain the power I serve will not abandon me to wicked men.

Ja. My father is stern—true to his trust—yet do not think he ever would—

Enter FOSTER (in wild agitation with salver and cup.)

L.H.S.E.

Fos. I am come—madam—to—

Amy. I see, sir, you are come—tell me at once to what purpose my privacy is again disturbed.

Fos. I—that is, madam, you have been discomposed and I—deemed—a few drops of—a rich cordial restorative might be needful I—I am charged by the earl to have an especial care of your health.

Amy. Be sure, sir, you do not mistake that charge—did the earl desire you to give me of that cordial?

Fos. Surely, madam—I was so commanded—(*Violently agitated.*)—no, no—I am not one to act without command.

Amy. Then, sir, if it be my lord's command, I will not hesitate to taste of it—

(About to take it, when Janet, who has watched her father, rushes between them.)

Jan. Father, give me the cup—I will fill for the countess—*(Fills.)*—That which will benefit my mistress, can do no hurt to me. Father, I drink to you.

(Foster rushes to his daughter, and snatching the goblet from her hand, stands in a state of wild irresolution glaring on her.)

Fos. No, no, not thou my child—my dear, dear child.

Ja. This is strange father—may I neither serve my lady nor myself?

Amy. For whom, then, is this precious beverage intended?

Fos. Speak not to me—I am wild—my brain is giddy—my heart is bursting. This heart, though fraught with guilt, can still admit remorse. Hence to the devil who brewed thee.—*(Throws away cup.)*—Touch it not—'tis venomous!—'tis poi—Oh! maddened wretch!—*(Striking his forehead.)*—'Tis poi-oi-son! *(Rushing wildly out.)*

Ja. Oh, mercy, mercy!

Amy. Weep not for me, dear Janet.

Ja. No, oh no—'tis not for you I weep—'tis for myself—for that unhappy father—those who are dishonoured before man, condemned by heaven, have cause to mourn, and not those who are innocent. Farewell, lady, farewell.

Amy. How, leave me, Janet! desert me in such peril?

Ja. *(Kisses her hand.)* Desert you, madam! Desert you! may my hope of bliss desert me when I do. Lady, shake off despair—your liberty's at hand.

Amy. Ah! my kind Janet! dare I to think?

Ja. Think but of life and justice—escape is open to you. One, whom I deem your friend, waits at the postern in the park with means for flight—this entrance leads to him. Have you courage?

Amy. But may not this prove some still darker snare?

Ja. No, madam; sure as your guide is good Tressilian's friend, and bearer of this ring.

Amy. Tressilian's friend! then will I trust myself into his charge as to a guardian angel!

Ja. But whither go you?

Amy. To Kenilworth. When England's queen feasts in my husband's halls, his wife methinks should be no unbecoming guest.

Ja. Pray heaven a welcome one.

Amy. Yet am I to lose thee, Janet?

Ja. I would fly with thee as willingly as bird c'er fled from cage—but I must remain, that they may think you here till past pursuit.—(*Brings a cloak and casket from R.H.*)—This casket holds your jewels and your guide is now impatient.

Amy. Janet, I will requite thee—Janet, fare thee well.

Janet opens door in flat and WAYLAND appears.

Way. Softly and quick—a moment sets us free!

Ja. And heaven deal with you at your utmost need, as you are true or false to this most injured and most helpless lady.

Way. By heaven and this ring!

(*Noise heard, L.H.S.E.*)

Ja. Some one approaches—quick—away, away!

[*Music.*—*Exeunt Wayland and Amy at centre door—Janet closes the door, and listens to their retiring steps—then casting herself with intense fervor on her knees, exclaims—*]

She is saved—saved from murder! and I—I am her preserver!

(*Music.*—*As she clasps her hands and elevates them in thanksgiving, the curtain falls.*)

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A View of the Pleasance of Kenilworth.—Distant shouts heard, as the Curtain rises.*

Enter TRESSILIAN, L.H.

Tres. Proud Kenilworth, where mighty Leicester rules, and where Elizabeth, to day, will add the grace of Royal presence to thy splendid towers, how far inferior are thy dazzling charms, to the dear long loved shades of Lidcote; one sweet flower bedecked both Bower and Hall, and that sweet flower was Amy—withering now, and unregarded in a villain's arms; but here come those whom love has never wounded—how ill accords their mirth with what I feel.

Enter NICHOLAS BLOUNT (grotesquely dress'd) and WALTER RALEIGH.

Blount. Aye, aye, say your say, talk as you list, Master Walter, speak your mind Master Raleigh—the Queen herself shall judge—she's coming, and I'll venture my lands against thy learning (and that's a heavy bet) that my apparel will be duly esteemed by her.

Ral. That it will, Master Nicholas—Worthy Blount! and I'll make appeal to Master Tressilian, if thou art not in the right.

Tres. Quite right, however it be—but now, whence come ye?

Blount. From Warwick—but have changed our riding suits, and would have thee do the like, Tressilian—The Queen likes not a sloven—Look at this—
(*Strutting about.*)

Ral. Did'st ever see how his villainous tailor hath apparell'd him? Blue, green and crimson, with carnation ribbons and yellow roses.

Blount. I bade him do his best and spare no cost—if the knave had brought me home such a simple dou-

blet as Raleigh's, I'd have beat his brains out with his own pressing iron. Colours are the mode here, and if we must be fools—let us be fools of the first fashion!

Ral. (To Tres.) But why hast thou not thy brave-ries on!

Tres. I am not long arrived—but I will hasten.

Blount. Do I pray thee—we are to receive the Queen in the great gallery, and we are to remain in attendance while her present suite doff their riding suits—there is nothing her majesty dislikes like unchanged boots.

Ral. Or a soil'd cloak!

Tres. Except thine, which thou did'st spread in the dirty kennel for her to step on—and for which she has ever since called thee Squire lack-cloak and if thou tak'st not good care thou wilt get Knighted for it.

Ral. I fear not—come what may.

Blount. Nor do I *fear*, but I *hope*—A Knighthood with this suit of cloaths might give some Lady a title worth her looking after.

Ral. Aye, Lady Sir Nicholas—but come we'll to our posts; Tressilian make good haste—you'll find us in the hall, where if you come not, you may miss good promotion.— [Exit R.H.]

Blount. I'm now merely a simple gentleman: but with such a suit, were I once made a Knight and any knave should dare to *call me gentleman*, I would go near to break his coxcomb for him—make good haste.—(Going up to Tressilian and shewing him his dress.) This is your only chance, depend on it. [Exit R.H.]

Tres. I wish thy suit success—Now to my chamber.

Enter WAYLAND, L.H.

Way. O, my young Master! I've such news for you.

Tres. Ha! my trusty Wayland, art thou come! speak! hast thou succeeded? My Amy?

Way. Her escape from Cumnor has prosper'd to your wish; and the Lady is now within the walls of Kenilworth. She has been shewn (as many strangers

of appearance are) to an apartment, and is determined to make appeal against Varney to the Earl of Leicester.

Tres. Will he take sides against his favorite follower?

Way. Faith—that I know not—but she has written to him a letter, as she styles it, of the greatest import to her fame and fortune—and said you'd get it given to him—here—no—there—well—but just now I had it.—I must have left it in that doghole yonder they've given me for a chamber.

Tres. S'dearth, hast thou lost it?

Way. Lost it! oh no, 'tis in my pack—I will go fetch it.

Tres. Quick then—I will but dress and wait thee here—but stay, what lodging hath the Lady?

Way. When we meet again I'll shew it you. She press'd so much to see Lord Leicester that they gave her the chamber of a gentleman, not likely to return, before my Lord wou'd find a time to see her.

Tres. Away then, seek thy letter.—[*Exit Wayland, L.H.*]
—Amy here! she shall not want protection—I'll even throw myself at Leicester's feet—beseech Elizabeth—but soft—I may not thus appear before her—but if the heart could be display'd and only gain respect, how many well dress'd worshippers of fortune would shrink behind plain homespun honesty.

[*Exit R.H.*]

SCENE II.—*A Vaulted Chamber in Kenilworth Castle—(Door in Flat.)*

Enter AMY L.H.

Amy. This rapid journey and its dreadful cause, my actual presence here at Kenilworth all, all appear to be a vision—has Leicester got my letter—will he come—but, there are footsteps—should it be my husband—Inspire me Heaven to act with honest firmness, and him to grant me justice.

Enter TRESSILIAN D.F.

Tres. A Lady here !

Amy. Tressilian ! why come you here ?

Tres. Nay, Amy, why come you here, but to claim that aid, which far as one man's heart and arm can reach, shall instantly be yours.

Amy. I had ungratefully forgot—I owe my safety to your care, and his you sent to me—pray be content, with my heart's best acknowledgements, and leave me. I'm now near one whose love as well as law oblige him to protect me.

Tres. The villain then hath done you the poor justice remaining in his power, and I behold the wife of Varney.

Amy. Of Varney ! hold my heart—should it yet be really my husband's secret and his safety depending on my silence ! till I have his answer, I will for once be prudent.

Tres. Instead of having a protector, you are deserted by the wretch to whom you have attached yourself.

Amy. Wretch !

Tres. Aye wretch ! why else are you here left alone ? you need protection, though you will not own it, and in my arm, as in the representative of your excellent and careworn father, on the very threshold of this Castle gate you shall meet Elizabeth, and her first deed in the Halls of Kenilworth, shall be an act of justice to her sex and subjects.

Amy. Not for the worth of all that's under Heaven ! Tressilian, you were wont to be generous.—Grant one request, and if it be your wish to save me from misery, from madness, you will do more by the promise I ask, than Elizabeth can accomplish with all her power.

Tres. Any thing for which you can alledge a reason.

Amy. Oh, limit not your boon to reason, for I am mad—my cause is madness, and frenzy must guide the councils which alone can aid me ! I am now awaiting the commands of one who has a right to issue them.

The intervention of a third person (of you above all) will be haply death—wait some few hours till you hear from me—but your solemn promise.

Tres. I have remarked when in thy better days, others have called thee girlish and wilfull, that, under that external semblance lay deep feeling and strong sense; in this will I confide, and give, altho' I like it not, the promise you require.

Amy. As you are a man of honour—

Tres. Aye, can I do more for you?

Amy. Generous Tressilian! You have promised and the time may come, when I may yet convince you I have deserved this attachment. (*Cannon fired off.*)

Tres. Hark! the queen is now entering Kenilworth!

Amy. Away, away! and heaven prosper you!

[*Exeunt Tressilian, R.H.D. Amy, L.H.*]

SCENE III.—*The Hall of Audience in Kenilworth Castle.—March in Orchestra.*

Enter ELIZABETH, in Procession, R.H.U.E. Tressilian in his plain travelling dress comes on L.H. LEICESTER and all the court kneel to the Queen. Banners lowered, &c.

Queen. My lord, you mock us with apologies, nor will we hear your thanks; where we have caused so much of princely cost for our reception, 'tis mine to thank you and your noble friends. But who is he who stands so far aloof from those, whose better fashioned dress gives cause for such removal from his neighbours?

Lei. A gentleman, madam, who is—

Ral. (*Stepping forward.*) A poet, madam.

Queen. I might have guessed that from his careless garb. I have known some poets, Master Raleigh, so careless, as to throw their velvet cloaks into the dirty road.

Ral. Perhaps—the sun—dazzled their eyes and judgments.

Queen. Peace, Raleigh, peace—I asked the gentleman's name—you tell me his profession only.

Ral. Tressilian, madam !

Queen. Tressilian ! He was our suitor on behalf of Amy Robsart, and we had ordered her attendance here, which Varney undertook for. Is the lady present ?

Lei. She is not, most gracious madam.

Queen. Not here ! we were to execute a piece of royal justice, which interests us as a woman as well as in our charge of mother, and guardian of the English people—your retainer is accused of seducing to infamy, and from her marriage promise to Tressilian, a young lady of birth and breeding, the daughter of a knight : Varney promised to produce her—our orders were strict and positive, my lord.

Lei. And should have been obeyed, but that the lady—Varney, step forth.—(*Varney advances.*)—This gentleman will prove the incapacity of the party to attend your royal presence.

Var. (*Kneeling and presenting papers.*) These attestations, madam, are from a most learned physician, and a devout Protestant of credit and of substance—One Anthony Foster, (in whose house she now stays) and prove that dangerous illness unfits her for such a journey.

Queen. That alters the matter,—let Tressilian come forward ! Master Tressilian, we have much sympathy for your situation, since you have set your heart on the young lady : but we cannot command the affections of a giddy girl, nor controul the sickness with which these testimonials say she is afflicted.

Tres. Under your majesty's favour, those certificates speak not the truth.

Queen. Ha, ha ! How, sir ! impeach the veracity of my Lord of Leicester ? but you shall have free hearing : for in our presence the meanest of our subjects shall be heard against the proudest : and the least known against the most favoured : but beware you speak not without warrant.

Tres. Madam, I had—(*Aside.*)—I had forgot my promise.

Queen. I see, sir, that your better thoughts correct your rash assertion, which would dispute an evidence sanctioned by the noble Earl to whom this Castle appertains. Varney, or rather you my Lord of Leicester, for the affair becomes your own; what evidence have you touching these certificates?

Var. My Lord of Oxford, madam, and your majesty's physician.

Queen. Then, sir, I trust you are content. We will endeavour, ere the night be older, to reconcile the lady to her father. You've done your duty, somewhat more than boldly; but we were no woman had we not compassion for wounds which true love deals; so we forgive your audacity and your unclean boots, withal.

Tres. (*Rushes to the Queen's feet, and seizes her robe.*) As you are a christian woman, madam—as you are crowned queen to do equal justice to your subjects—as you hope yourself to have fair hearing at the last bar, to which we must all plead, grant me one small request—give me but six hours interval to prove that these certificates are false as hell—

Queen. Let go my train, sir!—the fellow is distraught!—And yet there's something strange in his demand. What wilt thou do, if in that given time thou can'st not confute a fact just proved so solemnly?

Tres. (*Rising up.*) Lay down my head upon the block.

Queen. Pshaw! thou speakest like a fool! What head falls in England but by just sentence of the English laws? Wilt thou, if thou should'st fail in the attempt, render a good reason why thou undertak'st it; and will the lady thank thee, should'st thou do so?

Tres. The lady—yes—that is—if she permits—

Queen. Now; by the soul of the Henry's, this is either moon struck madness, or very knavery. Take charge of him; have him away.—[*Exit Tressilian, guarded, &c.*]
—We wish we had seen the beauty
[redacted] make such havoc in a wise man's brains.

Blount. It's all owing to those damned boots of his !
But Walter, has the queen asked who I am ?

Ral. Peace, wilt thou ?

Queen. And now, my good lord, to make amends to your faithful servant, Varney, and for the satisfaction of the lady's father we shall confer an especial mark of grace upon him. Your sword, my Lord of Leicester !—(*Leicester gives the queen his sword.*)—Richard Varney, come forth and kneel down. In the name of God and St. George, we dub thee knight ! Be faithful, brave, and fortunate—Rise up, Sir Richard Varney ! And now at the request of our cousin, we will join as his companion whosoever he may name.

Sus. (*Kneels.*) Most gracious madam, as a warm friend, and distinguished scholar and soldier, I would name Tressilian, but that late events—

Queen. I am glad, sir, you are thus considerate. We should be in our subjects eyes mad as the brain-sick gentleman himself, (for we ascribe his conduct to no malice) should we choose such a time to do him grace.

Sus. Then, madam, I'll name my master of the horse, Nicholas Blount, a gentleman of fair estate and name, who hath well served in the Scotch and Irish wars.

Blount. (*Aside.*) I'll make my tailor's fortune.

Ral. Hush ! for heaven's sake.

Queen. He certainly spends more time upon his toilet than Tressilian. Varney and Blount, I would they had named another better than either.

(*Looking at Raleigh.*)

Rut. (*Advancing.*) Madam, we hope, since two great peers have each named a brave gentleman, you will permit the ladies of your court, the honour of proposing one more candidate for knightly honour.

Queen. I were no woman else.

Rut. Then in the name of these fair ladies present, we do request such rank for Walter Raleigh, whose birth, exploits, and promptitude to serve our sex with sword and pen, nobly deserves distinction from us all.

Queen. Your boon is granted, ladies! 'Squire Lack-cloak shall be good knight Lack-cloak, at your request. Now gentlemen advance, and martial music grace the ceremony.

(Grand flourish.—Leicester presents his sword to the Queen. Blount and Raleigh kneel—when Elizabeth raises the sword, knights them, and the scene closes.)

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Grotto in Kenilworth Gardens.*

Enter AMY, L.H.

Amy. Abused, insulted! my asylum forced by drunken inmates—by the creature too of the wretch Varney. Where, or to whom apply to find my lord—if I could see my guide, I would learn whether my letter was delivered, even could I see 'Tressilian.—*(Bugle.)*—Great heaven! the bugles close at hand! nay, nay, cheer thee, Amy, 'tis but the revellers preparing for the chase—and see the queen—the queen with Leicester too, and smiling on him, and this way coming—hide me gentle shade, till recollection teach what part becomes—not poor betrayed Amy, but the wife of Leicester! *(Retires into the grotto.)*

Enter QUEEN and LEICESTER, L.H.

Leices. Had I terms to paint the deep devotion.

Queen. No-Dudley, no, it cannot be; I must be mother of my people only.—Other ties that make the lowly maiden happy, her sovereign must not know—to me they are denied—were I as free to seek my hap-

piness then—then indeed—but, go, delay the chase, delay it but for half an hour, and leave me, my lord.

Leices. Has then, my madness given you such offence?

Queen. No Leicester—not so—but it is madness which must not be repeated; go till I can regain the calmness you've disturbed—go—but go not far from hence, and meanwhile let no one intrude on my privacy.—(*Leicester bows and Exits L.H.*)—Ah! were it possible, were it but possible—but no, no, my hopes would have it so perhaps, but then—ah, no—Elizabeth must be the wife and mother of England alone.—(*Sees Amy*)—How now, fair nymph of this lonely grotto, art thou spell-bound and struck with dumbness by that chill enchanter men call fear? we are his enemy and can reverse his magic; speak, we command thee—(*Amy kneels in great agitation.*)—What can this mean? and what wouldst thou have with us?

Amy. Protection!

Queen. 'Tis the right of every daughter of England, while she is worthy of it; why, and in what is our protection wanted?

Amy. I, I scarce know how to accuse—alas! alas! I know not.

Queen. This is but folly maiden; the sick must tell his grief to the physician—nor are we accustomed to ask without an answer.

Amy. I request then—I implore—I beseech your protection against one—one Varney.

Queen. What Varney? Sir Richard Varney, the servant of Lord Leicester? What are you to him, or he to you?

Amy. I was his prisoner—he practised on my life—and I escaped to, to——

Queen. To throw thyself on my protection—thou shalt have it, that is, if thou deservest it. Thou art the daughter of Sir Hugh Robsart, of Lidcote Hall?

Amy. Forgive, forgive me, Princess! (*Kneels.*)

Queen. For what should I forgive thee, silly wench?

for being the daughter of thine own father? Thou art brain-sick, and I must tell thy story for thee. Thou didst deceive thine old and honour'd father; thy look, confesses it: cheated Tressilian; that blush avows it; and married this same Varney.

Any. (Rises.)—No, madam, no! as there's a power above, I am not that sordid wretch—am not the wife of that contemptible slave, that most deliberate villain! I am not the wife of Varney—I would sooner be the bride of destruction!

Queen. Why gad-a-mercy, woman! Thou cans't talk fast enough when the theme likes thee. Tell me, for by God's day, I will know whose wife or paramour thou art—speak out and speedily. Thou wert better dally with a Lioness than with Elizabeth.

Any. The Earl of Leicester, knows—yes, he knows all.

Queen. Leicester! the Earl of Leicester! woman, thou art set on—thou dost belie him; he takes no keep of such a thing as thou art! Thou art suborned to slander the noblest Lord and truest hearted gentleman in England! But were he dearer to us, thou shalt have thy hearing in his presence. Come with me—What ho! who waits—Come hither all—Where is Lord Leicester! Where is Lord Leicester!

Enter LEICESTER, and all the Court, R.H. and L.H.

Oh, you are come in good time, my Lord; know you this woman? Leicesester, could I think thou hast practiced on me—on me, thy Sovereign—thy confiding, thy too partial mistress, the base and ungrateful deception thy confusion surmises, by all that is good, false Lord, that head of thine were in greater danger, than ever was thy father's.

Lei. (Rises.) My head cannot fall, but by the sentence of my peers; to them will I plead, and not to a princess, who thus requites my faithful service.

Queen. Ha, ha, my lords! we are defied I think—defied in the very castle we bestowed on this proud

man! My Lord of Shrewsbury, you are marshall of England, attach him of high treason—cousin of Hunsden order out your band of gentlemen pensioners to take him into custody—villains make haste.

Hun. And your grace may order me to the Tower to-morrow for making too much haste—beseech you be patient.

Queen. Patient!—God's life thou know'st not of his guilt!

Amy. He is guiltless, madam—no one can lay aught to the charge of the noble Leicester.

Queen. Why, minion, saidst thou not that he was privy to thy whole history?

Amy. But never to a thought, would do me harm.

Queen. Woman! say who moved thee then to this, or my wrath shall wither and consume thee like a weed in the furnace..

Enter VARNEY, L.H.U.E.

Now, what means this bold intrusion?

Var. (Kneeling.) Pardon, my liege, pardon—or let your justice fall on me, so you but spare—my noble, generous, and guiltless master.

Amy. Nay, deal with me as the worst criminal, so I am spared the sight of that unutterably shameless villain.

Queen. Then Leicester may not be to blame: why sweet-heart, what hath this false knight, as thou wilt have him, done to thee?

Amy. Oh worse than sorrow—worse than injury—I shall go mad if I look longer on him.

Queen. Beshrew me, but I think thou'rt mad already. My Lord of Hunsden—you are a father—take care of this young woman; see her in safety, till we may require her future presence.—(*Ladies advancing.*)—Ladies under favour no—you have all (give heaven thanks) sharp ears and nimble tongues. Our kinsman Hunsden, has ears of the dullest, and a tongue somewhat rough, but of the slowest. Hunsden, let

none have speech of her till it befits what may be further known.

Hun. By our lady, though a rough nurse, I'll prove a kind one to her—she is a lovely blossom, and shall be safe with me as one of my own lady birds of daughters.

Amy. Mercy, mercy!

(*Falls into the arms of Hunsden who bears her off, R.H.*)

Queen. Sir Richard Varney—speak—explain this riddle.

Var. Your majesty's piercing eye has discovered the mental malady which I would not suffer to be inserted in the certificate. Master Foster, from whom she escaped, with art peculiar to such patients, is here at hand to—

Queen. Another time. She railed upon you bitterly.

Var. Such persons, madam, are most inveterate against those, who in their better sense, they hold the dearest.

Queen. So we have heard and noted. Come, my lord, you are offended with us—and though we've cause to feel offended too, yet we'll take the lion's part, and be the first that shall forgive.

Lei. (*Respectfully taking the Queen's hand*) I cannot have the pleasure to forgive, since you can do no injury.

[*Flourish.*—*Exeunt all but Varney, R.H. and L.H.*]

Var. Amy has brought me to this crisis. There was something (I wot not if it was fear or pity) that prompted me to save her, but 'tis now decided, and she dies.

Re-enter LEICESTER, L.H.

Lei. The die is cast—I am both fool and villain: when the Queen discovers my marriage, it will be inevitable ruin.

Var. Yet if that marriage can be yet concealed—Tressilian is the only hindrance. 'Tis evident she has not courage to hurt you with the queen; and why, she came—or was here with Tressilian, and—

Lei. And by yon heaven he dies! he who dares to step between me and my love must perish. The woman who is false to me, who made her sharer of my bed and fortune, when I ask of her a little patience, ere she launches forth upon the full current of her grandeur—she will rather hazard her own shipwreck and mine than tarry for a moment.

Var. There is no time to loose—'twere better she went back to Cumnor House till—

Lei. No, no—I'll see her first.

Var. 'Twere better see the queen—the request for ordering her removal will put all right. Or if your lordship like not that council, ask young Tressilian, who is yonder, and will advise you better.

Lei. Away to Cumnor—let her be removed—

Var. And if I bring you proof that he, Tressilian, is the paramour of—

Lei. Amy,—thou would'st say—but, no, no—it is false! false as the smoke of hell! Ambitious, she may be—fickle and impatient—'tis a woman's fault—but false, false to me! never! never! The proof—the proof of this.

Var. My servant, Michael Lambourne, was passing the chamber, and hearing strange voices, entered it—Tressilian immediately rushed on him, and the Countess fled; but in seeking to prevent her flight, he obtained one of her gloves, which I think your lordship may know?

Lei. I do, I do!—they were my own gift;—I see it all—'tis written in characters of burning light! I see her infamy—I see nought else.

Var. And yet, my lord, so young;—forgiveness—

Lei. Speak not for her, Varney! She shall die the death of a traitress, and a wanton! Talk not to me of forgiveness; she is doomed.

Var. Under favour, I should suggest, that she be removed to Cambrif.

Lei. Order me in what thou wilt—only begone!

Var. Give me your signet ring, my lord! And leave all the rest to me.

Lei. 'Tis here—here, my good friend—(*Gives Varney the ring.*)—and now, begone! For this vile woman, I was about to shake the foundation of a lawful throne—to wrong a queen, who made me what I am—Begone, I say!—(*With terrific firmness as Varney is going out.*)—What thou dost, do quickly.—And yet can it be? Can infamy thus assume the guise of purity? may she not be innocent? Oh, Amy! guilty or not, thy misery cannot equal that of thy distracted husband!

Enter TRESSILIAN, L.H.

Tres. My lord, I sought you.

Lei. Who are you, and what do you want?

Tres. (*Unmuffling himself.*) I am Edmund Tressilian—I have been bound by a promise, the space of which has passed—I now come to demand justice.

Lei. Which all men are entitled to—you above all, and Master Tressilian, you go not hence without it.

Tres. I expected from your nobleness no less—may I wait on you in your chamber.

Lei. No; we are now under the free cope of heaven! Thou the champion of Amy!

Tres. And the determined foe of her accursed husband!

Lei. Frontless villain! thou hast dishonoured him: you came here with her.

Tres. No, by mine honour! and had you not slighted the letter in which she appealed to you against your parasite.

Lei. 'Tis false—she wrote no letter—and for thee, though the hangman's noose is fitter for thy crime

than the sword of a nobleman—yet ~~that~~ upon thy defence. *(Strikes him.)*

Tres. My lord, you have dishonoured me. Heaven judge betwixt us, and should you fall, your blood be on your head. *(They fight—Tressilian is disarmed.)*

Lei. Confess thy villainy—prepare for death—or ask a coward's life.

Tres. I scorn thy charge of villainy, as much as asking any thing of thee, and am better prepared for death than haughty Leicester! I have given you no cause for this.

Lei. No cause—no cause—but why parley with such a villain! Die a liar, as thou lived'st!

WAYLAND rushes on L.H.U.E.

Way. My lord, my lord!—oh read—read this letter—I am to blame—I had fatally mislaid it, and if any one deserves death, it is I—do read it—

Lei. *(Takes the letter.)* Ha! Amy's character! Nay, stand not on thy guard, good youth—here, pierce this heart, as I would have pierced thine.

Tres. Nothing then remains, but that we join to punish her seducer.

Lei. Her seducer! say rather her husband! her blind, misguided, most unworthy husband! She is my wife—and now before the queen I will avow it—thou may'st carry first the news: away, and thou shalt bring my Amy's father to witness her acknowledged rights and rank, as Leicester's Countess.

Tres. Thy Countess! thank—thank heaven! no more I'll see her—and though through thee, I've lost my heart's best hope, yet Leicester never had so firm a friend as he shall find Tressilian. Come fellow—thy future fortune is my care.

[Exit Tressilian and Wayland, R.H.]

Lei. Mountains are taken from this aching bosom!

. Enter Lancelotti, tipsy, L.H.

Now, s^r, where is your master? Where is Sir Richard?

Lamb. Gone, my lord, gone—and wouldn't wait for me.

Lei. Gone—where?

Lamb. Gone with a lady—left me word to follow—she screamed, and screeched, and—

Lei. Peace, groom, and learn thy distance—take this token—this note—(*Writing in his tablets.*)—Follow with the utmost speed—tell Varney, not to dare—but why expose—Good fellow, Lambourne, thy life's promotion will depend upon thy swift delivery of this countermand of certain things I gave in charge to Varney. Command him on his duty to obey, and wait for my arrival! I'll give thee rank—my coronet—my heart—my heart's blood to save her's—fly this instant—my wife! my wife! fly—fly to Cunnor!

[*Exeunt, R.H.*

SCENE II.—*Hall in the Castle.*

Enter LAMBOURNE, R.H.

Mich. Good fellow Lambourne, so his lordship said—and Varney went without me—Sir Richard, I would say—who made him so? My lord—and may make me, Sir Michael. Varney grows saucy—says I drink and game—and what does he? he's cruel to that lady—and though she rudely sent me from her chamber in the west turret yonder, she's no fool—she sees through! Varney, and I'll take her side. Varney, beware; I've got your counter orders, and though thou'rt a knight—my lord may find—aye, and my lady too, that Michael Lambourne will do his duty, when it is his interest.

Enter WAYLAND, R.H.

Way. Lambourne, haste—to horse, to horse!—strange whispers are abroad, and on thy speed perhaps depends. I follow with my lord, and with Tres-

Mich. I shan't be long in telling Sir Richard Varnay a little bit of my mind.

Way. Your horse is ready.

[*Exit Michael, L.H. Wayland sings,* and exit after him.*]

SCENE III.—*Presence Chamber.*

QUEEN ELIZABETH, the EARLS of SUSSEX and SHREWSBURY, LORDS BURLEIGH, HUNSDEN, &c. SIR WALTER RALFIGH and the EARL of LEICESTER, prisoner, discovered.

Queen. Tressilian—has he been called?

Ral. He's at the door, your highness.

Queen. Admit him.

Enter TRESSILIAN, L.H.D.

So, sit! you knew of this fair work—you are an accomplice in this deception—you have been a main cause of our doing injustice! Art dumb, sirrah? Thou knew'st of this affair, didst thou not?

Tres. Not gracious madam, that the lady was Leicester's Countess.

Queen. Nor shall any one so know her—death of my life! Countess of Leicester! I say Dame Amy Dudley—And well if she have not cause to write herself widow of the traitor Robert Dudley! My Lord of Shrewsbury you are Marshall of England, attach him of high treason.—(*As Leicester comes down to address the queen, she says*)—At distance, my lord, your breath thaws our ruff.

Lei. Do with me as you will—But work no harm upon that gentleman, for he hath not deserved it.

Queen. And will he be the better for thy intercession, thou doubly false, and doubly too forsworn? for thy intercession whose villainy hath made me ridiculous to my subjects, and odious to myself? Oh! I could fear

* This song is private property.

out mine own eyes for their blindness ! Oh, Burleigh !
Cousin Hunsden !

Bur. Gracious Madam remember you are a queen
—Queen of England. Give not way to this wild storm
of passion, be composed.

Queen. Burleigh, thou little know'st—

Bur. Beware, my honoured sovereign, that you lead
not others to guess what they know not.

Queen. Thou art right Burleigh, thou art right.
Any thing but disgrace—Any thing but a confession of
my weakness—Any thing rather than seem the cheat-
ed, slighted—s'death ! to think of it is distraction !
One foolish tear and then—

Bur. Let my sovereign be herself.

Queen. She will be, Burleigh. My Lord Shrews-
bury we discharge you of your prisoner. My Lord
of Leicester rise and take up your sword. Tressilian
we will hear thy story, and the Knighthood, Noble
Sussex, asked for thee, shall with employ and honours
long be thine—Leicester, for thee—

Leic. I dare not plead excuse—indeed if ought can
add to Leicester's guilt, it is that his Amy's safety may
depend upon the haste we make to horse.

Queen. To horse then instantly. Tressilian, Raleigh,
you, sus, with our guard, use all dispatch to Cunnor !
You will furnish them, Master Secretary, with the war-
rant necessary to secure the bodies of Varney and that
Foster—take a sufficient force with you gentlemen,
bring the lady here—with all honour. We will receive
her at the revels as our honoured hostess, and in full
assembly, acknowledge her as Leicester's Countess !
Lose no time, and God be with you.

[*Exeunt Leicester, Raleigh, Tressilian, and Se-
cretary, L.H.D.*

Retire my Lords—we would be to ourselves—see we
are private Burleigh. [*Exeunt all but Elizabeth, L.H.*
'Tis past—I've made the sacrifices that's due to justice
and triumphed over passion,—'tis past, and well it is
so—now the inward comfort of reflecting I've not
compromised for selfish feeling, the lineal splendour
of the crown I wear : I still live to support it ; and

every action of my life shall be that which can satisfy my people's hopes and raise my country's glory. [*Exit, R.H.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Dreary Heath.*

Enter VARNEY and LAMBOURNE R.H.

Var. Well thou hast overtaken me—what then? be brief—our horses scarce have time to eat their provender—the lady has gone forward, and my orders brook no delay—

Mich. Orders forsooth! you'll wait till you receive them—Aye and from me—look here—'tis my lord's writing—he was free to call me “Good fellow Lambourne.” And my lord's good fellow cannot be yours.

Var. 'Thou drunken villain!

Mich. Don't say that again, Sir Richard—if some are wiser than some, that's one thing; and if some are worse than some, why that's another. “Good Lambourne,” said he, “tell that fellow Varney, to play no tricks—to pay all respect to my lady, and send me back my signet.” That's his letter.

Var. And this you would turn on me; on me, who introduced you to this career of courtlike favour!

Mich. For your own ends—talk not to me of masters; if I've been 'prentice, my indentures are out, and I am desperately resolved to set up for myself.

Var. Then take thy quittance!—(*Shoots him, Michael falls.*)—Thou too far trusted, and too little trusting—these countermanding orders of my lords might possibly have been in time, but robbers 'twill be thought deprived thee of them. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Enter WAYLAND, R.H.

Way. I have outrode my fellows, and my horse sinks for repose—I found a stray one too, tied in a thicket yonder. Bless me, look there, 'tis sure the form of a slain cavalier!—What, ho!

Mich. Hush! hush! don't call so loud. Is Varney gone?

Way. Gone!

Mich. Aye—Support me to yon hut I'm peppered man—my uncle swore that I should die with shoes on, but I've a chance—that is if they've a couch, or flock-bed at hand, to belie the prophecy.

Way. Nay, cheerr thee man—'tis nothing.

Mich. May be not—such nothings sometimes add to their own number—I die in a good cause—specially, if when you quit me, you but make good haste to baulk that cut-throat Varney. May be I am a little more alarmed than hurt, and may yet find strength to bear you company. Come on—I'm peppered!

[*Exeunt*, R.H.]

SCENE V.—*An Antique Hall in Cumnor House, with a picturesque Saxon stair-case—the stairs winding to a landing-place, supported by old fashioned posts, which are moveable—at the end of the landing-place, a chamber-door.*

Enter FOSTER and JANE, R.H.

Ja. And is she really lodged in that chamber?

Fos. Is't not my common sleeping chamber, husband? Go, get thee hence—we have discovered thy base confederacy; thou shalt abet and plan no more escapes—go to—abscond, I say!

Ja. Not out of hearing, if I can so frame it.—*(Aside.)*—But father—

Fos. Hence!

Ja. *(Aside.)* I think I know a way that will secure my lady for this night, at any rate. [*Exit*, R.H.]

Fos. Soft ye, here comes Sir Richard, a knight too—they say our queen is wise—behold a proof of it—Sir Richard Varney! well—'tis mortal strange how little we villains love each other.

Enter VARNEY, L.H. with a torch cautiously.

Var. Hist! Foster!

Fos. Well!

Var. Is that the chamber ?

Fos. Yes ; she made no opposition—but when I told her Janet was not here, entered, and threw herself despairing on the couch. I said she might expect my lord, she answered, on hearing of his signal, she'd come forth.

Var. 'Tis well. Those props are moveable ?

Fos. Yes—that stair-case was framed in the civil wars : and that above was called the safety chamber.

Var. 'Tis where thou keep'st thy gold !

Fos. Out and alas ! my gold !

Var. 'Tis well ; that then is the chamber from whence she must never—

Fos. Return alive. And must—must it then be done ?

Var. Or thou wilt have no copyhold possession here.

Fos. I cannot help it. No, Sir Richard—not to win the world would I lay hands on her

Var. No need, honest Tony ; there is a better way—I'll teach thee a springe to catch a pewitt. Yonder trap door, was it not thine invention ?

Fos. Aye, there is a gulph beneath it most dreadful—deeper than the Abbot's well ; 'twas there.

Var. No matter what was there : yon gimcrack will remain secure in appearance, will it not—even when the supports are withdrawn from under it.

Fos. Aye, so long as 'tis not trodden on.

Var. And were the lady to venture out—her weight—

Fos. A mouse's weight would sink it.

Var. Well then, she dies in attempting her own escape ; we kill her not, and what, could you or I help it, honest Foster ? Let us see the action of this trickery.

Fos. There needs a key to turn that screw.

Var. Fetch it, fetch it man, quick—and wait thou here till my return—I'll see the bird be really in the cage, And then—

Fos. And then—I cannot—I cannot, good Sir Richard—and how if she should refuse to come forth.

Var. She is no woman if she attempt not to escape ; besides, honest Tony, she expects her husband's return—doth she not ?

Fos. Aye.

Var. Why then but imitate his accustomed signal of approach upon the bugle, and I warrant iron bars would not hold her in.

Fos. What—make the poor things affection the lure to her death—thou art indeed a devil, Varney.

Var. And thou art too deep in the devil's books, sirrah, to refuse his bidding—so hence for the key, while I visit the lady, and then we'll adjust thy pitfall there. *[Exit over bridge.]*

Fos. I feel a kind of dizziness—my head swims—the blood is in my throat, and something is pulling at my heart—my eyes are all fire—oh for a tear to quench them.—*(He glances wildly round for some time, then bursts into a flood of tears.)*—I am better now—'tis lighter here —*(Touching his heart.)*—Not for the worth of worlds would I lay hands of violence on her. I will pretend I cannot find the key—the Countess shall be saved—my daughter shall bless me—and here—oh I shall be quite easy here.

[Touching his breast and forehead.—Exit, L.H.]

Re-enter JANET, with a winding key, R.H.]

Ja. I have informed my lady at her window, by what means I could keep her from intruders—and while no one sees, I have the means, by this curious key, which I had hidden from my father, to remove this secret draw-bridge or trap-door ; no one can then approach her, till I restore it. In doing this, if disobedience to my father be a sin, oh may the motive plead forgiveness. I saw my father enter with Varney below, so no time is to be lost. I fear his cruelty, and he shall not again approach my lady.

(Music.—Janet ascends the stairs, and unlocks the machinery of the trap; the drawbridge is seen to descend—a bugle is heard R.H.)

(Within the chamber.) Madam, I leave you to your business.

Lei. (Without R.H.) What, ho! Varney—Foster—Lambourne!

Var. (Within.) My lord, I come!

(Knocking and voices of "Open! open!" R.H.)

Leicester, Raleigh, Tressilian, Wayland, &c. rush on. *As Leicester nearly reaches the top of the stairs, Varney runs towards him, the trap gives way, and he is precipitated down the abyss. The Countess is seen at the door of her chamber—all below make signs of forbearance to her—Janet screams and falls on the ground in centre—the rest form an appropriate groupe.)*

SCENE VI.—A Wood.

Enter OLIVER, EVERARD, and GILES, L.H.

Oli. This way, my masters; and so you come all the way from Abingdon, to be present at the grand festival?

Eve. Yes; and we can chaunt madrigals, or troll a merry catch to pay you for our revels, so we may stand among the serving men, and see the queen.

Oli. Say you so—then by the mass you shall have good lodgings, I warrant.

Enter SECRETARY, L.H.

Sec. Make way there, the pageant is about to commence. Queen Elizabeth has pardoned the Earl of Leicester, and Varney has fallen through the trap.

[*Exit, R.H.*

Eve. Pageant—why what's a pageant?

Oli. Don't you know what a pageant is? why a pageant is a pageant—but imprimis—

Eve. What's imprimis?

Oli. Why first, imprimis—I'll tell you. First comes the grand pageant—then the morrice dance—then the knights on horseback—then the great tournament—then the queen and all the court.

Eve. Oh! thank you. Well, let us try our throat at a catch—we'll troll in the hall anon.

GLEE.—“ *Red Cross Knight*

*Blow, wander, blow! blow thy sounding horn
And thy banner wave on high,
For the christians have fought in the holy land,
And have won the victory.
Loud, loud the wander blew his horn
And his banner wad on high,
Let the mass be sung,
And the bells be rung,
And the feast, the feast eat merrily.*

*The wander look'd from the tow'r on high,
As far as he could see,
I see a bold knight and by his red cross
He comes from the east country.
Then loud the wander blew his horn
And call'd till he was hoarse,
I see a bold knight
And on his shield bright,
He beareth a flaming cross*

*Then down the Lord of the castle came,
The red cross knight to meet,
And when the red cross knight he espied
Right lovingly he did him greet.
Thou'rt welcome here, dear red cross knight,
For thy fame's well known to me,
And the mass shall be sung,
And the bells shall be rung,
And we will feast right merrily*

*Oh! I am come from the Holy Land,
Where saints did live and die,
Behold the device I bear on my shield,
Then red cross knight am I!
And we have fought in the Holy Land,
And we've won the victory.*

*For with valiant might,
Did the Christians fight,
And made the proud Pagans fly.*

*Thou'rt welcome here dear red cross knight,
Come lay thy armour by,
And for the good tidings thou dost bring,
We'll feast us merrily.
For all in my castle shall rejoice,
That we've won the victory;
And the mass shall be sung,
And the bells shall be rung,
And the feast, the feast, eat merrily.*

SCENE VII.—*The Court-yard of Kenilworth.*—*An emblematical representation of some of the festivities given by the Earl of Leicester in honour of Queen Elizabeth's visit to Kenilworth Castle, in July, 1575, arranged from the authorities of Robert Laneham—consisting of combats of Knights, Morrice Dancing, Fight by Men of Coentry, &c. &c. concluding with a grand scenic entertainment, wherein Britannia appears, exhibiting the homage of the four quarters of the Globe, with the symbols of their different nations at the feet of the Queen, &c. &c.*

Finis.

